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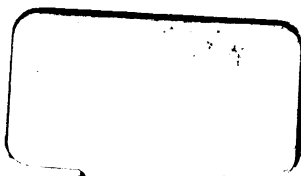
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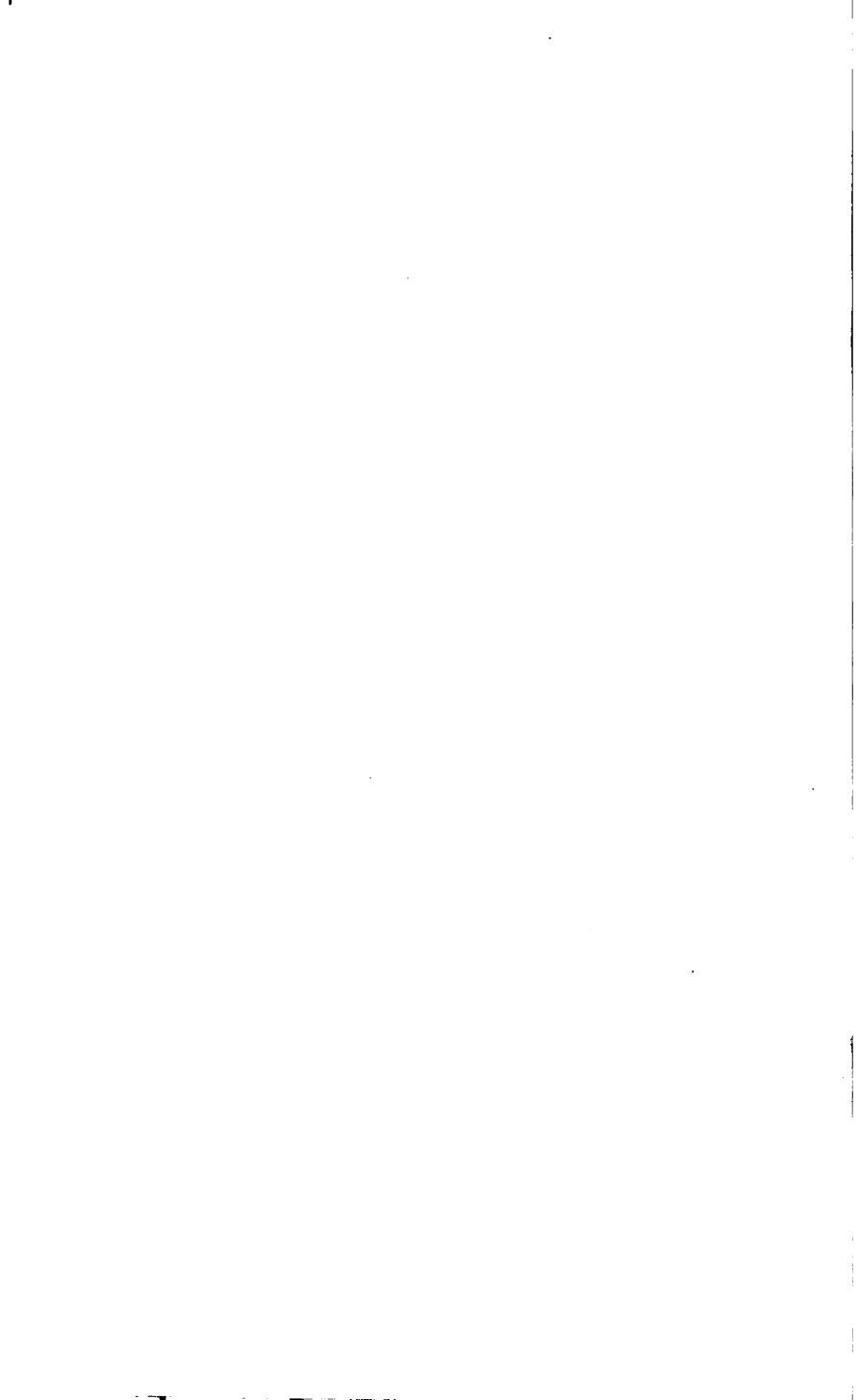




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THE  
POETS OF CONNECTICUT;

WITH  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

..... "Connecticut thy shade,  
Uncouth in song, too long conceal'd from fame,  
If yet thy filial bards the gloom can pierce,  
Shall rise and flourish in immortal verse.  
Inventive genius, imitative powers,  
And, still more precious, common sense is ours;  
While knowledge useful, more than science grand,  
In civilities still o'er spreads the smiling land!"

HUMPHREYS.

EDITED BY  
REV. CHARLES W. EVEREST.

SIXTH EDITION.

A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY,  
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

1873.

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## TO THE READER.

FOR the design of "The Poets of Connecticut," we can claim little originality. Various literary collections, somewhat similar in character, have already appeared, as "The Boston Book," "The Rhode Island Book," "The New York Book," &c. These, however, for the most part, have been merely compilations, arranged without any principle of order, and furnishing no biographical particulars. In these respects, the plan of the present work differs materially from that of others which, like itself, embrace only the writers of one State or section. The publications which it most closely resembles, are the "Specimens of American Poetry," edited by SAMUEL KETTEL, and published some years since, at Boston, by S. G. GOODRICH, and the recent large volume of "The Poets and Poetry of America," edited by RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD, and published at Philadelphia, by CAREY and HART. Yet the similarity of our volume to these, consists chiefly in its biographical sketches, and in the order of arrangement.

In preparing our present work, the first difficulty which presented itself was to determine a true principle of admission. Who are the Poets of Connecticut? If we should select only those who were born in the State, and continued to reside within its limits, every reader would doubtless complain of the rigidity of the rule. Two other classes present a claim—those who are citizens by birthright only, and those who have become such by residence. To admit both were to encroach on the claims of other States; and we think it undoubtedly the fairest course to concede the place to those who prefer the right of nativity.

"Seven mighty cities claimed great HOMER dead,  
Through which the living HOMER begged his bread."

Here was no question of residence. The bard had maintained a vagabond-residence in each: and now the strife was to determine the question of birth. Let us illustrate our position by a familiar example, from our own class of writers. JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL, was born, and, for a few years, lived, in Connecticut; he next dwelt, for a time, in New Jersey; afterward, he resided in the State of New York; subsequently, he was a citizen of Massachusetts; and lastly, he was a resident of Rhode Island, where he died. Now, to which of these five States may he be said properly to have belonged; and to which does his poetical reputation, whatever it may be,



belong, on the ground of citizenship? Connecticut, we believe, alone can claim it, as birth alone, in this case, and all cases, irrespective of residence, constitutes a true filial relation. We determined, therefore, to be governed, in all instances, by the fact of nativity, and to admit the names of none upon our list who were not born within the Commonwealth. We are well aware that this principle necessarily excludes many honorable names, and some which have long been identified with our State and its literature. Any other rule of admission, however, would also produce unpleasant exclusions. We felt compelled, under the circumstances, to adopt that course which seemed the truer one, and, having adopted it, rigidly to adhere to our principle. It was with profound regret that we waved a parting hand to the venerable names of TIMOTHY and THEODORE DWIGHT, and the later ones of our Reverend brethren, WILLIAM CROSWELL, GEORGE BURGESS, and ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, as also the pleasant lyrist, ANN CHARLOTTE LYNCH. They all belong to our literature, by residence, and Connecticut may be justly proud of such adopted children. From others, also, of high esteem, who had actually found their way upon our list, we were obliged reluctantly to part. A selection from the writings of these Connecticut Poets, which we hope may yet be made, would form a rich endowment for the literature of the State and country.

Having thus resolved upon the class to which our selections should be confined, it was by no means an easy question to determine how many were entitled, on the score of merit, to a place in the volume. Those names, we are proud to say, are not a few, concerning which there could be no question. But there are others who certainly present some claim, and yet of such a moderate character, that their admission or rejection must depend chiefly upon the taste or generosity of an editor. The critical reader may perhaps be disposed to think that our benevolence is unreasonably extensive, or our judgment too moderate for the task of discrimination. However this may be, we have admitted none whom we do not think, upon the whole, entitled to a place. We shall not claim that all the verse comprised in our selections is of a high order of poetry. But we do assert that we believe much of it to be, and furthermore, that there is nothing in the volume wholly unworthy of that name. Commencing with the Hon. ROGER WOLCOTT, who was our first writer of any sufficient merit to deserve a mention, we have selected such writers as have contributed in all periods to our poetical literature, down to the present time. Some of these, perhaps, have made but humble contributions. Still, as not wholly unworthy, we have given them such a place as their worth and position seemed to require; preferring that our work should thus present, as it were, a brief historical account of the poetical literature of Connecticut, from its commencement to the present period. In all instances, we have arranged the subjects in the order of birth, as being less invidious, and as better comporting with our design. Although we have used every care to obtain the names and writings of all our native poets, we shall not be surprised to

find that perhaps even important omissions have occurred. Should such be the case, it is an error easily amended on a future occasion. From the younger writers of the present day we have made but few selections. The limits which the Publishers felt compelled to set to the volume necessarily restricted us in space. Beside, the writers to whom we allude are so young, and have been as yet so little before the public, that we do them no injustice in the omission. Many of them possess fine talents, and give promise of future distinction. The present volume, like all new publications, must be regarded somewhat in the light of an experiment. Should such a patronage be extended to it as we feel that we may reasonably expect, we hope, at some future time, to prepare an enlarged edition of the work, when a larger selection may be afforded to some of those who now appear, and when the names of many of those who are now beginning a literary career may be added to the present catalogue.

In the department of biography, we have endeavored in all cases, save those of living writers, to make our sketches as complete as possible. In the latter instances, we have preferred only to present a few of the principal facts of personal history. The duty proved a more difficult one than we had anticipated. In regard to many, of whom sketches had before appeared, we found that the labor was not light, in consequence of manifold inaccuracies with which these publications abounded: and, in many instances, all the materials were now for the first time obtained. We have labored to be correct: but, despite all our effort, we shall doubtless often be found astray, and shall be obliged to any one who will furnish us with corrections, as, in this manner alone, can we hope for entire accuracy.

In the department of criticism, we have attempted but little. Our position differs materially from that of a Reviewer; and criticism which the latter might with propriety often make, would appear unnecessary and wholly uncalled for on our part. In most instances, we have done little more than to point out a few characteristic traits of each author's verse, refraining from especial eulogy or censure. Our office seemed not unlike that of one who exhibits a gallery of pictures. He may point out some beauties of the various paintings of his collection, and this is expected of him; but he is in no wise bound to expose every fault. In making our selections, we have endeavored, according to our own judgment, to present the best poems of each writer, although, in some instances, these poems are already well known to the reader. The amount of space allowed to each, has been, to a great extent, determined by the position and character of the writer. To have given a young author, or one but little known, and that too only through the medium of the periodicals, the same room which was afforded to the writings of HILLHOUSE and BRAINARD, would be contrary to all rules of right.

To the various friends to whom we have been indebted in preparing our work, for the loan of books which, often, we could not otherwise have obtained, for necessary information, for patient replies to troublesome epistles

of inquiry, or in whatever manner, we desire to tender our sincere thanks. Especially would we present our grateful acknowledgements to the Hon. THEODORE DWIGHT, for his efficient advice in relation to the earlier writers of our list, and also to another and dear friend, who has been our "board of council" from the commencement of our labors to their close.

Our work is done, and we now patiently await the public decision upon its merits. We believe that we offer a valuable contribution to our national literature. While the names of many of our writers will be recognized by the reader as familiar acquaintances, there are others in our book with which the public are wholly unacquainted, and poems which before were never committed to the press. Others have been brought up from a temporary oblivion, and might otherwise have never again seen the light. We confess a feeling of conscious pride in submitting such a collection of the poetical literature of our native Commonwealth. New England has been the nursery of American literature: let the present work determine whether Connecticut has not been its very cradle.

Our work is done; and, despite the labor and care which it has caused us, we leave it with a sentiment of regret. Like one who leaves a banquet-hall, where a group of loved companions surround the festal board, whose cheering converse has long enlivened and delighted, thus, fondly lingering, we bid farewell to our pleasant friends "THE POETS OF CONNECTICUT."

C. W. EVEREST.

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THE

POETS OF CONNECTICUT.

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HON. ROGER WOLCOTT.

[Born 1679. Died 1767.]

WE commence our work with the name of the Hon. ROGER WOLCOTT. Although his verses are quaint relics of a by-gone age, their author must not be passed by in silence. He is the Chaucer of our "goodly companie"—and must lead the van of "the Poets of Connecticut."

ROGER WOLCOTT, son of SIMON WOLCOTT, and grandson of HENRY WOLCOTT, the founder of the WOLCOTT family in Connecticut, was born at Windsor, on the 4th of January, 1679. During his childhood schools were unknown in his native town. The constant fear of Indian incursions, and the watchful vigilance which this fear necessarily occasioned, utterly forbid, in those troublous times, any attempts to maintain them. Consequently, all those advantages, which every child may now enjoy, were denied to young WOLCOTT. His only instruction, and that too in the simplest branches—the mere rudiments of an English education—was derived from his father, whom he had the misfortune to lose when he was about nine years old. At the age of twelve he was bound as an apprentice to a mechanic; and henceforward he was compelled to rely entirely upon his own exertions, both for his temporal support, and his acquisitions in learning. To this circumstance it is very probably owing that his name has come down to us. Had his childhood been passed in pampered indulgence, his youth might have been wasted in slothful indolence, and his name might never have graced the page of history, or been known upon the scroll of letters.

At the age of twenty-one, Mr. WOLCOTT established himself in

business in his native town, upon the east side of the river, (now East Windsor,) and has left us a noble example of what talents and industry can achieve, unaided by any circumstances of birth or fortune. By patient labor, and habits of necessary frugality, his exertions were crowned with a competent fortune. By such cultivation of his talents as a diligent use of his leisure hours afforded—by reading and reflection—he soon became an object of high esteem, and succeeded to almost every honorable office, civil and military. In the unsuccessful expedition against Canada, in 1711, he held the office of Commissary of the Connecticut forces; and was second in command, with the rank of Major General, at the capture of Louisburg, in 1745. He was successively a member of the Assembly and of the Council, Judge of the County Court, Deputy Governor, and Chief Judge of the Superior Court; and was Governor of the Colony of Connecticut from 1751 to 1754. After this period he retired to private life, and died May 17, 1767, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He was interred in the burial-ground of the First Congregational Church in his native town, and the following inscription is recorded upon his tomb:

Here lyeth the body of the Hon. ROGER WOLCOTT, Esq. of Windsor, who for several years was Governor of the Colony of Connecticut, died May 17th, Anno Ætatis 89, Salutis 1767.

“Earth’s highest station ends in ‘Here he lies,’  
And ‘dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song.”

Such is a brief outline of Gov. WOLCOTT’S public career. His private history, so far as its record is preserved, reflects honor upon his memory. In the walks of humble life he was meek and unobtrusive: in his exaltation free, affable, easy of access, and void of arrogance. He was for many years a member of the Congregational Church, and adorned his profession by a course of consistent piety. After his retirement from public life he devoted a large share of his time to reading and religious meditation, and died in the full faith and cheering assurances of the Gospel.

As a Poet, we certainly cannot claim for our author a very high rank. The times in which he lived—full of stirring incident and danger—while calculated to incite a poetic spirit, were little favorable to the cultivation of literature. His early education, moreover, as we have already observed, had been very deficient. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, he gained some distinction as a literary man, and in 1725 published at New London a small volume, entitled “Poetical Meditations; being the Improvement of some Vacant Hours.” A long, pedantic Preface, from the pen of a clerical friend of the author, precedes the volume, and a clothier’s advertisement concludes it. We pass by the “Advertisement,” and the

Preface also, after quoting its first sentence: "The busy and restless Soul of man, which in all Ages has been fruitful in *Many Inventions*, as it has been greatly Disserviceable to the Good and Comfort of Humane Life by the Discovery of things Prejudicial to it; so at the same time may we not say, has made some Compensation by the Invention of others of a Proportionable Advantage and Benefit." Such is the inverted and obscure style of a paper engrossing over sixty pages of the volume.

The principal poem in the book is entitled "A Brief Account of the Agency of the Honourable JOHN WINTHROP, Esq., in the Court of King CHARLES the Second, Anno Domini 1662, when he obtained for the Colony of Connecticut His Majesty's Gracious Charter." It contains about fifteen hundred lines. The "scene" is in London; and the hero, WINTHROP, is made to narrate to his Gracious Majesty a complete history of the first settlement of Connecticut—a description of the country—the various fortunes of the settlers, together with a sketch of the Pequot war—and concludes with preferring the petition with which he had been intrusted by the colonists. The ear of Majesty was propitious—the boon conferred—and the reply of the Royal Auditor concludes the "Account." This poem is preserved in the "Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, First Series, Vol. 4," and extracts from it have appeared in different poetical collections. But we think it by no means the best of the "Meditations." It is extremely prosaic, abounding in extravagant expressions, and loaded with stiff and unnatural figures. With the alteration of a few leading historical facts, it would better describe the adventures of early Greeks or Romans, than English Colonists and American Indians. It possesses no originality of design, and is a feeble imitation of the epics of antiquity. We shall make but one selection, and that from the concluding reply of the King. It is at least a fair specimen of the poem, as such, and contains truths which are too little borne in mind. In this, as in all our selections, we shall observe the peculiar orthography of the original:

And may the people of that Happy Place,  
Whom thou hast so Endear'd to My Grace,  
Till time's last Exit, through succeeding Ages,  
Be Blest with Happy English Privileges.  
And that they may be so, bear thou from hence  
To them these Premonitions from their Prince.

First, Let all Officers in Civil Trust,  
Always Espouse their Country's Interest.  
Let Law and Right be Precious in their Eyes,  
And hear the Poor Man's Cause whene'er he Crys.  
Preserve Religion Pure, and Understand  
That is the Firmest Pillar of a Land:

Let it be kept in Credit in the Court,  
And never fail for want of due Support.

And let the Sacred Order of the Gown  
With Zeal apply the Business that's their own.  
So Peace may Spring from th' Earth, and Righteousness  
Look down from Heaven, Truth and Judgment Kiss.

Then, Let the Freemen of your Corporation  
Always beware of the Insinuation  
Of those which always Brood Complaint and Fear;  
Such Plagues are Dangerous to Infect the Air;  
Such Men are Over-Laden with Compassion,  
Having Men's Freedom in such Admiration,  
That every Act of Order or Restraint  
They'll Represent as matter of Complaint.  
And this is no New Doctrine; 'tis a Rule  
Was taught in Satan's first Erected School.  
It serv'd his turn with wonderful Success,  
And ever since has been his Master-piece.  
'Tis true the sleight by which that field he won,  
Was argued from man's benefit alone.  
But these outdo him in that way of Evil,  
And will sometimes for God's sake play the Devil.

And Lastly, Let Your New English Multitude  
Remember well a bond of Gratitude  
Will Lye on them, and their Posterity,  
To bear in mind their Freedom came by Thee.

Beside this, and a poetical dedication, addressed "To the Reverend Mr. Timothy Edwards," there are six minor poems which appear to us to possess the largest share of interest. They are all upon religious subjects, of unequal merit, and of course characterized by the quaint style and expression which marked all the writers of that period. One of these, from Proverbs xvi: 18—for the most part unreadable—concludes with some very fine lines.

The author is speaking of his final accountability for all transgressions:

Tho' unobserv'd, tho' multiply'd  
so that all numbers they surmount,  
The smallest of them shall not hide,  
nor be forgot in that account.  
And in that awful Reckoning Day  
escape his Vengeance shall not I,  
Unless exactly I repay  
each Talent down with usury.  
If it be so—say how shall I  
improve those gifts he hath bestow'd?  
He says, with men deal equally,  
and walk thou humbly with thy God:

Serve him with awful Reverence—  
 't is thus thou must thy gifts improve ;  
 And if I fail thro' Impotence,  
 the Law may be fulfill'd by Love.  
 For tho' He's Just, He's good also :  
 the one doth not confound the other :  
 His Justice and his goodness too  
 both set on equal Thrones together.

We shall present a few of these minor poems complete, and thus take leave of our Author.

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MEDITATIONS

On Man's First and Fallen Estate, and the Wonderful Love of GOD  
 exhibited in a Redeemer.

Once did I view a fragrant Flower fair  
 Till thro' the *optick windows* of mine Eye  
 The sweet discovery of its beauties rare  
 Did much affect and Charm my fantasie,  
 To see how bright and sweetly it did shine  
 In beauties that were purely Genuine.

But Lo, the dire Effects of baneful Pride ;  
 A weed, whose savour was Pestiferous,  
 Did vie with this fair flower Qualify'd  
 With many Vertues Odoriferous ;  
 This fragrant flower which to affect the sense  
 Had Beauties, Grace, and Vertue's Excellence.

Not being Content unworthily to stand  
 In the dark Corner of some mead obscure,  
 Or in some rough uncultivated Land  
 Which the painful Husbandman did nev'r manure ;  
 Or in some dismal wood where Mischief Lyes,  
 And Ravens croak their fatal Auguries.

But by a bold Insulting Disposition  
 Presumes into a famous Garden fair ;  
 And more to Manifest its bold Ambition,  
 Vies with the fairest flowers that were there ;  
 And by its growth the flowers so overtops  
 — That it bereaved them of Heaven's drops.

Collecting of the Nutrimental juice  
That's of the Earth, it did Monopolize  
The same to its own benefit and Use,  
Also the benediction of the Skies.

Thus to its Baseness makes subservient  
Earth's fruitfulness and Heaven's dews' descent.

The Flowers thus Injuriously ov'r-topt  
Began to darken, perish, fade and dye;  
Their beauty Lost and all their Grace was Cropt;  
Their Savour soon became unsavoury;  
For having Lost the Sun's sweet Influence,  
They with it lost their Grace and Excellence.

Nor were they in this Deplorable state  
Able to work their Liberty and Ease;  
None but the Gardiner can Extricate  
Them from their Bondage, and give them release.  
Many Instructions may from hence arise,  
If on this Embleme we do Moralize.

I'll take occasion hence to Contemplate  
Fair Paradise in its prime Excellence;  
But most of all the Glorious Estate  
Of our first Father in his Innocence,  
Who was the flower of that Garden, and  
A Garden in which many flowers did stand.

His body with such Comliness was deck't  
As did declare this famous Faberick  
Was of no ordinary Architect,  
But the Almighty's Glorious work-manship;  
Being fearfully and wonderfully made,  
By him that needeth not a foreign aid.

His parts, proportion, and rare Simmetrie  
Shew'd forth his Glorious uniformal Grace;  
His pleasant and yet awful Majestie  
Appeared in the figure of his face:  
Where ruby ruddiness did beautify  
The lily white with a Vermillion dye.

Behold him there made Misne Lord of all  
The whole Creation that was sublunary ;  
And all the Creatures made that so they shall  
Unto his Comfort be Contributory ;  
    He was to take their Tributes, and again  
    Offer them up unto his Sovereign.

His understanding was so Excellent  
That he was able by his Knowledge Great  
Names to all Creatures in his Government  
To give ; Ev'n such as were most adequate ,  
    Unto their Inclinations Natural ;  
    O wondrous wisdom Philosophycall.

But was that Knowledge and discerning Skill  
The Sole perfection of this noble Nature ?  
O no ; he was possessed with a will  
Able to Love and serve his great Creator.  
    To apprehend him as his Chiefest Good,  
    And prize him more than his appointed food.

He was Commissionated to remain  
In this Estate to perpetuity ;  
Here might he Live, rejoice in God, and Reign  
Throughout the Ages of Eternity.  
    And of all the Delights and fruits of Eden,  
    Only the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden.

But Lo, the dire Effects of baneful Pride :  
Man being made in Honour thus to flourish,  
Did not a night in that Estate abide,  
But soon became like to the beasts that perish.  
    Abusing of his Liberty of will,  
    Against his Sovereign Lord he did rebel.

For casting off that Reverential awe  
He ow'd unto God's Sacred Majestie,  
Against the Comminations of his Law  
He did rebel ; and in rebellion he  
    The Sacramental Tree of Life neglected,  
    And eat of that which God had Interdicted.



And for endeavoring to Equalize  
 The Lord's Omniscience, is quite ruinated ;  
 And hath his Soul in all its Faculties  
 Strangely Besotted and Infatuated :  
     For having once rebell'd against his duty,  
     Opacous Sin soon blasted all his beauty.

Now we have Lost Ability to Climb  
 The steps of Providence unto God's Throne :  
 Our Souls (alas) are now too Insublime  
 To Seat and Settle our Affections on  
     The Pinnacle of all Perfection,  
     Whose Vision Satisfys th' Affection.

But through a Poisonous Impetuous Rage,  
 Our minds we to these Earthly Objects glew :  
 And tho' we find they can't our Thirst asswage,  
 The more we're Dis-appointed we pursue.  
     Thus do we prostitute our vast affection,  
     To yield to our Inferiours subjection.

But when we sunk under this misery,  
 And all help failed us on every side ;  
 No Creature could find out a way whereby  
 Justice Offended might be Satisfy'd ;  
     To do that work our Saviour undertook,  
     As it was writ i' th' Volumn of the book.

The Love that gave him, oh ! 't was Infinite ;  
 The Person suffering was most Excellent ;  
 The Pains he suffered were most Exquisite ;  
 And Glorious was the blessed Consequent !  
     With wonderment and Ravishing surprize  
     The Angels Contemplate these Mysteries.

## A N D

When I behold th' Heavens' wond'rous frame,  
 The Sun and Moon shining in Beauty bright,  
 Which thou hast made to Magnify thy Name,  
 By thy Almighty power Infinite—  
     And View the Stars in their celestial ranging,  
     Not Jostling in all their interchanging :

Oh what is man, that thou shouldest allow  
 Him to Inherit thy divine compassion?  
 What is the sinful Son of man, that thou  
 Should'st grant to him thy Spirit's visitation?  
 And suffer thine Eternal SON to dye,  
 To Reconcile thy stubborn Enemy!

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MATTHEW X: 28.

And fear not them that can kill the body, but are not able to kill the Soul:  
 But rather fear Him which is able to destroy both Soul and Body in Hell.

And is our Life a life wherein we borrow  
 No not the smallest respite from our Sorrow?  
 Our Profits, are they but some Yellow Dust,  
 Subject to Loss, to Canker-eat, and Rust?  
 Whose very Image breedeth ceaseless Cares,  
 In every Mind where it Dominion bears?  
 And are our Pleasures mainly in Excess,  
 Which genders Guilt, and ends in Bitterness?  
 Are Honours fickle and dependent Stuff,  
 Oft-times blown furthest from us by a Puff?  
 Doth pale-faced Envy wait at every Stage,  
 To bite and wound us in our Pilgrimage?

• • • • •  
 • • • • •

Then him for Happy I will never Praise,  
 That's fill'd with Honour, Wealth, or length of Days:  
 But Happy he, though in a Dying Hour,  
 O're whom the Second Death obtains no power.

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PROVERBS XXXI: 10.

Who can find a Vertuous Woman, for her Price is far above Rubies.

Vertue's a Babe, first born in Paradiſe,  
 And hath by birth priority of Vice.  
 Vertue is all that's good we brought from thence  
 The dear remains of our first Innocence.  
 Vertue still makes the Vertuous to shine,  
 Like those that Liv'd in the first week of time.

Vertue hath force the vile to cleanse again,  
 So being like clear shining after Rain.  
 A Kind and Constant, Chearful Vertuous Life,  
 Becomes each Man, and most Adorns a Wife.

But such a Vertue, ah, where shall we find,  
 That's Bright, especially in Woman Kind?  
 If such an one had been on Earth, no doubt  
 Searching King *Solomon* had found her out.

But stay, my Muse, nor may we thence conclude  
 There is not One in all their Multitude:  
 For tho' it be too True, that *Solomon*  
 Amongst a 'Thousand found not such an one;  
 It follows not at all but such an one  
 Among an Hundred Thousand may be shown;  
 Which if she may, her Price beyond Compare  
 Excels the Price of Rubies very fair.

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PSALM LXIV: 6.

The heart is deep.

He that can trace a Ship making her way  
 Amidst the threatening Surges on the Sea;  
 Or track a Towering Eagle in the Air,  
 Or on a Rock find the Impressions there  
 Made by a Serpent's Footsteps; Who Surveys  
 The Subtile Intreagues that a Young Man lays  
 In his Sly Courtship of an harmless Maid,  
 Whereby his Wanton Amours are Conveyed  
 Into her Breast; 'T is he alone that can  
 Find out the Cursed Policies of Man.

## REV AARON CLEVELAND.

[Born 1744. Died 1815.]

It will doubtless surprise as it will gratify many of our readers to see the name of Rev. AARON CLEVELAND in this connection. He published but few articles, and these all anonymously. He did not claim for himself the title of a poet—nor has it before been claimed for him. Yet we deem it no more than an act of justice to grant him a place in our volume. Many of his articles are lost. For those now in our possession, as also for the biographical data, we are indebted to his grandson, Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, of Hartford, who has fully inherited the poetical genius of his worthy progenitor.

Mr. CLEVELAND was born in Haddam, on the 3d of February, 1744. He was the son of the Rev. AARON CLEVELAND, who at that time resided at Haddam, as a Congregational minister; but afterward conforming to the Church of England, and receiving Holy Orders from Bishop SHERLOCK, of London, was a missionary of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," and for some time officiated at Lewes and Newcastle in Delaware. His talents and accomplishments gave him an honorable place in the literary society of that day, and his death occurred at Philadelphia, in 1757, while he was on a visit to his friend, Dr. FRANKLIN.

The subject of this sketch being thus left an orphan at the early age of thirteen, was returned to his Connecticut friends to be brought up. The estate of a missionary left him but little to depend upon; and he was unable therefore to perfect his education at college, as his father had done with credit to himself, at Harvard University. His poem, "THE PHILOSOPHER AND BOY," written at the early age of nineteen, though here given with some subsequent revision, will show that he was not, however, behind his coevals in literary accomplishments; and (judging from his description of himself as a botanic enthusiast,) not without pretensions to scientific attainment. Being admitted to the ministry of the Congregational Church, he employed himself in his official duties with great faithfulness and noiseless benevolence; being distinguished for peculiar and child-like tenderness of spirit, with great and uncontrollable powers of wit and humor. The latter characteristic, while from his harmless use of its advantages, it gained him much applause, and made his society dear

alike to young and old, was to himself the source of much humiliation and sorrow. This feeling is conspicuous in his lines, entitled "FAMILY BLOOD: A BURLESQUE;" and many affectionate warnings are preserved among his descendants, dissuading them from the employment of this dangerous talent, should it prove an hereditary possession. He regarded its indulgence (but in his own case over-scrupulously,) as often doing violence to the dignity of official deportment, not to say to the soberness of Christian character.

Among many anecdotes illustrative of his powers of repartee, one is perhaps worth recording. He was a federalist of the school of JAY and HAMILTON, whom he supported with more than ordinary zeal, and perhaps not without something of the prejudice which ranked all Jeffersonians with French fatalists and infidels. Taking once a horseback ride between Middletown and Durham, he stopped at a little stream which bounds the two towns, to allow his horse to drink: at the same moment a young man drove up hastily on the opposite side, and quite unnecessarily disturbing the water, reined his own horse for the same purpose. "Good morning, Mr. Minister," said the stranger. "Good morning, Mr. Democrat," said Mr. CLEVELAND. "And pray why do you take me for a democrat?" he rejoined. "Pray why did you take me for a minister?" "Oh, that is plain by your *dress*." "And that you are a democrat, is plain by your *address*."

Beside one or two sermons, Mr. CLEVELAND published nothing but a poem on *Slavery*, which appeared in 1775, and a few fugitive pieces, chiefly satires on democracy, and some events of the last war. The poem on *Slavery* is in blank verse, but is argumentative, and didactic to so great a degree as to illustrate very little the poetical powers he exhibited in minor productions. His family are justly proud of it, nevertheless, for the ripe and enlightened views it expresses both of the slave trade and of oppression in general, at a time when the world was asleep to its awful enormity. The two specimens of his muse which we here present, are poems heretofore unpublished, which have been kept as family relics, and are now contributed as a hint of the facility which he possessed in verse. It is to be regretted that he himself put no value on them, and left them evidently without the remotest view to publication; as he did also several other productions, which were long preserved *memoriter* by a relative since deceased, but which, it is supposed, have expired with him.

"THE PHILOSOPHER AND BOY" is, to say the least, a good poem for a *boy-philosopher*; and evinces a love of nature, a habit of thinking and mental exercise, a tender heart, and lively descriptive powers. It was to control a child-like sensibility, which he retained through life, that he thus represented himself, both in the *boy* and the *man*,

exhibiting his natural feelings, and the method he pursued to control them.

"THE BURLESQUE" is in the style of SWIFT, and is not unworthy even of him. It is light and airy in its versification; and expresses rather the importance we should attach primarily to our own exertions and achievements, than the real regard and veneration which the author ever felt and exhibited for his progenitors, in devout appreciation of the Scripture—"the glory of children are their fathers."

Mr. CLEVELAND died suddenly while on a visit to New Haven, September 21st, 1815, and lies buried in the cemetery there. He left behind him a stainless and a beloved name; and is here associated (though with many *greater*,) with none *better*, or more valued in private life. Not a few who knew him, and still survive, will be gratified to read this little sketch of his history and character, and will prize the reliques of his graceful verse, which are here presented them.

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### THE PHILOSOPHER AND BOY.

Anno *Ætatis* 19.

I.

Botanic search had led me far afield,  
 Where various plants the hills and vallies yield.  
 I strayed meand'ring o'er the pathless ground,  
 Till far from home my weary self I found.  
 A mount before me I unconscious trod,  
 With steps half taken, as I searched the clod.  
 The summit gained, I sat me down to breathe,  
 And view the landscape spreading wide beneath;  
 Far o'er a concave mead, and hill o'er hill,  
 Far as the eye could reach, new objects still!  
 There graceful waves the ponderous golden corn,  
 And orchards there the sloping hills adorn;  
 There fleecy tribes the craggy steeps ascend,  
 Or browsing, on the verdant cliffs depend;  
 O'er scallop'd hills a steeple lifts its head,  
 And tells, far-off, a village there is spread!

II.

Mine eyes were feasting—but, as Science bid,  
 I left the mount, to search the lowly mead.

With steps descending through a sidelong grove,  
 I reach the vale, where fancy loves to rove ;  
 The lawn extending wide from east to west,  
 The verdure waving, as by zephyrs press'd,  
 Give to the eye in one resplendent show,  
 All that the thought in visions can bestow.

## III.

Through thickest willows, hidden from the day,  
 A brook serpentine gently steals away.  
 There tim'rous birds have hung their straw-built cells  
 While underneath the trout securely dwells ;  
 There sings the robin when Aurora's born,  
 And every songster hails the rising morn.  
 High on some elm, the thrush, with various note  
 And rapturous strains, swells out his tuneful throat ;  
 The bobalincon skims the vale along,  
 Salutes each shrub, and rattles o'er his song ;  
 Hid 'neath some hedge, the am'rous quail elate,  
 Whistles responsive to her distant mate ;  
 While mountain-birds join chorus all around,  
 And hills to hills their melody resound.

## IV.

Such is the concert, such each morning-scene,  
 Till Sol withdraws, and Autumn fades the green.  
 But now an elm invites me to her shade,  
 To cool my bosom and to rest my head.  
 Beneath her base a bubbling spring arose ;  
 I drank the stream, and stretched me to repose ;  
 And fanned by zephyrs, drowsy soon I grew,  
 When half-heard sobs my waked attention drew :  
 I raised me up :—all silence o'er the plain,  
 A dream ! I said, and laid me down again :  
 Another sob—and broken accents heard,  
 Upright I stood—a pensive lad appear'd.  
 From whence—what grieves thee, then, my lad, I cried ;  
 If thou art lost, I'll be thy faithful guide ;  
 For well I know the grounds, the trees, the brook,  
 And yonder hills, as far as thou canst look.  
 Cheer up, my boy, and stay those falling tears,  
 I'll soon divest thee of these needless fears ;

Name but thy father, and I'll point his dome,  
And lead thee safely to thy wished-for home.

## V.

With sobs obtruding, scarce the lad could say  
I am not lost, kind sir, I know the way ;  
But pity—pity ! Here his grief renewed,  
And pearly drops his ruddy cheeks bedewed.

## VI.

Come, hush my boy, and tell me all thy grief,  
And let me give thy sorrows quick relief ;  
Hath some dire serpent bit thee ? Tell me where,  
I'll ply my balsam, and the wound repair ;  
Stung by a bee ? I'll soon extract the sting,  
Ease all thy smart, and thou again shalt sing ;  
Here, with my kerchief wipe thy pretty face,  
And tell me all the troubles of thy case.

## VII.

I have no wound, the bashful boy replied,  
Save such as grief can give, and shame would hide.  
Here lies the bird my wanton hands have slain ;  
Oh ! could thy balsam give it life again,  
With grateful heart I'd own thy gen'rous aid,  
As would the mother whom I've disobey'd !  
For she, kind woman, taught my soul to feel  
Another's woe, another's wound to heal,  
And by example, led my happy mind  
To hate the cruel, and to love the kind.  
Hear me, kind sir, in patience hear the whole,  
Nor smile at this keen anguish of my soul ;  
Hither I ran in chase of straying sheep,  
For know, my father doth an hundred keep ;  
In playful mood, with whistle and with song,  
I danced and leaped and skipped my way along ;  
My guiltless life had never known a stain,  
Till this poor bird my wanton hand had slain !  
From yonder tree it wing'd its airy way,  
And perched upon the willow's topmost spray ;  
Thoughtless I took, and aimless cast the stone,  
Nor knew the deed, alas ! till it was done ;



Oft had I thrown before, in playful mood,  
But ne'er till now I shed the guiltless blood.  
I ran and snatched the victim from the ground,  
Trembling and gasping, dying of its wound :  
My heart relented, and I trembled too,  
When lo ! a nest of young appear'd in view.  
Five little bills were oped in vain for food,  
And, fixed in grief, I watched them as I stood ;  
Sweet innocents, I said, what have I done—  
What can I do—or how the deed atone !  
Not yet 'tis dead—it gasps, it must not die ;  
Hear me, kind HEAVEN, that hear'st the ravens cry !  
With anxious heart to re-inspire its breath,  
And bring it back from trembling and from death,  
Within my mouth I placed its gasping bill,  
And gently blew, its life to re-instil ;  
But vain my efforts ; nothing could restore  
The dying bird, and soon it gasp'd no more ;  
While still with piteous eye I watched the nest,  
Blamed the rash deed, and heaved the sobbing breast.  
Poor orphan birds, my bursting heart exclaimed,  
The fatal deed was not from baseness aimed ;  
Yet have I robbed you of the only friend  
On whom your little beings might depend.  
How faithful was her trust to feed by light,  
Or brood you snugly from the chills of night,  
To choose the food her tender young might eat,  
And far and near to search the dainty meat.  
I'll take her place, and till the morrow's sun,  
Make part atonement for the deed I've done.  
No watching hawk with hostile fangs by day,  
Nor owl by night shall bear the prize away ;  
With flies and worms each day I'll see them fed,  
And when 't is dark, my hat I'll o'er them spread  
Oh, do not smile—with me come view the nest,  
You will not wonder that I'm thus oppress'd.

## VIII.

The breasts in which no tenderness we find,  
Can own no virtue of the noble mind ;

I love, said I, dear boy, the feeling heart,  
Where sense with sentiment may share its part ;  
But when the feelings thus untempered flow,  
We wrong ourselves, and wrong our neighbor too ;  
Let moderation, then, thy grief direct,  
And first the rule of happiness respect.  
To man subordinate we rank the brute,  
Yet kindly treat them, as their natures suit ;  
And true compassion for their servile race,  
In man, the master, should demand its place.  
Yet guiltless all, we take their lives away,  
When need or chance has marked them for a prey :  
Thy sportive hand hath slain without design ;  
Let pity move—but guilt may not be thine.  
Suffice the grief—enough the tears you've shed,  
To make amends, and weep the hapless dead :  
And now to give your burdened mind relief,  
And in a word to cancel all your grief,  
Know that her mate, with equal care and skill  
To feed and nurse, is hovering round us still.  
With watchful eye and fluttering for the brood,  
He waits our leave to waft the needed food :  
On yonder bough—behold, he seems to say  
Touch not my young—go strangers, haste away :  
Recluse behind these willows let us lie,  
And watch his visit to his family.

## I X .

He's come ! he's come ! the boy in rapture said,  
And from his beak the crying ones are fed,  
And now with speed again he wings away ;  
There—see him make the butterfly his prey !  
With rapid flight, at once returned again,  
Look, he divides the little captive slain ;  
See each extended bill receive its part,  
See instinct operate, surpassing art !  
Where now, my boy, your feelings fine, I said ;  
For the poor butterfly no tears are shed !  
Are birds alone the objects of your care,  
While the poor insect claims no humble share ?

If rich attire delights thy tender breast,  
 View those poor wings just quivering o'er the nest ;  
 The crimson and the yellow dyes behold,  
 The rich embroidery, and the stars of gold ;  
 Not the gay colors of the Spring outvie  
 The gaudy plumage of the butterfly.  
 And then, if innocence your tears can claim,  
 What bird or beast more harmless can you name ?  
 No insect trembles when it wafts in sight ;  
 No field is injured by its feeble flight ;  
 And if the weak your pity should inspire,  
 One puff of air will lodge it in the mire.  
 To be consistent, please indulge your grief  
 Where'er you see distress without relief ;  
 And give, at need, your sympathetic sigh,  
 Alike for bullock and for butterfly.  
 Taste not of flesh—because it once had life,  
 Nor covet gun, nor pay the butcher-knife ;  
 Whene'er you walk, with cautious step beware,  
 Lest some poor earth-worm should be writhing there.

## X.

Life sensitive must subject be to pain,  
 But must we sigh at every insect slain ?  
 Must man be tortured, life be misery,  
 When now an ox is killed, or now a fly ?  
 Sensation ceasing when the blow is past,  
 Must morbid fancy make it longer last ?  
 When one sure stroke has ended all their pain,  
 Must thy fond tortures evermore remain ?  
 Nay, while they live, bestow whate'er you can  
 Of ease and comfort, that afflicts not man ;  
 And when by turns they joy and anguish feel,  
 This foster kindly, and the other heal ;  
 Since chartered free, with all the happiness  
 That Nature gives—he robs them who gives less ;  
 And though they feast and fast, or live or die,  
 As best may serve man's nobler family,  
 None may disturb the lives e'en brutes enjoy,  
 Till greater good commands him to destroy.

## X I.

True—some to bless us, some to scourge are giv'n ;  
 Scourgings are blessings, when they're sent of Heaven ;  
 We some for food, and some for safety kill ;  
 The good of man our only object still !  
 And when we spare, alike as when we slay,  
 The less to greater good must still give way.  
 'T is so, united for the general weal,  
 We feel aright—for *moral truths* we feel ;  
 The good of man is made our end below,  
 In all withheld, in all that we bestow ;  
 And self-involved in universal good,  
 True happiness is rightly understood,  
 The *whole of being* meeting in our aim,  
 God first of all—all others as they claim !

## X II.

Aid then the weak—support the wounded heart,  
 And every blessing in thy power impart :  
 Render to God the things He' calls His own,  
 And let thy bounty unto all be shown ;  
 Yea, beast and bird and insect, let them find  
 Thy heart is mercy, thy dominion kind !  
 Life's ills are few—except the needless pain  
 Of sinful heart, or folly of the brain ;  
 The most of woe the man of virtue feels,  
 Is in imagined, not in real ills ;  
 For man reflects—and in that power alone  
 Has pain and pleasure to the brute unknown ;  
 And mental griefs will haunt him, small or great,  
 When sports conception, or when sins create ;  
 These griefs are borrowed from to-morrow's store,  
 And felt too soon—when due are felt no more.  
 For Hope, oft false, gives pleasures ne'er to be,  
 But Fear, more false, a fruitless misery.

## X III.

And mind, my boy ! at others' seeming woe,  
 You oft may grieve for what they never know :  
 Then let Truth's balance weigh, as surest test,  
 All that presumes to make us poor or blest ;

For real evil follows only vice,  
 While wisdom makes man's life a paradise!  
 I see! I see! the listening boy replied,  
 And thank my friend, my teacher and my guide;  
 To wisdom thus, and heaven its prize and goal,  
 Thy reasoned truths shall wake my willing soul.

THE FAMILY BLOOD.

A BURLESQUE.

"Genus et proavos, et quod non fecimus ipsi  
 Vix ea nostra voco."

Four kinds of blood flow in my veins,  
 And govern, each in turn, my brains.  
 From CLEVELAND, PORTER, SEWELL, WATERS,  
 I had my parentage in quarters;  
 My fathers' fathers' names I know,  
 And further back no doubt might go.  
 Compound on compound from the flood,  
 Makes up my old ancestral blood;  
 But what my sires of old time were,  
 I neither wish to know, nor care.  
 Some might be wise—and others fools;  
 Some might be tyrants—others tools;  
 Some might have wealth, and others lack;  
 Some fair perchance—some almost black;  
 No matter what in days of yore,  
 Since now they're known and seen no more.

The name of CLEVELAND I must wear,  
 Which any foundling too might bear:  
 PORTER, they say, from Scotland came,  
 A bonny Laird of ancient fame:  
 SEWELL—of English derivation,  
 Perhaps was outlawed from the nation;  
 And WATERS—Irish as I ween,  
*Straight—round-about from—Aberdeen!*

Such is my heterogeneous blood,  
 A motley mixture, bad and good:

Each blood aspires to rule alone,  
And each in turn ascends the throne,  
Of its poor realm to wear the crown,  
And reign till next one tears him down.  
Each change must twist about my brains,  
And move my tongue in different strains ;  
My mental powers are captive led,  
As whim or wisdom rules the head ;  
My character no one can know,  
For none I have while things are so ;  
I'm something—nothing, wise, or fool,  
As suits the blood that haps to rule.

When CLEVELAND reigns I'm thought a wit  
In giving words the funny hit ;  
And social glee and humorous song  
Delight the fools that round me throng :  
Till PORTER next puts on the crown,  
And hauls the CLEVELAND banner down.

Now all is calm, discreet, and wise,  
Whate'er I do, whate'er devise ;  
What common sense and wisdom teach,  
Directs my actions, forms my speech ;  
The wise and good around me stay,  
And laughing dunces hie away.

But soon, alas, this happy vein  
May for some other change again !  
SEWELL perchance shall next bear rule :  
I'm now a philosophic fool !  
With JEFFERSON I correspond,  
And sail with him, the stars beyond :  
Each nerve and fibre of my brain,  
To sense profound I nicely strain,  
And thus uprise beyond the ken  
Of common sense and common men.

Thus great am I, till SEWELL's crown  
About my ears comes tumbling down.  
Wise fools may soar themselves above,  
And dream in rapturous spheres they move ;

But airy castles must recoil,  
And such wild imagery spoil.

But who comes now? Alas! 't is WATERS,  
Rushing and blustering to head quarters :  
He knows nor manners, nor decorum,  
But elbows headlong to the forum ;  
Uncouth and odd, abrupt and bold,  
Unteachable and uncontroll'd,  
Devoid of wisdom, sense, or wit,  
Not one thing right he ever hit,  
Unless, by accident, not skill,  
He blundered right against his will.

And such am I! no transmigration  
Can sink me to a lower station :  
Come, PORTER, come depose this clown,  
And, once for all, possess the crown.  
If aught, in SEWELL'S blood, you find  
Will make your own still more refined ;  
If found in CLEVELAND'S blood, a trait  
To aid you in affairs of state ;  
Select such parts—and spurn the rest,  
No more to rule in brain or breast.  
Of WATERS' blood, expel the whole,  
Let not one drop pollute my soul :  
Then rule my head—and keep my heart  
From folly, weakness, wit apart :  
With all such gifts I glad dispense,  
But only leave me—COMMON SENSE.

## JOHN TRUMBULL, LL. D.

[Born 1750. Died 1831.]

JOHN TRUMBULL, LL. D., was a native of Westbury, at that time a parish of the town of Waterbury, in New Haven county, and since incorporated as Watertown, in connection with the county of Litchfield. He was born on the 24th day of April, 1750. His father was a Congregational clergyman, of a family distinguished in the literary and political annals of Connecticut, and his mother a lady of superior attainments. Thus every facility for instruction was afforded their son, who, while a mere child, evinced unusual talents. A taste for poetry early characterized him. He committed to memory the greater part of Dr. WATTS' Lyric Poems, and those comprised in the Spectator, and began composing verses himself, an exercise in which he was encouraged by his parents. When only five years of age, his father began to instruct him in the principles of the Greek and Latin languages. Such was his proficiency, that at the Commencement of Yale College, in September 1757, when only seven years of age, he sustained an examination, and was admitted as a member of that institution. On account, however, of his extreme youth and subsequent ill health, he was not sent to reside at college until the year 1763. He devoted these intervening years to a diligent study of the Greek and Latin classics, as also of the best English authors which he could procure in his native village, endeavoring by imitations of these latter writers to cultivate a correct style of composition, both in prose and verse.

On commencing his collegiate course, TRUMBULL found that the greater portion of the time at college was engrossed by the study of the ancient classics. As in these he was already a proficient, he was enabled to devote much of his time for the first three years to mathematical studies, then newly introduced, and in his senior year he resumed his attention to English literature. He was graduated in 1767, and remained three years as a resident at college, devoting himself principally to the study of polite letters.

At this period began his acquaintance with Dr. DWIGHT, afterward president of the college. DWIGHT was at that time a member of the Junior class, and had attracted attention by a finished translation of two of the finest Odes of HORACE. An ardent friendship was contracted between the two, which ripened into intimacy, and continued



until the close of their lives. The learned languages, mathematics, logic, and scholastic theology, were at this time deemed alone worthy the attention of a scholar, and were dignified with the term of *solid learning*, while the study of belles lettres was decried as useless. To combat this sentiment the satirical talents of TRUMBULL were first enlisted; and after the graduation of DWIGHT the two united their efforts. They were exposed to a torrent of ridicule, but the close of the contest beheld them victors. In 1769 they commenced the publication of a series of essays after the manner of the Spectator, in a Boston gazette, which were continued for some months; and a similar course of essays was afterward commenced in a newspaper at New Haven, which was continued to more than forty numbers. In the autumn of 1771, TRUMBULL and DWIGHT were elected tutors of the college, and exerted all their energies to introduce an improved system of study and discipline in the institution.

In 1772, TRUMBULL published the first part of "The Progress of Dulness," designed to expose to ridicule the absurd methods of education which then prevailed; and in the course of the following year he added the second and third parts. It achieved its object, and closed the warfare in which our author and his friend had been so long and ardently engaged. "The Progress of Dulness" is a satirical poem, in Hudibrastic verse, and, though less popular than McFingal, is the most finished of any of our author's productions. In the first part, or satire, TOM BRAINLESS, a dunce from the country, is sent to college, where, after a four years' residence, a degree is obtained; and by virtue of a slight smattering of Latin and Greek, a new booby is added to the list of candidates for the learned professions. After attempting for a twelvemonth to teach what he himself never knew, he commences the study of theology with a country minister, who had trod the same path of dulness before; and in due time is fully licensed as a teacher of religious truth. In the second part a blow is also aimed at the coxcombry of fashionable life. DICK HAIRBRAIN, a conceited and idle fop, succeeds to full collegiate honors, and devotes his life to a round of fashionable follies and vices. The third part describes the life and fortunes of Miss HARRIET SIMPER, who in ignorance and folly is but a feminine counterpart of the hero of the preceding satire. After rejecting a throng of admiring swains, she is herself overcome by the charms of the accomplished HAIRBRAIN. But failing in her efforts, she consoles herself with the more sober love of the profound and estimable BRAINLESS. Their marriage concludes the poem.

While he exercised his office of tutor at college, TRUMBULL devoted as much time as his other avocations would permit to the study of law, which he had selected as his profession. He resigned his tutorship, and in November, 1773, was admitted to the bar of Connecticut.

He did not, however, seek employment, but removed immediately to Boston, and entered as a student the office of JOHN ADAMS, afterward President of the United States. Our author was now in the centre of American politics. The contest between this country and Great Britain was rapidly approaching a crisis, and he embarked with great ardor in the cause of liberty. While he prosecuted the study of law with assiduity, he devoted much of his leisure to the writing of political essays, which were published anonymously, as also to a cultivation of his poetical talents. As every thing seemed rapidly verging toward hostility in Massachusetts, and the session of the courts was suspended, after publishing anonymously his "Elegy on the Times," TRUMBULL returned to New Haven in November, 1774, and commenced the practice of his profession under flattering circumstances.

During the following year, 1775, the first part of "McFingal," comprising the two first cantos, was published at Philadelphia. It was written at the solicitation of some of the author's friends in Congress, and was designed to influence the popular mind to hatred of oppression and oppressors, and to the love of the new and rapidly spreading cause of independence. In November, 1776, our author married Miss SARAH HUBBARD, daughter of Colonel LEVERETT HUBBARD, of New Haven, and in May, 1777, from the decline of business—the war forming the great engrossing subject of interest—he returned to his native village, where he resided the four succeeding years. In June, 1781, he removed with his family to Hartford, and there, at the solicitation of his friends, completed his "McFingal." The whole was finished and the first edition published during the year 1782. A subscription was made by the numerous friends of the author for this edition. But subsequently—the law affording no protection to copyright—the work became the prey of every bookseller and printer who chose to assume its publication. More than thirty successive editions followed: and already had the first part, printed at Philadelphia, been reprinted in London, where it passed through several editions—and was ascribed to a variety of authors.

"McFingal" is a Hudibrastic poem in four cantos. Its hero is a justice of the peace, residing in a town near Boston.

"His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands  
Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands;  
Whence gain'd our 'Squire two gifts by right,  
Rebellion and the Second-sight."

The first two cantos are chiefly occupied with a discussion, at a "Town Meeting," between one HONORIUS and the hero, the former a stanch whig, and the latter a most uncompromising loyalist. The arguments of the "'Squire" are turned by the satire of the author

against himself—his speeches forming a severe condemnation of the English and their tory friends, and the best possible apology for resistance. The meeting ends with a riot. At the commencement of the third canto McFINGAL is seized by the mob, tried at the foot of the "Liberty Pole," convicted of toryism, and condemned to the summary punishment of tar and feathers. In the fourth canto, "The Vision," McFINGAL assembles his tory friends in a cellar, and harangues them upon their disastrous prospects. By virtue of his second sight, he foretells the calamities which should befall the British arms, and the sure success of the cause of freedom. His speech is suddenly interrupted by an invasion of his old enemies—the company is dispersed—the hero escapes to Boston, and the poem closes. "So sublime a *denouement*, as the French critics term it," the author facetiously remarks in a note, "never appeared before in epic poetry, except that of the hero turning Papist, in the *Henriade* of Voltaire." "McFingal" is a merciless satire, directed by a powerful hand, and with an unerring aim. The reader recognizes continually the wit in the hero; and so keen is the author's perception of the ridiculous, that whatever the object of his sarcasm, it never escapes a most ludicrous representation. The free and unwarranted use of sacred Scripture, throughout the entire work, is decidedly objectionable, as affording encouragement to an irreverent practice then and now quite too prevalent. Yet perhaps some extenuation may be found in the manners of the period. If objection be made to the coarse style and subject of the work, and to its barrenness of incident, let it be remembered that it was written *for the times*, and designed rather as a political article than a finished poem. In this light it must be principally viewed; and when so viewed, is deserving of the highest praise. It was one of the most useful and acceptable offerings laid upon the altar of liberty.

Soon after the removal of TRUMBULL to Hartford, a literary club was formed, composed of Colonel HUMPHREYS, BARLOW, Dr. LEMUEL HOPKINS, and our author. They were a band of kindred spirits, assembling weekly for the discussion of proposed questions of interest, and enlisting their talents in combined efforts for the public good. After the peace in 1783, and before the adoption of the federal constitution, the country was in a state well nigh bordering upon anarchy. Each state—an independent sovereignty—pursued its separate plans of policy. Great dissatisfaction was entertained by the people toward the officers of the revolutionary army, on account of their combination in the Society of the Cincinnati, and also for the extra pay granted them by Congress for five years, in lieu of half pay for life. The national debt was swelled to a large amount by the unpaid arrears of the army. The country was greatly impoverished, and in Connecticut mobs were raised to prevent the officers from receiving their

certificates for the five years' pay. A self-constituted convention assembled to second the views of the populace, and many of the citizens of our state were prepared to join in general opposition to the government, and to involve the country in the horrors of civil war. Had not the insurrection of Shays in Massachusetts been speedily quelled, it is impossible to conjecture the disastrous consequences which might have ensued. In such a state of things, all friends of good order and rightful authority endeavored by every means in their power to counteract the popular spirit. The press lent its powerful aid, not ineffectually; and chief among its directors was our junto of Hartford wits. They published numerous essays, but chiefly a series of papers entitled "The Anarchiad," after the manner of "The Rolliad," an English work ascribed to Fox, SHERIDAN, and their associates. Public curiosity had been awakened by the discovery of ancient Indian fortifications, with their singular relics: the story of the early emigration of a body of Britons and Welch to this country, and of an existing tribe of their descendants in the interior of the continent, was revived and circulated: and our writers assumed that, in digging among the ruins of one of these fortifications, an ancient heroic poem in the English language had been discovered. This poem was "The Anarchiad," and the essays which our authors published were supposed extracts from it. They first appeared in the Hartford and New Haven gazettes, and were extensively circulated through the various periodicals of the day. The essays were mostly written in concert, and have never been collected. They were supposed to have exerted great influence upon the public taste, and by the fearlessness of their tone of satire to have checked the leaders of disorganization and infidel philosophy.

In 1789, TRUMBULL was appointed Attorney to the State for the county of Hartford, and in 1792 was the representative of the town of Hartford in the State Legislature, in the deliberations of which he took an active and influential part. In 1795, he was compelled by ill health to resign his office of State's Attorney. He was naturally of feeble physical constitution, and the pressure of his public and professional employments had reduced him to so low a stage of nervous debility, that for years he declined all business. At length, regaining his accustomed health, he resumed his professional duties. In May, 1800, he was again elected a member of the Legislature, and in 1801 was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court. Henceforward he declined any interference in the politics of the State, and devoted himself exclusively to the duties of his office. In 1808 he received the additional appointment of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, which he retained until the year 1819, when he retired from public life. In 1820 a collection of his poems was made, to which he prefixed a memoir. They were published at

Hartford, in two octavo volumes. In 1825 Judge TRUMBULL removed to Detroit, to the residence of his daughter, the wife of the Honorable WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE, where he remained until the time of his death, which occurred in May, 1831, in the eighty-first year of his age.

Beside the poems already mentioned, which were his chief productions, there are a number of shorter ones contained in the volumes of our author, mostly upon serious subjects, which deserve notice. They prove that while satire was his peculiar forte, he was not unequal to other styles of composition. Of these the "Ode to Sleep," and "The Prophecy of Balaam," may be instanced as possessing superior merit.

Judge TRUMBULL maintained through life an honorable and upright character. The powers of satire, which formed a striking trait of his character, while they gave a pointedness and piquancy to his common conversation, he endeavored to restrain within the bounds of courteousness and kindness. As a scholar, a wit, and gentleman, he was greatly admired: and he left a name which must always sustain a conspicuous place in the early history of American letters.

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### THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM

Numbers, Chapters 23d and 24th.

#### I.

On lofty Peor's brow,  
 That rears its forehead to the sky,  
 And sees the airy vapors fly,  
 And clouds in bright expansion sail below,  
 Sublime the Prophet stood.  
 Beneath its pine-clad side  
 The distant world her varied landscape yields;  
 Winding vales and length'ning fields,  
 Streams in sunny maze that flow'd,  
 Stretch'd immense in prospect wide,  
 Forests green in summer's pride.  
 Waving glory gilds the main,  
 The dazzling sun ascending high,  
 While earth's blue verge, at distance dimly seen,  
 Spreads from the aching sight, and fades into the sky.

## II.

Beneath his feet, along the level plain,  
 The host of Israel stretched in deep array ;  
 Their tents rose frequent on the enamelled green,  
 Bright to the wind the colored streamers play.  
 Red from the slaughter of their foes,  
 In awful steel th' embattled heroes stood ;  
 High o'er the shaded ark in terror rose  
 The cloud, the dark pavilion of their God.  
 Before the Seer's unwilling eyes,  
 The years unborn ascend to sight ;  
 He saw their opening morn arise,  
 Bright in the sunshine of the fav'ring skies ;  
 While from th' insufferable light,  
 Fled the dire dæmons of opposing night.  
 No more, elate with stygian aid,  
 He waves the wand's enchanted power,  
 And baleful through the hallowed glade,  
 His magic footsteps rove no more.  
 Filled with prophetic fire, he lifts his hand  
 O'er the deep host in dim array ;  
 And awed by Heaven's supreme command,  
 Pours forth the rapture of the living lay.

## III.

Fair, oh Israel, are thy tents,  
 Blest the banners of thy fame ;  
 Blest the dwellings of his saints,  
 Where their God displays his name.  
 Fair as these vales, that stretch their lawns so wide,  
 As gardens smile in flow'ry meadows fair,  
 As rising cedars, on the streamlet's side,  
 Unfold their arms and court the fragrant air.  
 Vain is magic's deadly force,  
 Vain the dire enchanter's spell,  
 Waving wand or charmed curse,  
 Vain the pride, the rage of hell.  
 From Peor's high, illumined brow,  
 I see th' Eternal Power revealed,  
 And all the lengthened plain below  
 O'ershrouded by th' Almighty Shield.

God, their guardian God, descends,  
And Israel's favorite host Omnipotence defends.

## I V .

And see, bright Judah's Star ascending  
Fires the east with crimson day,  
Awful o'er his foes impending,  
Pours wide the lightning of his ray,  
And flames destruction on th' opposing world.  
Death's broad banners dark, unfurl'd,  
Wave o'er his blood-encircled way.  
Sceptred king of Moab, hear  
Deeds that future times await,  
Deadly triumph, war severe,  
Israel's pride and Moab's fate.

What echoing terrors burst upon mine ear!  
What awful forms in flaming horror rise!  
Empurpled Rage, pale Ruin, heart-struck Fear,  
In scenes of blood ascend, and skim before my eyes.

## V .

Dimly on the skirt of night,  
O'er thy sons the cloud impends;  
Echoing storm with wild affright,  
Loud the astonished ether rends.  
Long hosts, emblazed with sunbright shields, appear,  
And Death, in fierce career,  
Glides on their light'ning swords: along thy shores,  
Armed with the bolts of fate,  
What hostile navies wait!  
Above, around, the shout of ruin roars.  
For nought avails, that, clad in spiry pride,  
Thy rising cities glittered on the day;  
The vengeful arms wave devastation wide,  
And give thy pompous domes to smouldering flames a prey.

## V I .

Edom bows her lofty head,  
Seir submits her vanquished lands,  
Amalek, of hosts the dread,  
Sinks beneath their wasting hands.

See, whelmed in smoky heaps, the ruined walls  
Rise o'er thy children's hapless grave!  
Low thy blasted glory falls;  
Vain the pride that could not save!  
Israel's swords arrest the prey,  
Back to swift fate thy trembling standards turn;  
Black desolation rolls along their way,  
War sweeps in front, and flames behind them burn;  
And Death and dire Dismay  
Unfold their universal grave, and ope the mighty urn.

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THE SCHOOLMASTER.\*

Next see our youth at school appear,  
Procured for forty pounds a year;  
His ragged regiment round assemble,  
Taught, not to read, but fear and tremble.  
Before him, rods prepare his way,  
Those dreaded antidotes to play.  
Then throned aloft in elbow chair,  
With solemn face and awful air,  
He tries, with ease and unconcern,  
To teach what ne'er himself could learn;  
Gives law and punishment alone,  
Judge, jury, bailiff, all in one;  
Holds all good learning must depend  
Upon his rod's extremest end,  
Whose great electric virtue's such,  
Each genius brightens at the touch;  
With threats and blows, incitements pressing,  
Drives on his lads to learn each lesson;  
Thinks flogging cures all moral ills,  
And breaks their heads to break their wills.  
The year is done; he takes his leave;  
The children smile; the parents grieve;  
And seek again, their school to keep,  
One just as good and just as cheap.

\* From Progress of Dulness, Part I.



## THE FOP'S DECLINE.\*

But ah! how short the fairest name  
 Stands on the slippery steep of fame!  
 The noblest heights we're soonest giddy on;  
 The sun ne'er stays in his meridian;  
 The brightest stars must quickly set;  
 And Dick has deeply run in debt.  
 Not all his oaths can duns dismay,  
 Or deadly bailiffs fright away;  
 Not all his compliments can bail,  
 Or minuets dance him from the jail.  
 Law not the least respect can give  
 To the laced coat, or ruffled sleeve;  
 His splendid ornaments must fall,  
 And all is lost, for these were all.

What then remains? in health's decline,  
 By lewdness, luxury and wine,  
 Worn by disease, with purse too shallow,  
 To lead in fashions, or to follow,  
 The meteor's gaudy light is gone;  
 Lone age with hasty step comes on.  
 How pale the palsied fop appears,  
 Low shivering in the vale of years;  
 The ghost of all his former days,  
 When folly lent the ear of praise  
 And beaux with pleased attention hung  
 On accents of his chatt'ring tongue.  
 Now all those days of pleasure o'er,  
 That chatt'ring tongue must prate no more.  
 From every place, that blessed his hopes,  
 He's elbowed out by younger fops.  
 Each pleasing thought unknown, that cheers  
 The sadness of declining years,  
 In lonely age he sinks forlorn,  
 Of all, and even himself, the scorn.  
 The coxcomb's course were gay and clever,  
 Would health and money last for ever,  
 Did conscience never break the charm,  
 Nor fear of future worlds alarm.

\* From Progress of Dulness, Part II.

But oh, since youth and years decay,  
And life's vain follies fleet away,  
Since age has no respect for beaux,  
And death the gaudy scene must close—  
Happy the man, whose early bloom  
Provides for endless years to come ;  
That learning seeks, whose useful gain  
Repays the course of studious pain ;  
Whose fame the thankful age shall raise,  
And future times repeat its praise ;  
Attains that heart-felt peace of mind,  
To all the will of HEAVEN resigned,  
Which calms in youth, the blast of rage,  
Adds sweetest hope to sinking age,  
With valued use prolongs the breath,  
And gives a placid smile to death.

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THE BELLE.\*

Thus HARRIET, rising on the stage,  
Learns all the arts that please the age ;  
And studies well, as fits her station,  
The trade of politics and fashion :  
A judge of modes in silks and satins,  
From tassels down to clogs and pattens ;  
A genius, that can calculate  
When modes of dress are out of date ;  
Cast the nativity with ease  
Of gowns, and sacks and negligees ;  
And tell, exact to half a minute,  
What's out of fashion and what's in it ;  
And scanning all with curious eye,  
Minutest faults in dresses spy ;  
(So in nice points of sight, a flea  
Sees atoms better far than we ;)   
A patriot too, she greatly labors,  
'To spread her arts among her neighbors,

\* From Progress of Dulness, Part III.

Holds correspondences to learn  
What facts the female world concern,  
To gain authentic state-reports  
Of varied modes in distant courts,  
The present state and swift decays  
Of tuckers, handkerchiefs and stays,  
The colored silk that beauty wraps,  
And all the rise and fall of caps.  
Then shines, a pattern to the fair,  
Of mien, address and modish air,  
Of every new, affected grace,  
That plays the eye, or decks the face,  
The artful smile, that beauty warms,  
And all th' hypocrisy of charms.

On Sunday, see the haughty maid  
In all the glare of dress arrayed,  
Decked in her most fantastic gown,  
Because a stranger's come to town.  
Heedless at church she spends the day,  
For homelier folks may serve to pray,  
And for devotion those may go,  
Who can have nothing else to do.  
Beauties at church must spend their care in  
Far other work than pious hearing;  
They've beaux to conquer, belles to rival;  
To make them serious were uncivil.  
For, like the preacher, they each Sunday  
Must do their whole week's work in one day.

As though they meant to take by-blows  
Th' opposing galleries of beaux,\*  
To church the female squadron move,  
All armed with weapons used in love.  
Like colored ensigns gay and fair,  
High caps rise floating in the air;  
Bright silk its varied radiance flings,  
And streamers wave in kissing-strings;  
Each bears th' artill'ry of her charms,  
Like training bands at viewing arms.

\* Young people of different sexes used then to sit in the opposite galleries.

So once, in fear of Indian beating,  
Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,  
Each man equipped on Sunday morn,  
With psalm-book, shot, and powder-horn ;  
And looked in form, as all must grant,  
Like th' ancient, true church militant ;  
Or fierce, like modern deep divines,  
Who fight with quills, like porcupines.

Or let us turn the style, and see  
Our belles assembled o'er their tea ;  
Where folly sweetens ev'ry theme,  
And scandal serves for sugared cream.

“And did you hear the news? (they cry,)  
The court wear caps full three feet high,  
Built gay with wire, and at the end on't,  
Red tassels streaming like a pendant.  
Well sure, it must be vastly pretty ;  
'T is all the fashion in the city.  
And were you at the ball last night ?  
Well, Chloe look'd like any fright ;  
Her day is over for a toast ;  
She'd now do best to act a ghost.  
You saw our Fanny ; envy must own  
She figures, since she came from Boston.  
Good company improves one's air—  
I think the troops were station'd there.  
Poor Cœlia ventured to the place ;  
The small-pox quite has spoiled her face ;  
A sad affair, we all confest :  
But Providence knows what is best.  
Poor Dolly, too, that writ the letter  
Of love to Dick ; but Dick knew better ;  
A secret that ; you'll not disclose it ;  
There 's not a person living knows it.  
Sylvia shone out, no peacock finer ;  
I wonder what the fops see in her.  
Perhaps 't is true what Harry maintains,  
She mends on intimate acquaintance.”

Hail British lands ! to whom belongs  
Unbounded privilege of tongues,

Blest gift of freedom, prized as rare  
 By all, but dearest to the fair ;  
 From grandmothers of loud renown,  
 Through long succession handed down,  
 Thence with affection kind and hearty,  
 Bequeathed unlesened to poster'ty !  
 And all ye powers of slander, hail,  
 Who teach to censure and to rail !  
 By you, kind aids to prying eyes,  
 Minutest faults the fair one spies,  
 And specks in rival toasts can mind,  
 Which no one else could ever find.

\* \* \* \* \*

With vast confusion swells the sound,  
 When all the coxcombs flutter round.  
 What undulation wide of bows !  
 What gentle oaths and amorous vows !  
 What double entendres all so smart !  
 What sighs hot-piping from the heart !  
 What jealous leers ! what angry brawls  
 To gain the lady's hand at balls !  
 What billet-doux, brimful of flame !  
 Acrostics lined with HARRIET's name !  
 What compliments, o'erstrained with telling  
 Sad lies of VENUS and of HELEN !  
 What wits half-cracked with commonplaces  
 On angels, goddesses and graces !  
 On fires of love what witty puns  
 What similes of stars and suns !  
 What cringing, dancing, ogling, sighing,  
 What languishing for love, and dying !

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THE WEDDING.\*

Poor HARRIET now hath had her day ;  
 No more the beaux confess her sway ;  
 New beauties push her from the stage ;  
 She trembles at th' approach of age,

\* From Progress of Dulness, Part III.

And starts to view the altered face,  
 That wrinkles at her in her glass :  
 So SATAN, in the monk's tradition,  
 Fear'd, when he met his apparition.

At length her name each coxcomb cancels  
 From standing lists of toasts and angels ;  
 And slighted where she shone before,  
 A grace and goddess now no more,  
 Despised by all, and doomed to meet  
 Her lovers at her rival's feet,  
 She flies assemblies, shuns the ball,  
 And cries out, vanity, on all ;  
 Affects to scorn the tinsel-shows  
 Of glittering belles and gaudy beaux ;  
 Nor longer hopes to hide by dress  
 The tracks of age upon her face.  
 Now careless grown of airs polite,  
 Her noonday night-cap meets the sight ;  
 Her hair uncombed collects together,  
 With ornaments of many a feather ;  
 Her stays for easiness thrown by,  
 Her ruffled handkerchief awry,  
 A careless figure half undressed,  
 (The reader's wits may guess the rest ;)  
 All points of dress and neatness carried,  
 As though she 'd been a twelvemonth married ;  
 She spends her breath, as years prevail,  
 At this sad wicked world to rail,  
 To slander all her sex *impromptu*,  
 And wonder what the times will come to.

TOM BRAINGLESS, at the close of last year,  
 Had been six years a rev'rend Pastor ;  
 And now resolved, to smooth his life,  
 To seek the blessing of a wife.  
 His brethren saw his amorous temper,  
 And recommended fair Miss SIMPER,  
 Who fond, they heard, of sacred truth,  
 Had left her levities of youth,  
 Grown fit for ministerial union,  
 And grave, as CHRISTIAN's wife in Bunyan.

On this he rigged him in his best,  
And got his old grey wig new dressed,  
Fixed on his suit of sable stuffs,  
And brushed the powder from the cuffs,  
With black silk stockings, yet in being,  
The same he took his first degree in ;  
Procured a horse of breed from Europe,  
And learned to moutt him by the stirrup,  
And set forth fierce to court the maid ;  
His white-haired Deacon went for aid ;  
And on the right, in solemn mode,  
The Reverend Mr. BRAINLESS rode :  
Thus grave, the courtly pair advance,  
Like knight and squire in famed romance.  
The priest then bowed in sober gesture,  
And all in Scripture terms addressed her ;  
He 'd found, for reasons amply known,  
It was not good to be alone ;  
So with submission, by her leave,  
He 'd come to look him out an EVE,  
And hoped, in pilgrimage of life,  
To find an helpmate in a wife,  
A wife discreet and fair withal,  
To make amends for ADAM's fall.

In short, the bargain finished soon,  
A reverend Doctor made them one.

And now the joyful people rouse all  
To celebrate their priest's espousal ;  
And first, by kind agreement set,  
In case their priest a wife could get,  
The parish vote him five pounds clear,  
T' increase his salary every year.  
Then swift the tag-rag gentry come  
To welcome Madam BRAINLESS home ;  
Wish their good parson joy ; with pride  
In order round salute the bride ;  
At home, at visits and at meetings,  
To Madam all allow precedence ;  
Greet her at church with rev'rence due,  
And next the pulpit fix her pew.

## DR. LEMUEL HOPKINS.

[Born 1750. Died 1801.]

DR. LEMUEL HOPKINS was born at Waterbury, on the 19th of June, 1750. His early education, though not liberal, was good: and having, while yet a boy, decided upon the medical profession, he applied himself to the necessary classical studies. After proper qualification, he entered, as a student, the office of a physician in the town of Wallingford. He commenced the practice of his profession in Litchfield, in 1776, and afterward, for a short period, served in the American army as a volunteer. During his residence in Litchfield he acquired an extensive reputation for science and skill, and about the year 1784 removed to Hartford. Here he passed the remainder of his life, and died on the 14th of April, 1801.

Dr. HOPKINS was devoted to literary pursuits, and excelled in humorous and satirical verse. Soon after his removal to Hartford, he was on terms of intimacy with the wits for which that city was then justly celebrated, and was concerned, in a greater or less degree, in many of their literary labors. He was associated with HUMPHREYS, TRUMBULL and BARLOW, in a variety of political publications, and chiefly in the series of papers entitled "The Anarchiad," already mentioned in the sketch of TRUMBULL. This work exerted a powerful and salutary influence upon the public mind. It gained for its authors great reputation, of which Dr. HOPKINS received his full share. He afterward wrote parts of some of the numbers of "The Echo," and "The Political Green-House," though less concerned in these publications than in "The Anarchiad," and for several years was largely engaged in writing "New Year's Verses" for one of the Hartford newspapers—a species of writing which was at that time made the vehicle of partizan wit and sarcasm. "The Echo" was a series of satires on public characters and events, first published in the newspapers of the day, and afterward collected in a volume together with "The Political Green-House," (and other writings of a similar character,) which had first been published in pamphlet form.\* In all these writings the peculiar characteristics of our author's mind and taste are exhibited. His powers of description are good; his satire is keen; his humor is original and pungent; while at times a

\* For a confirmed statement of the true authorship of "The Echo," see a note appended to the Life of RICHARD ALSOP, Esq.



reckless levity of expression throws an unwelcome shadow over the picture. A critic of his day remarks that "his compositions were somewhat like his personal appearance and manners—singular and eccentric—while the peculiarities of his verses heightened and increased the force of his satire."

As a physician, Dr. HOPKINS stood at the head of his profession. In his scientific labors he was unwearied, and "The Medical Society of Connecticut" is indebted to him as one of its founders. An anecdote is related of him which serves to illustrate some traits of his character. It will remind the reader of his "Epitaph on a Patient killed by a Cancer Quack." At a time when the fever powders of a quack well known in the neighborhood of Hartford were in great repute with the credulous, Dr. HOPKINS and his friend Dr. COGSWELL were attending physicians in the case of a young lady who was rapidly sinking with consumption. A sister-in-law of the patient was present, who was a firm believer in the efficacy of the "fever powders." She was exceedingly anxious to enlighten Dr. HOPKINS upon the subject of their marvellous virtues, but hesitated for some time, fearing to excite an explosion of anger or derision. At length her solicitude could bear no longer restriction, and she timidly asked the Doctor "if the fever powders would not be of service to the patient?" To her surprise he turned and asked mildly if she had any of them. She answered in the affirmative, and immediately produced a dozen papers containing the terrific antidote of disease and death. "How are they to be administered?" asked the Doctor. "In molasses." At his request it was immediately brought, and he proceeded to pour the whole contents of one of the papers into it. "Why Doctor," exclaimed the alarmed lady, "the half of one of those papers will be a great portion for my sister." Without heeding the interruption, he gravely proceeded to empty the whole dozen papers into the cup, and stirring it, with an air of great seriousness, to the astonishment of the company he swallowed the whole; then turning to his friend with a smile, "COGSWELL," said he, "I am going to Coventry to-day. If I die from this, you must write on my tomb-stone, 'Here lies HOPKINS, killed by GRIMES.'"

A collection of Dr. HOPKINS' poetry has never been attempted. The greatest part of his writings is comprised in the above-mentioned works, which were written in concert with others, and in few instances only can our author's portion in them be determined. Were the fact otherwise, however, detached passages from articles referring to characters and circumstances of a past age, would in many instances be now wholly devoid of interest. Some portions which can be fully identified as his, and which touch on topics of wider interest, we have selected, together with the majority of his fugitive compositions.

## ON GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN.

Lo, ALLEN 'scaped from British jails,  
 His tushes broke by biting nails,  
 Appears in hyperborean skies,  
 To tell the world the Bible lies.  
 See him on' green hills north afar,  
 Glow like a self-enkindled star,  
 Prepared, (with mob-collecting club  
 Black from the forge of BEELZEBUB,  
 And grim with metaphysic scowl,  
 With quill just plucked from wing of owl,)  
 As rage or reason rise or sink,  
 To shed his blood or shed his ink.  
 Behold, inspired from Vermont dens,  
 The seer of Antichrist descends,  
 To feed new mobs with hell-born manna,  
 In gentile lands of Susquehanna ;  
 And teach the Pennsylvania Quaker  
 High blasphemies against his Maker.  
 Behold him move, ye staunch divines !  
 His tall head bustling through the pines ;  
 All front he seems, like wall of brass,  
 And brays tremendous as an ass ;  
 One hand is clenched to batter noses,  
 While t' other scrawls 'gainst PAUL and MOSES !

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 EPITAPH

On a Patient killed by a Cancer Quack.

Here lies a fool flat on his back,  
 The victim of a cancer quack ;  
 Who lost his money and his life,  
 By plaster, caustic, and by knife.  
 The case was this—a pimple rose  
 South-east a little of his nose ;  
 Which daily reddened and grew bigger,  
 As too much drinking gave it vigor :

A score of gossips soon ensure  
Full three score diff'rent modes of cure :  
But yet the full-fed pimple still  
Defied all petticoated skill ;  
When fortune led him to peruse  
A handbill in the weekly news,  
Signed by six fools of different sorts,  
All cured of cancers made of warts ;  
Who recommend, with due submission,  
This cancer-monger as magician.  
Fear winged his flight to find the quack,  
And prove his cancer-curing knack ;  
But on his way he found another,—  
A second advertising brother ;  
But as much like him as an owl  
Is unlike every handsome fowl ;  
Whose fame had raised as broad a fog,  
And of the two the greater hog ;  
Who used a still more magic plaster,  
That sweat, forsooth, and cured the faster.  
This doctor viewed, with moony eyes  
And scowled-up face, the pimple's size ;  
Then christened it in solemn answer,  
And cried, " This pimple's name is CANCER."  
" But courage, friend, I see you 're pale,  
My sweating plasters never fail ;  
I 've sweated hundreds out with ease,  
With roots as long as maple trees,  
And never failed in all my trials—  
Behold these samples here in vials !  
Preserved to show my wond'rous merits,  
Just as my liver is—in spirits.  
For twenty joes the cure is done—"  
The bargain struck, the plaster on,  
Which gnawed the cancer at its leisure,  
And pained his face above all measure.  
But still the pimple spread the faster,  
And swelléd like toad that meets disaster.  
Thus foiled, the doctor gravely swore  
It was a right rose-cancer sore ;

Then stuck his probe beneath the beard,  
 And showed them where the leaves appeared ;  
 And raised the patient's drooping spirits,  
 By praising up the plaster's merits.  
 Then purged him pale with jalap drastic,  
 And next applies th' infernal caustic ;  
 Which, gnawing on with fiery pace,  
 Devoured one broadside of his face ;  
 " Courage—'t is done ! " the doctor cried,  
 And quick the incision knife applied,  
 That with three cuts made such a hole,  
 Out flew the patient's tortured soul !

Go, readers, gentle, eke and simple,  
 If you have wart, or corn, or pimple,  
 To quack infallible apply ;  
 Here 's room enough for you to lie.  
 His skill triumphant still prevails,  
 For DEATH 's a cure that never fails.

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POLAND.\*

See, dim beneath the arctic pole,  
 Rude Russian hosts of ruffians roll,  
 A sea-like wave—in barbarous pride  
 The Poles to conquer and divide !  
 See FREDERICK aid the base design,  
 And march his legions from the Rhine !  
 See KOSCIUSKO rouse the Poles,  
 While indignation fires their souls,  
 That tyrants leagued should still essay  
 To bend their necks to foreign sway !  
 O son of our great Son of Fame,  
 May deeds like his exalt thy name !  
 May fated Poland yet be free,  
 And find a WASHINGTON in thee !

\* These lines, together with the two following selections, are from " New Year's Verses for the Connecticut Courant, January 1, 1795."

## ROBESPIERRE.

Nor can the Muse forget the year,  
 That sealed the fate of ROBESPIERRE;  
 But 'mid th' aristocratic laugh,  
 Will here inscribe his epitaph;  
 Which in some proper time to come,  
 We hope will grace his mournful tomb.

"Long, luckless chief! thy guileful form.  
 Astride the whirlwind, reined the storm;  
 That storm, where streams of human blood  
 Drenched towns and realms like NOAH'S flood;  
 Till, hurled beneath the guillotine,  
 Where gasped thy nobles, king, and queen,  
 Where daily swelled thy bounteous store,  
 Of headless trunks and spouting gore;  
 Where Science' sons and daughters bled,  
 And priests by hecatombs fell dead—  
 Its rushing blade thy members freed,  
 From sins their tyrant head decreed;  
 And sent thy ghost to shades of night,  
 To prove, with DANTON, which of right  
 Should have in hell the highest seat,  
 An atheist or a hypocrite."

May HEAVEN our favorite planet bear  
 Far, far from Gallia's blazing star;  
 Ye lights of Europe shun its course,  
 Or order yields to lawless force,  
 As though a random-comet hurled,  
 Should dash at once and melt the world.

## GENERAL WAYNE—AND THE WEST.

See next the veteran troops of WAYNE,  
 March o'er the savage bands of slain,  
 And scatter far, like noxious air,  
 Those victors of the famed ST. CLAIR;  
 While blustering SIMCOE, as required,  
 To bleak Canadian climes retired,  
 And let his tawny friends remain,  
 To sue for proffered peace again.

Here Fame reports, in vast expanse,  
 A clime extends that balks romance,  
 Where sea-like rivers wind their way  
 Through vast savannas to the sea ;  
 Clear lakes extend, huge mountains rise,  
 And spicy vales perfume the skies ;  
 Whatever earth maternal yields  
 To deck the groves, or clothe the fields,  
 All fruits and flowerets flourish here  
 And bloom like Eden's gorgeous year :  
 Birds bask in air, the game in woods,  
 And finny nations crowd the floods.  
 Here then, Columbians, seek your farms,  
 When warlike WAYNE shall quell alarms ;  
 But let not speculations vain,  
 Exhaust the purse and turn the brain,  
 Nor grudge the roaming Indian rude  
 To hunt his native wilds for food.

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ON THE APPOINTMENT OF WASHINGTON  
 As Commander-in-Chief of the United States Forces, under the first  
 President ADAMS.\*

Eased now of much incumbent weight,  
 Proceeds the business of the state.  
 Raised by the sound of war's alarms,  
 Our ardent youth all fly to arms,  
 And from the work-shop and the field,  
 The active laborers seize the shield ;  
 While on the silvered brow of age,  
 Relumes the fire of martial rage.  
 Our veteran chiefs, whose honored scars  
 Are trophies still of former wars,  
 Appointed move beneath their SHIELD,  
 To reap the ripened martial field.  
 And lo ! from Vernon's sacred hill,  
 Where peaceful spirits love to dwell—  
 Where twice retired from war's alarms,  
 Slept and awoke his conquering arms,

\* From the " Political Green-House," for the year 1798.

The HERO comes!—whose laurels green,  
 In bloom eternal shall be seen ;  
 While Gallic ivy fades away,  
 Before the scorching eye of day.  
 He comes ! he comes ! to re-array  
 Your hosts, ye heroes, for th' affray !  
 Him for your head—collect from far  
 The shield, the sword, and plume of war ! .  
 Indignant earth rejoicing hears,  
 Fell insult bristling up your spears,  
 And joins her hosts to crush the foes  
 Of virtue and her own repose.

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 EXTRACT

From lines relating to the prevalence of the Yellow Fever in New York,  
 in the Autumn of 1798.\*

Learn, then, Columbians, ere too late,  
 If not to cure, to ward the fate ;  
 For when swart skies find filth beneath,  
 They breed swift messengers of death.  
 Let BELGIAN neatness mantle o'er  
 The marts and towns around your shore ;  
 And ere the dog star's sultry rays  
 Dawn and decline with solar blaze,  
 Stretch daily in warm baths your limbs,  
 Or lave you o'er in tepid streams.  
 Let no late revels break your rest,  
 Nor passions rankle in the breast ;  
 The strictest temperance of the board  
 And glass, can potent aid afford.  
 From ardent spirits most refrain,  
 Dire sources of disease and pain.  
 Ye heirs of wealth ! to rural seats  
 Retire from summer's scorching heats,  
 And let the virtuous sons of want  
 Throng glad'ning round the sylvan haunt  
 On tented plains, and often taste  
 With you the simple, plain repast.

\* From the " Political Green-House " for the same year.

## COL. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

[Born 1753. Died 1818.]

DAVID HUMPHREYS, LL. D., was born at Derby, in 1753. He was the son of the Rev. DANIEL HUMPHREYS, a Congregational clergyman, and was favored with good advantages of early instruction. In 1767, he entered Yale College, where he enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of TRUMBULL, DWIGHT, and BARLOW. The friendly association then and there begun was not terminated with their academic connection, but was strengthened and increased by new and more interesting ties in maturer years.

Of the history of HUMPHREYS after leaving college, in 1771, we have no account, until the commencement of the Revolutionary war, when he joined the army under Gen. PARSONS, with the rank of Captain. In 1778, he was attached to the staff of Gen. PUTNAM, with the rank of Major; and in 1780 was appointed aid-de-camp to WASHINGTON. He retained this connection until the close of the war, and particularly distinguished himself at the memorable siege of Yorktown, a service, in acknowledgment of which Congress voted him an elegant sword. He shared the entire confidence and friendship of the Commander-in-chief; and when the army was disbanded, he accompanied his friend and patron to his seat at Mount Vernon, where he resided with him for more than a year. The friendship of WASHINGTON he ever deemed a cause of just pride. The times passed in his society, whether in camp or field, or amid the peaceful shades of the hero's domestic bower, were green spots which his memory loved to dwell upon; and the frequent allusions of his verse bear witness to the feelings of a warm and grateful heart.

In 1784, when FRANKLIN, ADAMS and JEFFERSON were appointed commissioners to negotiate treaties of commerce with foreign powers, Col. HUMPHREYS accompanied them as their secretary of legation. He remained in Europe two years, residing principally in Paris and London. Soon after his return to this country, in 1786, he was chosen to represent his native town in the State Legislature, and was soon after appointed by that body to command a regiment to be raised by order of Congress for the western service. These avocations made him often a resident at Hartford, where he renewed his former intimacy with TRUMBULL and BARLOW. In connection with these, together with Dr. LEMUEL HOPKINS, he formed a literary copartner-



ship, the chief result of which were the papers of the celebrated "Anarchiad." It has been stated that Dr. HOPKINS was the projector of this series, and contributed the most striking passages to the work. But Judge TRUMBULL himself states that Col. HUMPHREYS suggested the design, having seen in England a similar work called "The Rolliad," attributed to FOX, SHERIDAN, and others. Nor, so far as we have been able to learn, is more credit due to Dr. HOPKINS in this matter, than to each and all of his associates. The articles were mostly written in concert, and the "glory of the achievement" must be shared by all alike. There is something peculiarly pleasing in contemplating this band of bards, linked by so many ties of union. The frequency of their allusions to each other in their writings, the aid mutually rendered in the production of works highly admired and widely influential in their day; the absence of all literary jealousy, and the lustre which they shed around the name of their native state, remind us, though it be at a distance, of the age of HORACE and VIRGIL, or that of SWIFT, POPE and GAY. HUMPHREYS, in one of his later poems, thus invokes his tuneful associates :

"Why sleep'st thou, BARLOW, child of genius? why  
See'st thou, blest DWIGHT, our land in sadness lie?  
And where is TRUMBULL, earliest boast of fame?  
'T is yours, ye bards, to wake the smothered flame!  
To you, my dearest friends, the task belongs  
To rouse your country with heroic songs!"

After the reduction of his regiment in 1787, Col. HUMPHREYS accepted an invitation to visit Mount Vernon, where he resided until the organization of the federal government. He accompanied the President to New York, and remained in his family till 1790. At this time he was appointed minister to Portugal, and in 1791 sailed for Lisbon, being the first American ambassador to that court. He visited America in 1794, but soon returned to Lisbon, where he resided in all seven years, and where he was married to Miss BULKLEY, an English heiress of great accomplishments. At the end of this period he was transferred to the court of Madrid, as minister plenipotentiary. During the discharge of these official duties he concluded treaties of peace with the governments of Tripoli and Algiers, and in 1802, when Mr. PINCKNEY was made minister to Spain, he returned to the United States. From this period, for a number of years, he devoted himself to various objects of public utility. A strong impetus was given by him to domestic manufactures in his native state: and he also gave much of his attention to the promotion of improvements in agriculture. In 1812, at the commencement of the second war with Great Britain, Col. HUMPHREYS was appointed by the Legislature of Connecticut to the chief command

of the two regiments organized under the name of "The Veteran Volunteers," consisting in great part of revolutionary soldiers, and received the rank of brigadier-general. This was the last of his public services. Upon the expiration of his commission he again retired to private life, and died at New Haven, on the 21st of February, 1818, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Although the poetical talents of our author were first developed while he was in college, he attracted little notice as a poet until the publication of his "Address to the Armies of the United States." This poem was written in 1782, amid all the bustle and excitement of active military life, while the American army was encamped at Peekskill. Its object was to inspire those then in the field or who should be afterward called into it, with perseverance and fortitude to continue their exertions for the defence of their country and the preservation of its liberties. The "Address" was decidedly popular. It passed through several editions in this country, and in England; it was translated into the French language by the Marquis de CHASTELLUX, the personal friend of the author; and received flattering notices from the London and Parisian reviews.

The other principal poems of Col. HUMPHREYS are "A Poem on the Happiness of America," written during his residence in London and Paris, as secretary of legation, "The Widow of Malabar, or the Tyranny of Custom, a Tragedy, imitated from the French of M. LE MIERRE," written at Mount Vernon, "A Poem on the Future Glory of the United States of America," "A Poem on the Industry of the United States of America," written during the author's residence at the Court of Lisbon, and designed to incite to agricultural pursuits and improvements, "A Poem on the Love of Country," and "A Poem on the Death of General Washington," pronounced at the house of the American legation in Madrid, July 4th, 1800. These poems all met with a favorable reception. That on "The Happiness of America" was republished nine times in three years, and "The Widow of Malabar" had distinguished success on the stage.

In 1790, the "Miscellaneous Works" of our author were published in an octavo volume in the city of New York, and again in 1804. The latter edition contains all the above-mentioned poems, with the exception of the "Tragedy," only the prologue and epilogue of which are retained, together with the author's fugitive articles, comprising several sonnets and epistles to various friends, as also an excellent biography of his early friend, Gen. PUTNAM, and several other prose compositions, some of which were addressed to "The State Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut." Both editions of the "Works" are dedicated to the Duke de ROCHEFOUCAULT, who had been an intimate friend of Col. HUMPHREYS during his residence in France. Our author contents himself with claiming "nothing beyond the

negative merit of not having ever written any thing unfavorable to the interests of freedom, humanity and virtue." His claim will be freely granted, and also much higher praise. His poems are of unequal merit, and several of them, as their titles would indicate, possess much sameness of subject and similarity of character. His style is usually elegant, often vigorous and spirited to a high degree, and sometimes rises to sublimity; while devotion to the cause of freedom and humanity is conspicuous in all his verse, as became the soldier and poet of the Revolution.

. TRIUMPHS OF PEACE.\*

Hail, heaven-born Peace! thy grateful blessings pour  
 On this glad land, and round the peopled shore:  
 Thine are the joys that gild the happy scene,  
 Propitious days, and festive nights serene;  
 With thee gay Pleasure frolics o'er the plain,  
 And smiling Plenty leads thy prosperous train.

Then oh, my friends! the task of glory done,  
 Th' immortal prize by your bold efforts won;  
 Your country's saviours, by her voice confessed,  
 While unborn ages rise and call you blest;  
 Then let us go where happier climes invite,  
 To midland seas, and regions of delight;  
 With all that's ours, together let us rise,  
 Seek brighter plains and more indulgent skies;  
 Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,  
 And nature blossoms in her virgin pride;  
 Where all that beauty's hand can form to please,  
 Shall crown the toils of war with rural ease.

\* \* \* \* \*

So shall you flourish in unfading prime,  
 Each age refining through the reign of time;  
 A nobler offspring crown the fond embrace,  
 A band of heroes, and a patriot race;  
 Not by soft luxury's too dainty food,  
 Their minds contaminated with their blood;  
 But like the heirs our great forefathers bred,  
 By freedom nurtured, and by temperance fed;

\* From "The Address to the Armies of the United States of America.

Healthful and strong, they turned the virgīn soil ;  
The untamed forest bowed beneath their toil :  
At early dawn they sought the mountain chase,  
Or roused the Indian from his lurking place ;  
Curbed the mad fury of those barbarous men,  
Or dragged the wild beast struggling from his den :  
To all the vigor of that pristine race,  
New charms are added, and superior grace.

Then cities rise, and spiry towns increase,  
With gilded domes, and every art of peace.  
Then cultivation shall extend his power,  
Rear the green blade, and nurse the tender flower ;  
Make the fair villa in full splendor smile,  
And robe with verdure all the genial soil.  
Then shall rich commerce court the favoring gales,  
And wondering wilds admire the passing sails ;  
Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,  
Where wild Ontario rolls the whitening wave,  
Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,  
And Mississippi laves th' extended shores.

Then oh, blest land ! with genius unconfined,  
With polished manners, and th' illumined mind,  
Thy future race on daring wing shall soar,  
Each science trace, and all the arts explore ;  
Till bright Religion, beckoning to the skies,  
Shall bid thy sons to endless glories rise.

As round thy clime celestial joy extends,  
Thy beauties ripen, and thy pomp ascends ;  
Farther and farther still thy blessings roll,  
To southern oceans and the northern pole :  
Where now the thorn or tangled thicket grows,  
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose ;  
Unbounded deserts unknown charms assume,  
Like Salem flourish, and like Eden bloom.

And oh, may HEAVEN, when all our toils are past,  
Crown with such happiness our days at last !  
So rise our sons, like our great sires of old,  
In Freedom's cause unconquerably bold ;

With spotless faith, and morals pure their name  
Spread through the world, and gain immortal fame.

And Thou, SUPREME! whose hand sustains this ball,  
Before whose nod the nations rise and fall,  
Propitious smile, and shed diviner charms  
On this blest land, the queen of arts and arms;  
Make the great empire rise on wisdom's plan,  
The seat of bliss, and last retreat of man.

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AMERICAN WINTER.\*

Then doubling clouds the wintry skies deform;  
And, wrapt in vapor, comes the roaring storm;  
With snows surcharged, from tops of mountains sails,  
Load leafless trees, and fills the whitened vales.  
Then desolation strips the faded plains;  
Then tyrant death o'er vegetation reigns;  
The birds of heaven to other climes repair,  
And deep'ning glooms invade the turbid air.  
Nor then, unjoyous, Winter's rigors come,  
But find them happy and content with home;  
Their gran'ries filled—the task of culture past—  
Warm at their fire, they hear the howling blast,  
With pat'ring rain and snow, or driving sleet,  
Rave idly loud, and at their window beat:  
Safe from its rage, regardless of its roar,  
In vain the tempest rattles at the door;  
The tame brute sheltered, and the feathered brood  
From them, more provident, demand their food.  
'T is then the time from hoarding cribs to feed  
The ox laborious, and the noble steed:  
'T is then the time to tend the bleating fold,  
To strew with litter, and to fence from cold.

The cattle fed—the fuel piled within—  
At setting day the blissful hours begin:  
'T is then, sole owner of his little cot,  
The farmer feels his independent lot;

\* From the "Poem on the Happiness of America."

Hears with the crackling blaze that lights the wall,  
 The voice of gladness and of nature call ;  
 Beholds his children play, their mother smile,  
 And tastes with them the fruit of Summer's toil.

From stormy heavens the mantling clouds unrolled,  
 The sky is bright, the air serenely cold.  
 The keen north-west, that heaps the drifted snows,  
 For months entire o'er frozen regions blows :  
 Man braves his blast, his gelid breath inhales,  
 And feels more vigorous as the frost prevails.  
 Th' obstructed path, beneath the frequent tread,  
 Yields a smooth crystal to the flying steed.  
 'T is then full oft, in arts of love arrayed,  
 The am'rous stripling courts his future bride ;  
 And oft, beneath the broad moon's paler day,  
 The village pairs ascend the rapid sleigh ;  
 With jocund sounds impel th' enlivened steed—  
 Say ye, who know their joys, the lulling speed,  
 At every bridge the tributary kiss ;  
 Can courtly balls exceed their rustic bliss ?

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HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.\*

Daughters of Memory ! maids ! whose vigils keep  
 The lamps unquenched in vaults where heroes sleep ;  
 As round the quivering flame ye tuneful watch,  
 Their names from death and dumb oblivion snatch :  
 Then Time, who meets Eternity, shall find  
 What patriot-chiefs—examples for mankind—  
 Stood boldly foremost ! Bards ! the high song raise,  
 And with their names immortalize your lays !

There, WASHINGTON ! thy form unrivalled rose,  
 Thy country's bulwark ! terror of the foes !  
 Supreme o'er all in stature, talents, grace,  
 The first in merit as the first in place.  
 There stood, in tactics skilled, the veteran GATES,  
 A strenuous victor for the northern states :

\* From the " Poem on the Love of Country."

He, too, at BRADDOCK'S field, in early life,  
 Had shared with WASHINGTON that dreadful strife.  
 Next GREENE appeared, with self-earned knowledge  
 fraught,  
 The strongest judgment and intensest thought ;  
 Experience small by genius great supplied,  
 His firmness growing as new perils tried ;  
 Fertile in each resource—his piercing view  
 Intuitively looked creation through ;  
 Clear in his breast the whole campaign was planned,  
 Foredoomed by HEAVEN to save our southern land.  
 His body rough with scars, near GATES and GREENE,  
 Unlettered PUTNAM'S lowering brow was seen ;  
 Stern as he stood, none more for woe could feel,  
 His heart all softness, but his nerves all steel ;  
 In peace a lamb, in fight a lion fierce,  
 And not a name more honored decks my verse.  
 In life's bleak Winter SPENCER ardent rose,  
 But faint the flesh and soon to seek repose.  
 With silvered locks the fiery STIRLING came,  
 O'er old experience blazed still new a flame ;  
 A furnace glowed his eye—and grand his port,  
 Alike was fitted for a camp or court.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where roared their cannon as the battle bled,  
 LAMB, PROCTOR, HARRISON and STEPHENS sped ;  
 From low Manhattan up the highland steep,  
 McDUGALL paced in cogitation deep ;  
 The CLINTONS there in toils fraternal vied,  
 (With York's battalions,) void of fear and pride ;  
 And SCHUYLER'S chief command had led that force  
 Far to the north—but sickness checked his course.  
 Though there o'er ST. CLAIR fortune seemed to frown,  
 Shall fortune blast the warrior's well-won crown ?  
 Then WARREN, MERCER, NASH, MONTGOMERY, shone,  
 Though dimmed with blood—too liberal of their own !—  
 Like the large oak that many a Winter stood,  
 The tallest glory of its native wood,  
 WOOSTER was seen to stand—and like that oak,  
 I saw him fall beneath the fatal stroke.

By ambushed foes courageous SCRIVEN died,  
 Where Georgia's fattened crops the slaughter hide  
 While DAVIDSON, deep-wounded, gasped in gore,  
 Where shoal Catawba laved the troop-lined shore.  
 When HERKIMER, sore maimed, still fighting, fell,  
 Far o'er scant Mohawk reached the Indian yell :  
 Where WARNER, GANSEVORT, the savage braved,  
 And nigh Canadian lakes their starry standards waved.

As fly autumnal leaves athwart some dale,  
 Borne on the pinions of the sounding gale ;  
 Or glides thin gossamer o'er rustling reeds,  
 BLAND'S, SHELDON'S, MOYLAN'S, BAYLOR'S battle steeds  
 So skimmed the plain. Helms plumed and broad-swords  
 bright

Cast glimpses o'er the ground like northern light.  
 There quick-eyed ARNOLD, not a traitor then,  
 Vain, on his courser, soared mid mightiest men :  
 Now fallen like LUCIFER, the son of morn,  
 By Britain bribed, and doomed to deathless scorn :  
 For falsehood marked, to infamy consigned,  
 One grateful truth he left to glad mankind,  
 That in so long a war his lonely crime  
 Should stain the annals of recording Time.

Then valiant WAYNE, with kindled anger warm,  
 Bared his red blade and claimed to drive the storm.  
 Death-doing hero ! still that bloody blade,  
 (Long rusting in his hall,) again displayed,  
 Through wildering woods will guide the daring troop,  
 For ever watchful of the savage whoop :  
 Thence painted kings their broken faith shall rue,  
 Chased by the nimble horse in conflict new ;  
 And, gashed with Bayonne's steel, those kings no more  
 Shall teach their tribes to thirst for captive gore ;  
 For valiant WAYNE shall bid the wood-wars cease,  
 And give the taste of civil arts with peace.

'T was then th' undaunted DAYTONS, sire and son,  
 With Jersey-blues their different trophies won ;



With these CADWALLADER fresh levies brought,  
 And DICKENSON, though PENN's disciple, fought.

\* \* \* \* \*

While POOR and WOODFORD yield in tents their breath,  
 STARK rode victorious in the field of death ;  
 The *mountains-green*, that witnessed first his fame,  
 From rocks to rocks resounded far the name.  
 As the tough horn-beam (peering o'er those rocks,)  
 With gnarléd grain the riving thunder mocks ;  
 Indignant ALLEN, manacled in vain,  
 With soul revolting, bit the British chain.

Not last, though smallest, Delaware's dauntless throng,  
 With BEDFORD; HALL, and KIRKWOOD, grace the song :  
 Nor less the song of southern chiefs shall tell,  
 How SUMNER bled, and CAMPBELL conquering fell ;  
 MOULTRIE, and McINTOSH, and ELBERT stood,  
 Though foiled, invincible, in streams of blood ;  
 What time resistless Albion's torrent force  
 Swept round the south its wide and wasting course.  
 Her dreadless horsemen, high with conquest flushed,  
 Through states subdued, like winds impetuous rushed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor shall my lay withhold the just applause  
 From foreign chiefs who came to aid our cause :  
 Their various garbs, and arms, and language strange,  
 To lend more service, straight the warriors change.  
 STEUBEN, mature in years, from Prussia's plains,  
 The peerless FREDERICK's art of war explains.  
 FAYETTE's light corps its well-earned fame supports  
 And ARMAND's legion rash adventures courts.  
 With Poland's sufferings rankling in his mind,  
 Our levied forces KOSCIUSKO joined,  
 Expert to change the front, retreat, advance,  
 And judge of ground with military glance :  
 While strong PULASKI's troops for battle rave,  
 Intrepid swordsmen ! bravest of the brave !  
 These chiefs illustrious led, in part, the host ;  
 But who can name Columbia's countless boast ?  
 Who count the sands by eddying whirlblasts driven,  
 Or number all the stars that rise in heaven ?

## THE VETERAN'S TALE \*

But different ages different joys inspire,  
Where friendly circles crowd the social fire :  
For there the neighbors, gath'ring round the hearth,  
Indulge in tales, news, politics, and mirth :  
Nor need we fear th' exhausted fund should fail,  
While garrulous old age prolongs the tale.  
There some old warrior, grown a village sage,  
Whose locks are whitened with the frosts of age,  
While life's low burning lamp renews its light,  
With tales heroic shall beguile the night ;  
Shall tell of battles fought, of feats achieved,  
And suff'rings ne'er by human heart conceived ;  
Shall tell th' adventures of his early life,  
And bring to view the fields of mortal strife :  
What time the matin trump to battle sings,  
And on his steed the horseman swiftly springs,  
While down the line the drum, with thundering sound,  
Wakes the bold soldier, slumb'ring on the ground ;  
Alarmed he starts ; then sudden joins his band,  
Who, ranged beneath the well-known banner, stand ;  
Then ensigns wave, and signal flags unfurled,  
Bid one great soul pervade a moving world ;  
Then martial music's all-inspiring breath,  
With dulcet symphonies, leads on to death ;  
Lights in each breast the living beam of fame,  
Kindles the spark, and fans the kindled flame .  
Then meets the steadfast eye the splendid charms  
Of prancing steeds, of pluméd troops and arms :  
Reflected sunbeams, dazzling, gild afar  
The pride, the pomp, and circumstance of war ;  
Then thick as hail-stones, from an angry sky,  
In vollied showers the bolts of vengeance fly ;  
Unnumbered deaths, promiscuous, ride the air,  
While, swift descending, with a frightful glare,  
The big bomb bursts ; the fragments scattered round,  
Beat down whole bands, and pulverize the ground.

\* From the "Poem on the Happiness of America."

Then joins the closer fight on Hudson's banks ;  
 Troops strive with troops ; ranks bending press on ranks ;  
 O'er slipp'ry plains the struggling legions reel ;  
 Then livid lead and Bayonne's glittering steel,  
 With dark-red wounds their mangled bosoms bore ;  
 While furious coursers, snorting foam and gore,  
 Bear wild their riders o'er the carnaged plain,  
 And, falling, roll them headlong on the slain.  
 To ranks consumed, another rank succeeds ;  
 Fresh victims fall ; afresh the battle bleeds ;  
 And nought of blood can staunch the opened sluice,  
 Till night, o'ershadowing, brings a grateful truce !  
 Thus will the veteran tell the tale of wars,  
 Disclose his breast, to count his glorious scars ;  
 In mute amazement hold the list'ning swains ;  
 Make freezing horror creep through all their veins ;  
 Or oft, at Freedom's name, their souls inspire  
 With patriot ardor and heroic fire.

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SONNET,

Addressed to his Royal Highness, the Prince of Brazil, on taking leave of  
 the Court of Lisbon, July, 1797.

Farewell, ye flowery fields ! where nature's hand  
 Profusely sheds her vegetable store,  
 Nurtured by genial suns and zephyrs bland !  
 Farewell, thou Tagus ! and thy friendly shore :  
 Long shall my soul thy lost retreats deplore,  
 Thy haunts where shades of heroes met my eyes—  
 As oft I mused where CAMOENS trod before,  
 I saw the godlike form of GAMA rise,  
 With chiefs renowned beneath your eastern skies.  
 Oh, long may peace and glory crown thy scene !  
 Farewell, just Prince ! no sycophantic lay  
 Insults thy ear—be what thy sires have been,  
 Thy great progenitors ! who oped the way  
 Through seas unsailed before to climes of orient day.

## THE IMMORTALITY OF VIRTUE.\*

"Let all creation fail," the prophets sung,  
 While holy rapture trembled on their tongue ;  
 "Let rocks dissolve, seas roar, and mountains nod,  
 And all things tremble to the throne of God ;  
 Matter and motion cease from nature's course,  
 Her laws controlled by some superior force ;  
 To final ruin, stars and comets rush,  
 Suns consume, and systems systems crush ;  
 These heavens stretched visible, together roll  
 Inflamed, and vanish like a burning scroll :  
 Though death, and night, and chaos rule the ball,  
 Though nature's self decay—the soul, o'er all,  
 Survives the wrecks of matter and of time,  
 Shrined in immortal youth and beauty's prime ;  
 High o'er the bounds of this diurnal sphere,  
 To bloom and bask in HEAVEN's eternal year."

Where uncreated light no sun requires,  
 And other splendors beam unborrowed fires ;  
 On our loved chief, long tried in virtue's toils,  
 With bliss ineffable the Godhead smiles ;  
 In the full blaze of day, his angel-frame  
 For ever shines another and the same.

Heroic chiefs! who, fighting by his side,  
 Lived for your country, for your country died—  
 If ye behold us from the holy place,  
 "Angels and spirits, ministers of grace,"  
 And sainted forms, who erst incarnate strove,  
 Through thorny paths to reach the bliss above !  
 Protect our orphaned land, propitious still,  
 To virtue guide us and avert from ill !

ANCIENT OF DAYS ! unutterable name !  
 At whose command all worlds from nothing came ;  
 Beneath whose frown the nations cease to be—  
 Preserve, as thou hast made, our nation free !  
 To guard from harms send forth thy hallowed band ;  
 Be thou a wall of fire around our land,

\* From the "Poem on the Death of General WASHINGTON."

Above the frail assaults of flesh and sense !  
 And in the midst our glory and defence !

Open, ye gates, instinct with vital force,  
 That earth with heaven may hold high intercourse !  
 Open, ye portals of eternal day !  
 Through worlds of light prepare the glorious way !  
 Come, sons of bliss, in bright'ning clouds revealed !  
 Myriads of angels throng th' aërial field !  
 Come, sainted hosts ! and from thy happier home,  
 Thou, WASHINGTON, our better angel, come !  
 And, lo ! what vision bursts upon my sight,  
 Robed in th' unclouded majesty of light ?  
 'T is he—and hark ! I hear, or seem to hear,  
 A more than mortal voice invade my ear ;  
 "To me," the vision cries, "to speak is given,  
 Mortals ! attend the warning voice of HEAVEN ;  
 Your likeness love ! adore the Power divine !  
 So shall your days be blest, your end like mine !  
 So will OMNIPOTENCE your freedom guard,  
 And bliss unbounded be your great reward !"

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SONNET—THE SOUL.

My heaven-born soul ! by body unconfined,  
 Leave that low tenement, and roam abroad :  
 Forestall the time, when, left each clog behind,  
 Thy flight shall mount where never mortal trod.  
 Ev'n now, methinks, upborne in tranced dreams,  
 The disencumbered essence tries its wings ;  
 Sees better planets, basks in brighter beams,  
 To purer sight mysterious symbols brings,  
 Of unconceived, unutterable things.  
 Though dust returned to dust the worms devour,  
 Thee can dread death annihilate or bind ?  
 There, King of Terrors ! stops thy dreaded power ;  
 The bright assurgent from all dross refined,  
 High o'er th' immense of space regains the world of mind.

## JOEL BARLOW, LL. D.

[Born 1755. Died 1812.]

JOEL BARLOW, LL. D., was born at Reading, in Fairfield county, in 1755. His father was a farmer, in moderate circumstances, who died while the subject of our sketch was yet a boy, leaving him, however, sufficient patrimony to provide for his liberal education. After pursuing the necessary preparatory studies, young BARLOW was placed by his guardians at Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, in 1774. Here he remained for a short time only, when he was transferred to Yale College, where he completed his academic course. While in this institution, he shared the intimate society of DWIGHT, then a tutor in the college, whose notice he had attracted by his poetical talents, and formed the acquaintance also of TRUMBULL, then a practising lawyer of New Haven, and of HUMPHREYS, who had been graduated a few years before. During BARLOW's collegiate days the war of the Revolution began, and the heart of the student yearned for the hazards of the camp, where four of his brothers were already in arms in the cause of their country. He entered as a volunteer the ranks of the militia of his native state; and while he still applied himself during the sessions of college faithfully to his classical pursuits, he employed his vacations in fighting the battles of freedom. He shared in various engagements with the enemy, and is said to have borne a part in the severe contest at White Plains. In 1778, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and on this occasion delivered an original poem "On the Prospect of Peace," the first specimen of his verse which he offered to the public. The poem possessed much merit—and is preserved in the volume of "American Poems," printed at Litchfield, in 1793. An extract from it, comprising its conclusion, will be found among the selections which succeed this sketch.

After completing his academic course, BARLOW applied himself for a short time to the study of the law. But upon the earnest solicitation of his friends that he should qualify himself for the office of chaplain in the army, he commenced the study of theology. After a preparation of six weeks he received a license, and repaired immediately to the camp. He entered upon the duties of his new office with much ardor, and remained in the army until the close of the war. In the performance of his professional services he gave general satisfaction, and further aided the cause of freedom by composing in

concert with his old friends DWIGHT, now a chaplain also, and Col. HUMPHREYS, various patriotic songs and addresses, which were supposed to exert a highly favorable influence upon the minds of the soldiery. He commenced also, during his connection with the army, "The Vision of Columbus," which afterward formed the basis of his great national epic, "The Columbiad."

In 1781, BARLOW received the degree of Master of Arts, on which occasion he delivered another poem, afterward embodied in his "Vision of Columbus." About this period he married a daughter of the Hon. ABRAHAM BALDWIN, then a resident of New Haven, who subsequently removed to the state of Georgia, and was for many years a distinguished member of Congress. After the peace, in 1783, our author, being out of employment, resolved to resume his legal studies. He had assumed the clerical profession only with a view to a chaplaincy, and now felt no scruple in relinquishing it, in favor of his former choice. With this view he removed to Hartford, and settled, as he supposed, for life. To add to his income he established a weekly gazette, entitled "The American Mercury," which gained for him much reputation by his able editorial management. In 1785 he was admitted to the bar, and during the same year was requested by the clergy of the "General Association" of the Congregational Church in Connecticut to prepare a revised edition of Dr. WATTS' Psalms. Many of the Psalms in that version were "locally appropriated;" and it was deemed desirable by the "Association" that they should be altered and applied to the state of the Christian Church in general. Some other alterations in the phraseology were thought expedient: and furthermore, twelve of the Psalms of David had been omitted in Dr. WATTS' version. BARLOW readily assumed the task thus imposed upon him, and prepared a revised version of the work. The supposed inaccuracies in the language were corrected; the portions which had been "locally appropriated" were re-written; and the omitted Psalms were supplied by the editor and his poetical friends. Of these, the one hundred and thirty-seventh, from the pen of BARLOW, has been deemed one of the most elegant versions ever afforded of that pathetic song of captivity. Some controversy has lately arisen, touching its authorship. But a letter of Judge TRUMBULL, in which he distinctly declares that it was the work of BARLOW, sets the question at rest. In addition to these above-mentioned improvements, our editor appended to his volume a collection of hymns, several of which were written by himself; and the "Psalms" thus revised, received the full sanction of those at whose request the work had been undertaken. It was published during the year 1785, and for many years was used as the authorized version of the Congregational churches.

The connection of our author with the literary club for which

Hartford was celebrated, has been mentioned in some of the preceding sketches. He assisted in their various associated labors, but especially in the papers of "The Anarchiad," and shared in the reputation which its authors so well deserved. In 1787 he published "The Vision of Columbus," a poem upon which he had been long engaged, dedicated "To his most Christian Majesty, Louis the Sixteenth, King of France and Navarre." The work was well received. It was re-printed in London and Paris, and met generally with favorable notice from the principal reviews of the day. Soon afterward he relinquished his interest in his newspaper, and established a bookstore, for the purpose of furthering the sale of his book of "Psalms" and poem, which, having been accomplished, he again resumed the practice of law. He was deficient in forensic abilities, and his mind was too much absorbed in matters of literary and political interest to enable him to devote himself to the duties of his profession with that assiduity which could alone have insured success. But his attention was soon directed to a new enterprise, which changed the character of his life and fortunes. He accepted a foreign agency for an association of speculators, called "The Sciota Land Company." The claims of the company to large tracts of western lands were illegal, and their transactions consequently fraudulent. Yet of this BARLOW was wholly ignorant. He undertook his commission in good faith, and in 1788 embarked for England. From this country, he proceeded in a short time to France, where he succeeded in disposing of some of the lands claimed by his employers. But learning the dishonest character of the company under whom he was acting, he relinquished his agency, having derived from it but very little pecuniary advantage.

At this period the Revolution in France was in full progress. BARLOW warmly espoused the cause of the Republican party. He became intimately acquainted with many of its leaders, and distinguished himself as an active partizan of the "Girondists." It cannot be matter of surprise that one who had so recently distinguished himself as a lover of liberty in America, should now have imbibed the common spirit of enthusiasm which reigned around him, and should have anticipated, in the success of revolutionary principles, the overturn of despotic power, and the establishment of peace, order, and happiness.

In 1791 our author returned to England, and in the course of that year published in London the first part of a satirical work entitled "Advice to the Privileged Orders," which, with additions, has been several times re-printed. It was aimed, as its title would indicate, at many of the peculiar features of aristocratic governments, and attracted so much attention that the celebrated Fox is said to have pronounced a formal eulogy upon it in the House of Commons. In



1792, a short poem appeared, from the same pen, entitled "The Conspiracy of Kings," suggested by the coalition of the European sovereigns against republican France; and in the autumn of the same year, BARLOW addressed a letter to the French National Convention, in which he pointed out the defects of their first Constitution, and recommended the abolition of the royal power, the severance of church and state, with various other reforms. Soon afterward "The London Constitutional Society" voted an address to the National Convention, and BARLOW, with another member, was deputed to present it in person. He was received in Paris with every token of respect, and the rights of citizenship were conferred upon him—an honor which had before been granted to his distinguished countrymen, WASHINGTON and HAMILTON.

The notice which was taken by the British government of this mission, rendered it unsafe for BARLOW to return to England, and he determined to make Paris his residence. During the following year a deputation, of which GREGOIRE, formerly Bishop of Blois, and the personal friend of our author, was a member, was sent by the National Convention to Savoy, to organize it into a department of the Republic. BARLOW, in connection with his friend, accompanied the delegation to Chamberry, the capital of the territory, where he passed the winter. At the request of his friends he wrote an address to the inhabitants of Piedmont, inciting them to throw off their allegiance to the king of Sardinia. It was translated into French and Italian, and distributed throughout the country, but was generally supposed to have produced but little effect. During his residence here he also composed his celebrated "Hasty Pudding." This has been a decidedly popular poem; it has elicited the strongest expressions of approbation, and proves that while the distinguished exile had been

"Doomed o'er the world through devious paths to roam,"

and while he was engrossed in matters of deep political importance, his heart still tenderly vibrated at the thought of home; and its homeliest associations were still cherished with the fondest and liveliest recollections. From Savoy our author returned to Paris, where he remained for the three following years. He refrained from all literary occupation, except that of furnishing a translation of "Volney's Ruins," and gave his attention to commercial pursuits, from which he derived much pecuniary profit. Although he still remained an ardent republican, yet the atrocities which marked the conduct of the revolutionists induced him to withdraw from all political affairs; while his course of neutrality insured for him a degree of safety in the midst of surrounding dangers.

In 1795, after his return to Paris from the north of Europe, whither he had gone on a business agency, BARLOW was appointed

by President WASHINGTON Consul to Algiers, with power to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Dey, and to ransom all Americans who might be held in slavery upon the coast of Barbary. He accepted the appointment, and proceeded immediately upon his mission. Passing through Spain to the Mediterranean, he proceeded to Algiers, and there, after encountering many obstacles, concluded the treaty favorably. The following year he effected a similar treaty with the governments of Tripoli and Tunis, ransoming all American captives whom he could discover, amounting in all to about one hundred, often exposing himself, it is said, to the severest dangers, in prosecuting his benevolent enterprise, and sometimes even hazarding his life. In 1797 he resigned his consulship, and returned again to Paris. Here he embarked anew in commercial speculations, from which he realized a fine fortune. He purchased the splendid hotel of the Count CLERMONT TONNERE, in which he resided for a number of years in an elegant and costly style. Although not instructed by our government to attempt any negotiation respecting the difficulties which arose between the United States and France, BARLOW nevertheless exerted his talents and influence to effect an amicable adjustment. To this end he addressed a letter to his countrymen upon the measures of the dominant political party. This was followed by another, in which various political topics were examined, as also certain established principles of maritime law and the rights of neutrals. The views thus advanced were novel and bold, and based upon those views of abstract right which their author regarded as the only true policy. About the same time he offered a memoir to the French government, upon the subject of privateering, blockade, and other points in maritime warfare. This was respectfully received; but the new constitution, with a view to which the memoir was designed, was hurried through with great expedition, to further the purposes of some of the leading politicians, and our author's suggestions were passed by in silence.

At length, in 1805, after seventeen eventful years of absence, the poet returned to his native country, with the determination of making it his residence for the remainder of his life. After a few months spent in travel, and viewing the social and political improvements of the country, he fixed his residence within the District of Columbia, near the city of Washington. Here he erected a beautiful mansion, to which he gave the name of "Kalorama," and lived in an elegant and hospitable manner, on terms of the most friendly intimacy with the President, and many of the most distinguished public functionaries and private citizens connected with the capital. But his mind had too long been actively exercised in matters of public utility to remain idle, and he engaged with zeal in efforts for the advancement of the arts and sciences among his countrymen. One of his principal

schemes was the establishment of a national institution, under the patronage of government, which should combine a university with a learned society, a naval and military school, and an academy of fine arts, on a plan resembling that of the National Institute of France. Such an institution had been desired by WASHINGTON, and received now the sanction of JEFFERSON. In 1806, BARLOW drew up a prospectus of the proposed academy, and circulated it through the country. The plan met with much opposition from the friends of several literary institutions; but was so cordially entertained by others that the subject was brought before Congress. A bill to incorporate an institution upon the proposed plan was introduced in the Senate, but failed to become a law.

After this defeat, our author devoted his chief attention to the final revision of his great epic poem—a work to which he had devoted much of his leisure for many years. In 1808, "The Columbiad" was published, in a magnificent quarto volume, embellished with engravings by the first London artists, and surpassing in the beauty of its typography any work before published in the country. It was dedicated to ROBERT FULTON, with whom the author was on terms of great intimacy. The high price necessarily demanded for this edition prevented its general circulation; and during the following year an edition was published in duodecimo form, in two volumes. It was also re-published in London, in an elegant royal octavo volume.

We have before remarked that "The Vision of Columbus" formed the basis of "The Columbiad." Both poems are patriotic, and their subject national and historical. The latter poem is an expansion of the former, with such improvements as the leisure of the author during twenty years enabled him to bestow. It consists of a series of visions, presented by HESPER, the guardian Genius of the western continent, to COLUMBUS, while languishing in the prison of Valladolid, where he is first introduced to the reader awaking from a painful, delirious sleep, and uttering a mournful monologue upon his ill-requited services. The hero and his Genius quit the dungeon, and ascend the mount of vision, which rises over the western coast of Spain. Europe settles from their sight; the Atlantic is spread beneath their feet; and the continent of America is revealed to their view. The visions then exhibit successively, in the order of time, the conquest and settlement of South America, the settlement, by various colonies, of North America, the most brilliant exploits of the Revolutionary war, the federal system in America, and the universal benefits which should attend

"The well-based brotherhood, the league divine."

The scene then embraces the whole earth—displays the future progress and improvement of society in all the arts and sciences—

and exhibits, as a last "view," a general Congress from all nations amicably assembled to establish the political harmony of all mankind. The Genius thus cheers the heart of the daring voyager, at the close:

"Here, then," said HESPER, "with a blissful smile,  
Behold the fruits of thy long years of toil  
To yon bright borders of Atlantic day  
Thy swelling pinions led the trackless way,  
And taught mankind such useful deeds to dare,  
To trace new seas, and happy nations rear ;  
Till by fraternal hands their sails unfurled  
Have waved at last in union o'er the world.

"Then let thy steadfast soul no more complain  
Of dangers braved and griefs endured in vain ;  
Of courts insidious, envy's poisoned stings,  
The loss of empire and the frown of kings ;  
While these broad views thy better thoughts compose  
To spurn the malice of insulting foes ;  
And all the joys descending ages gain,  
Repay thy labors and remove thy pain !"

While every praise is due to the author for the patriotic spirit which his poem displays, and while it abounds with many passages of beauty and eloquence, and is generally faultless in harmonious versification, yet "The Columbiad," as an epic, has been generally deemed a failure. The author himself seems aware of the chief difficulty attendant upon his design. He states in his preface that "most of the events were so recent, so important, and so well known, as to render them inflexible to the hand of fiction ; and that therefore the poem could not with propriety be modelled after that regular epic form which the more splendid works of this kind have taken, and on which their success is supposed in a great measure to depend." Thus "The Columbiad" possesses no unity of fable—but its story, if such it may be called, is a mere narration of facts extending through a long period of years, and embracing the history of the whole continent. In a word, the poem is but a poetical history.

"The Columbiad" was noticed by the leading journals of the day, both in this country and in Europe ; but generally with little praise. While its want of unity was strikingly apparent, it was also justly deemed to be rather a work of laborious art than of imaginative power, and to be sometimes extravagant in its language. The execution fell below the conception ; but to have conceived such a work, and attempted it, not wholly without success, is an honor beyond the reach of many far more popular writers. BARLOW possessed the mind of a sage, and the ear of an accomplished versifier, but not the eye of a poet. All his descriptions are general, and his imagery falls into a kind of habitual mould, which is quite too vague and abstract. But the merit of large views and noble sentiments belongs eminently

to his Muse ; and, although too much of the Frenchman of that day had found its way into his speculations, yet they cannot be read without leaving the impression of a certain patriotic grandeur of idea, worthy of the first days of our republic.

After the publication of "The Columbiad," BARLOW turned his attention to another literary enterprise which he had long projected—a general history of the United States, and with a view to this made a collection of historical documents. While engaged in these labors, in 1811, he was nominated by President MADISON minister plenipotentiary to the court of France. He accepted the appointment, and sailed immediately for Europe. Upon his arrival in Paris, he made every effort to negotiate a treaty of commerce and indemnification for former spoliations, but without effect—every obstacle being thrown in his way by the artifice of the French diplomatists. In the autumn of 1812 he was invited by MARGT, the Duke of Bassano, to meet the Emperor NAPOLEON, for a personal conference, at Wilna, in Poland. He started immediately with this design, travelling by day and night, in a most inclement season, exposed to every severity of a northern climate. His route led him through countries exhausted by the demands of war, where many privations necessarily awaited the traveller. Fatigue, exposure, and the want of accustomed comforts, brought on a fatal attack of inflammation of the lungs, and he died at an obscure village near Cracow, in Poland, on the 22d of December, 1812. Thus BARLOW in the service of his country ended the life which he had early devoted, amid the greatest dangers, to her welfare. Though he had not effected the object of his mission, nor even reached his place of destination, who shall say that his life was not as nobly sacrificed for his country, as though he had resigned it upon a blood-stained field of fight!

While in America the death of her distinguished ambassador was universally lamented, in the city of Paris the highest honors were paid to his memory as a man of letters and a celebrated public functionary. His epitaph was written by the celebrated HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, and a eulogy was read by DUPONT DE NEMOURS before the society for the encouragement of national industry, and during the following year an account of his life and writings, in quarto form, was published, accompanied by one canto of "The Columbiad," translated into French heroic verse.

In private life, our author was highly esteemed for his amiable temperament, and many social excellences. His manners were generally grave and dignified, and he possessed but little facility of general conversation ; but with his intimate friends he was easy and familiar, and upon topics which deeply interested him he conversed with much animation. His mind was rather of a philosophical than a poetical cast, and better adapted to those studies which require

patient investigation and profound thought than to the lighter and more fanciful labors of the Muse. Still, as a poet, he held no humble place among the authors of his day; while, as an ardent patriot, a sincere philanthropist, a zealous republican, and a friend and patron of science and art, he must ever stand among the most distinguished men of his age and country.

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THE REIGN OF PEACE.\*

These are the views that Freedom's cause attend;  
 These shall endure till time and nature end.  
 With Science crowned, shall peace and virtue shine,  
 And blest Religion beam a light divine.  
 Here the pure Church, descending from her God,  
 Shall fix on earth her long and last abode;  
 Zion arise, in radiant splendor dressed,  
 By saints admired, by infidels confessed;  
 Her opening courts, in dazzling glory blaze,  
 Her walls salvation, and her portals praise.

From each far corner of th' extended earth,  
 Her gathering sons shall claim their promised birth.  
 Through the drear wastes, beneath the setting day,  
 Where prowling natives haunt the wood for prey,  
 The swarthy millions lift their wondering eyes,  
 And smile to see the Gospel morning rise:  
 Those who, through time, in savage darkness lay,  
 Wake to new light, and hail the glorious day!  
 In those dark regions, those uncultured wilds,  
 Fresh blooms the rose, the peaceful lily smiles;  
 On the tall cliffs unnumbered Carmels rise,  
 And in each vale some beauteous Sharon lies.

From this fair mount th' excinded stone shall roll,  
 Reach the far East and spread from pole to pole;  
 From one small stock shall countless nations rise,  
 The world replenish and adorn the skies.  
 Earth's blood-stained empires, with their guide the sun,  
 From orient climes their gradual progress run;

\* From "The Prospect of Peace," a poem delivered at the public examination of the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, July 23, 1778.

And circling far, reach every western shore,  
 Till earth-born empires rise and fall no more.  
 But see the imperial Guide from heaven descend,  
 Whose beams are peace, whose kingdom knows no end;  
 From calm Vesperia, through th' ethereal way,  
 Back sweep the shades before th' effulgent day;  
 Through the broad east, the brightening splendor driven,  
 Reverses nature and illumines heaven;  
 Astonished regions bless the gladdening sight,  
 And suns and systems own superior light.

As when the astitial blaze o'er Bethlehem stood,  
 Which marked the birth-place of th' incarnate God;  
 When eastern priests the heavenly splendor viewed,  
 And numerous crowds the wondrous sign pursued;  
 So eastern kings shall view th' unclouded day  
 Rise in the west and streak its golden way;  
 That signal spoke a Saviour's humble birth,  
 This speaks his long and glorious reign on earth!

Then love shall rule, and innocence adore;  
 Discord shall cease, and tyrants be no more;  
 Till yon bright orb, and those celestial spheres,  
 In radiant circles mark a thousand years;  
 Till the grand fiat burst the ethereal frames,  
 Worlds crush on worlds, and nature sink in flames!  
 The Church elect, from smouldering ruins rise,  
 And sail triumphant through the yielding skies,  
 Hailed by the Bridegroom! to the Father given,  
 The joy of angels, and the queen of heaven!

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#### HASTY PUDDING.\*

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,  
 To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;  
 Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurled,  
 Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,  
 I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,  
 A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,

\* From "Hasty Pudding," a poem, in three cantos.

But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire  
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror steeled,  
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;  
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing  
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;  
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,  
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.  
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,  
My morning incense, and my evening meal,—  
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,  
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.  
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,  
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,  
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,  
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

O! could the smooth, the emblematic song  
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,  
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,  
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,  
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name  
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame;  
But, rising grateful to the accustomed ear,  
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy  
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!  
Doomed o'er the world through devious paths to roam,  
Each clime my country, and each house my home,  
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end;  
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.

For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,  
How long in vain I wandered up and down,  
Where shameless BACCHUS, with his drenching board,  
Cold from his caves usurps the morning board.  
London is lost in smoke and steeped in tea;  
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;  
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,  
Would call a proclamation from the crown.



For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,  
Chilled in their fogs, exclude the generous maize :  
A grain whose rich, luxuriant growth requires  
Short, gentle showers, and bright, ethereal fires.

But here, though distant from our native shore,  
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more.  
The same ! I know thee by that yellow face,  
That strong complexion of true Indian race,  
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,  
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air ;  
For endless years, through every mild domain,  
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.

But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,  
In different realms to give thee different names.  
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant  
Polanta call ; the French, of course, Polante.  
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush  
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee Mush !  
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn  
Insult and eat thee by the name Suppawn.

All spurious appellations, void of truth ;  
I've better known thee from my earliest youth :  
Thy name is Hasty Pudding ! thus our sires  
Were wont to greet thee fuming from the fires ;  
And while they argued in thy just defence,  
With logic clear they thus explained the sense :

" In *haste* the boiling cauldron, o'er the blaze,  
Receives and cooks the ready powdered maize ;  
In *haste* 't is served, and then in equal *haste*,  
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.  
No carving to be done, no knife to grate  
The tender ear and wound the stony plate ;  
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,  
And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,  
By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,  
Performs the *hasty* honors of the board."

Such is thy name, significant and clear,  
A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,  
But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste  
Preserve my pure, hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute  
 The luscious food, because it feeds the brute ;  
 In tropes of high-strained wit, while gaudy prigs  
 Compare thy nursling man to pampered pigs ;  
 With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,  
 Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.  
 What though the generous cow gives me to quaff  
 The milk nutritious ; am I then a calf ?  
 Or can the genius of the noisy swine,  
 Though nursed on pudding, thence lay claim to mine ?  
 Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise,  
 Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song, resounding in its grateful glee,  
 No merit claims : I praise myself in thee.  
 My father loved thee through his length of days ;  
 For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize ;  
 From thee what health, what vigor he possessed,  
 Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest ;  
 Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,  
 And all my bones were made of Indian corn.  
 Delicious grain ! whatever form it take,  
 To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,  
 In every dish 't is welcome still to me,  
 But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in thee.

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COLUMBUS.\*

I sing the mariner who first unfurled  
 An eastern banner o'er the western world,  
 And taught mankind where future empires lay  
 In these fair confines of descending day ;  
 Who swayed a moment, with vicarious power,  
 Iberia's sceptre on the new-found shore,  
 Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod  
 Pursued by avarice and defiled with blood,  
 The tribes he fostered with paternal toil  
 Snatched from his hand, and slaughtered for their spoil.

\* The opening of "The Columbiad."

Slaves, kings, adventurers, envious of his name,  
Enjoyed his labors and purloined his fame,  
And gave the Viceroy, from his high seat hurled,  
Chains for a crown, a prison for a world.

Long overwhelmed in woes, and sickening there,  
He met the slow, still march of black despair,  
Sought the last refuge from his hopeless doom,  
And wished from thankless men a peaceful tomb :  
Till visioned ages, opening on his eyes,  
Cheered his sad soul, and bade new nations rise ;  
He saw the Atlantic heaven with light o'er cast,  
And Freedom crown his glorious work at last.

Almighty Freedom ! give my venturous song  
The force, the charm that to thy voice belong ;  
'T is thine to shape my course, to light my way,  
To nerve my country with the patriot lay ;  
To teach all men where all their interest lies,  
How rulers may be just and nations wise :  
Strong in thy strength I bend no suppliant knee,  
Invoke no miracle, no Muse but thee.

Night held on old Castile her silent reign,  
Her half-orbed moon declining to the main ;  
O'er Valladolid's regal turrets hazed  
The drizzly fogs from dull Pisuerga raised ;  
Whose hovering sheets, along the welkin driven,  
Thinned the pale stars, and shut the eye from heaven.  
Cold-hearted FERDINAND his pillow prest,  
Nor dreamed of those his mandates robbed of rest,  
Of him who gemmed his crown, who stretched his reign  
To realms that weighed the tenfold poise of Spain ;  
Who now beneath his tower indungeoned lies,  
Sweats the chill sod and breathes inclement skies.

His feverish pulse, slow laboring through his frame,  
Feeds with scant force its fast expiring flame ;  
A far dim watch-lamp's thrice reflected beam  
Throws through his grates a mist-encumbered gleam,  
Paints the dun vapors that the cell invade,  
And fills with spectred forms the midnight shade ;

When from a visionary, short repose,  
That nursed new cares and tempered keener woes,  
COLUMBUS woke, and to the walls address  
The deep-felt sorrows bursting from his breast!

VISIT OF HESPER.\*

Thus mourned the hapless man: a thundering sound  
Rolled through the shuddering walls and shook the ground;  
O'er all the dungeon, where black arches bend,  
The roofs unfold, and streams of light descend;  
The growing splendör fills the astonished room,  
And gales ethereal breathe a glad perfume.  
Robed in the radiance, moves a form serene,  
Of human structure, but of heavenly mien;  
Near to the prisoner's couch he takes his stand,  
And waves, in sign of peace, his holy hand.  
Tall rose his stature, youth's endearing grace  
Adorned his limbs and brightened in his face;  
Loose o'er his locks the star of evening hung,  
And sounds melodious moved his cheerful tongue:

Rise, trembling chief, to scenes of rapture rise,  
This voice awaits thee from the western skies;  
Indulge no longer that desponding strain,  
Nor count thy toils, nor deem thy virtues vain.  
Thou seest in me the guardian Power who keeps  
The new-found world that skirts Atlantic deeps;  
HESPER my name; my seat the brightest throne  
In night's whole heaven; my sire the living sun.  
My brother ATLAS with his name divine  
Stamped the wild wave; the solid coast is mine.  
This hand, which formed, and in the tides of time  
Laves and improves the meliorating clime,  
Which taught thy prow to cleave the trackless way,  
And hailed thee first in occidental day,  
To all thy worth shall vindicate thy claim,  
And raise up nations to revere thy name.

\* From the first book of "The Columbiad."

In this dark age though blinded faction sways,  
And wealth and conquest gain the palm of praise ;  
Awed into slaves while grovelling millions groan,  
And blood-stained steps lead upward to a throne ;  
Far other wreaths thy virtuous temples twine,  
Far nobler triumphs crown a life like thine ;  
Thine be the joys that minds immortal grace,  
As thine the deeds that bless a kindred race.  
Now raise thy sorrowed soul to views more bright,  
The visioned ages rushing on thy sight ;  
Worlds beyond worlds shall bring to light their stores,  
Time, nature, science, blend their utmost powers,  
To show concentrated in one blaze of fame,  
The ungathered glories that await thy name.

As that great seer, whose animating rod  
Taught JACOB'S sons their wonder-working God,  
Who led through dreary wastes the murmuring band,  
And reached the confines of their promised land,  
Oppressed with years, from Pisgah's towering height,  
On fruitful Canaan feasted long his sight ;  
The bliss of unborn nations warmed his breast,  
Repaid his toils and soothed his soul to rest ;  
Thus o'er thy subject wave shalt thou behold  
Far happier realms their future charms unfold ;  
In nobler pomp another Pisgah rise,  
Beneath whose foot thy new-found Canaan lies ;  
There, rapt in vision, hail my favorite clime,  
And taste the blessings of remotest time.

So HESPER spoke ; COLUMBUS raised his head ;  
His chains dropt off ; the cave, the castle fled.  
Forth walked the pair ; when steep before them stood,  
Slope from the town, a heaven-illuminated road ;  
That through departing shades arose on high,  
Reached o'er the hills, and lengthened up the sky,  
Showed a clear summit, rich with rising flowers,  
That breathe their odors through celestial bowers.  
O'er the proud Pyrenees it looks sublime,  
Subjects the Alps, and levels Europe's clime ;  
Spain, lessening to a chart, beneath it swims,  
And shrouds her dungeons in the void she dims.

## SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.\*

Now grateful truce suspends the burning war,  
And groans and shouts promiscuous load the air ;  
When the tired Britons, where the smokes decay,  
Quit their strong station, and resign the day.  
Slow files along the immeasurable train,  
Thousands on thousands redden all the plain,  
Furl their torn bandrols, all their plunder yield,  
And pile their muskets on the battle field.  
Their wide auxiliar nations swell the crowd,  
And the cooped navies, from the neighboring flood,  
Repeat surrendering signals, and obey  
The landmen's fate on this concluding day.

CORNWALLIS first, their late all-conquering lord,  
Bears to the victor-chief his conquered sword,  
Presents the burnished hilt, and yields with pain  
The gift of kings, here brandished long in vain.  
Then bow their hundred banners, trailing far  
Their wearied wings from all the skirts of war.  
Battalioned infantry and squadroned horse  
Dash the silk tassel and the golden torse ;  
Flags from the forts and ensigns from the fleet  
Roll in the dust, and at Columbia's feet  
Prostrate the pride of thrones ; they firm the base  
Of Freedom's temple, while her arms they grace.  
Here Albion's crimson Cross the soil o'erspreads,  
Her Lion crouches and her Thistle fades ;  
Indignant Erin rues her trampled Lyre,  
Brunswick's pale Steed forgets his foamy fire,  
Proud Hessia's Castle lies in dust o'erthrown,  
And venal Anspach quits her broken Crown.

Long trains of wheeled artillery shade the shore,  
Quench their blue matches and forget to roar ;  
Along the encumbered plain, thick planted rise  
High stacks of muskets glittering to the skies,  
Numerous and vast. As when the toiling swains  
Heap their whole harvest on the stubby plains,

\* From the seventh book of "The Columbiad."

Gerb after gerb the bearded shock expands,  
 Shocks, ranged in rows, hill high the burdened lands ;  
 The joyous master numbers all the piles,  
 And o'er his well-earned crop complacent smiles :  
 Such growing heaps this iron harvest yield,  
 So tread the victors this their final field.

Triumphant WASHINGTON, with brow serene,  
 Regards unmoved the exhilarating scene,  
 Weighs in his balanced thought the silent grief  
 That sinks the bosom of the fallen chief,  
 With all the joy that laurel crowns bestow,  
 A world re-conquered and a vanquished foe.  
 Thus through extremes of life, in every state,  
 Shines the clear soul, beyond all fortune great ;  
 While smaller minds, the dupes of fickle chance,  
 Slight woes o'erwhelm, and sudden joys entrance.  
 So the full sun, through all the changing sky,  
 Nor blasts nor overpowers the naked eye ;  
 Though transient splendors, borrowed from his light,  
 Glance on the mirror and destroy the sight.

He bids brave LINCOLN guide with modest air  
 The last glad triumph of the finished war ;  
 Who sees, once more, two armies shade one plain,  
 The mighty victors and the captive train.

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POETS OF AMERICA.\*

To equal fame ascends thy tuneful throng,  
 The boast of genius and the pride of song ;  
 Caught from the cast of every age and clime,  
 Their lays shall triumph o'er the lapse of time.

With lynx-eyed glance through nature far to pierce,  
 With all the powers and every charm of verse,  
 Each science opening in his ample mind,  
 His fancy glowing and his taste refined,  
 See TRUMBULL lead the train. His skillful hand  
 Hurls the keen darts of satire round the land.

\* From the eighth book of "The Columbiad."

Pride, knavery, dulness, feel his mortal stings,  
 And listening Virtue triumphs while he sings;  
 Britain's foiled sons, victorious now no more,  
 In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,  
 Strive their curst cruelties to hide in vain;  
 The world resounds them in his deathless strain.

On wings of faith to elevate the soul  
 Beyond the bourne of earth's benighted pole,  
 For DWIGHT's high harp the epic Muse sublime  
 Hails her new empire in the western clime.  
 Tuned from the tones by seers seraphic sung,  
 Heaven in his eye and rapture on his tongue,  
 His voice revives old Canaan's promised land,  
 The long-fought fields of JACOB's chosen band.  
 In HANNIEL's fate proud faction finds its doom,  
 Ai's midnight flames light nations to their tomb;  
 In visions bright supernal joys are given,  
 And all the dark futurities of heaven.

While Freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,  
 In counsel sage, nor inexpert in arms,  
 See HUMPHREYS glorious from the field retire,  
 Sheathe the glad sword and string the soothing lyre;  
 That lyre which erst, in hours of dark despair,  
 Roused the sad realms to finish well the war.  
 O'er fallen friends, with all the strength of woe,  
 Fraternal sighs in his strong numbers flow;  
 His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,  
 Fire his full soul and animate his lays:  
 Wisdom and war with equal joy shall own  
 So fond a votary and so brave a son.

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#### THE BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY.

Paraphrase of the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm.

Along the banks where Babel's current flows,  
 Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,  
 While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,  
 Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.



The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,  
When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,  
In mournful silence on the willows hung;  
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

The barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe,  
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim,  
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,  
While they blaspheme the great JEHOVAH's name.

But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,  
Shall ISRAEL's sons a song of Zion raise?  
O hapless Salem! God's terrestrial throne!  
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,  
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,  
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;  
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease

Yet shall the LORD, who hears when Zion calls,  
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,  
His arm avenge her desolated walls,  
And raise her children to eternal day.



## RICHARD ALSOP.

[Born 1761. Died 1815.]

FOR the following sketch of Mr. ALSOP, we are indebted to a gentleman who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance, and was associated with him in many of his literary labors. This circumstance, while it secures the authenticity of the account, will also confer upon it an additional value in the eyes of all who regard with interest the history of our earlier literature.

“RICHARD ALSOP was born at Middletown, in the month of January, 1761. His father, who had been for many years extensively engaged in mercantile business, died early in the year 1776, leaving a widow with eight children, of whom the subject of this memoir was the eldest. From early childhood he discovered a strong taste for literature, in which he was indulged by his parents as far as the times would admit. When young he entered Yale College; but relinquished his studies in that institution, without taking a degree. Having acquired a good degree of knowledge of Latin and Greek, he devoted much of his time for a number of years afterward, to the classical literature of England, and to the study of several of the modern languages of Europe, particularly to the French, Spanish and Italian, with which he became intimately acquainted. Early in life he manifested a strong attachment to poetry, and frequently gave proofs of possessing decided poetical genius and talent. Among his early productions, was a poem under the title of ‘The Charms of Fancy,’ which extended through several cantos, and was a work of much poetical merit, exhibiting not only an uncommon degree of skill in versification, but striking evidence of that faculty of the mind from which its title was derived. This poem has never been published. At a later period of his life, he commenced a regular epic, entitled ‘The Conquest of Scandinavia.’ Although he made considerable progress in this work, it was not finished. Specimens of it are contained in a volume published in this state, in the year 1793, and under the superintendence of his friend, Dr. ELIHU H. SMITH, then of Litchfield, afterward of the city of New York. Mr. ALSOP possessed an extensive knowledge of the Scandinavian mythology; and had the poem been completed, it would have proved highly creditable to his learning, as well as his poetical talents. Several others of his poems were inserted in the

same volume. In 1808, he published 'The Fairy of the Enchanted Lake,' from BERNI'S 'Orlando Inamorato,' and in the year 1791, the first number of 'The Echo'\* was printed at Hartford, and was continued, at intervals, for a number of years.

"It is difficult to convey to a stranger a just idea of Mr. ALSOP'S character, especially within the circumscribed limits of a brief biographical notice. His temper, though ardent, was amiable and affectionate; his manners were simple and unaffected; and his attachment to his friends and connections strong and sincere. He possessed a lively imagination, and an unbounded fund of playful humor, the extent and force of which none but his intimate associates can realize. In ludicrous poetical composition he excelled, particularly in the grave burlesque, proofs of which may be found in 'The Echo,' as well as in some of his other productions

"In 1800, Mr. ALSOP published a poem on the death of General WASHINGTON, which contained about five hundred lines, and was inscribed to Mrs. WASHINGTON. This was the largest of his published productions. Of its claim to merit for poetical talent, and peculiar adaptation to the subject, there is probably little room for a difference of opinion among persons of judgment and taste.

"Mr. ALSOP was engaged in many of the political publications which appeared in newspapers of Hartford, particularly during the administrations of General WASHINGTON and the elder Mr. ADAMS. Among these were 'The Political Green-House' and 'The Echo.' The former was somewhat upon the model of what are commonly called New Year's Verses; the latter was upon a plan new and original. It was extensively circulated through the newspapers of

\* As various incorrect accounts of the origin and writers of "The Echo" have been in circulation, we are happy to perform an act of justice by inserting the following statement, which we have obtained from the sole survivor of those concerned in its authorship, and who alone possesses the requisite knowledge of the facts.—EDITOR.

"The first number of 'The Echo' appeared in 'The American Mercury,' at Hartford, in August, 1791. It was written at Middletown, by RICHARD ALSOP and THEODORE DWIGHT. The authors, at the time of writing it, had no expectation of its being published. Their sole object was to amuse themselves and a few of their personal friends. The general account of its origin and design is given in the preface to the volume, in which the numbers were afterward collected and published in New York. With the exception of a few lines written by Drs. MASON F. COGSWELL and ELIHU H. SMITH, and a part of one or two numbers by Dr. LEMUEL HOPKINS, the entire work was the production of Messrs. ALSOP and DWIGHT. Judge TRUMBULL never wrote a line in it. Of course the accounts of the origin and authorship of the work which have heretofore been published, are, in almost every essential particular, incorrect. 'The Political Green-House' was written by ALSOP, HOPKINS and DWIGHT, in unequal proportions."

the country, and was supposed, at the time, to have produced considerable effect upon the public mind.

"Mr. ALSOP died suddenly at Flatbush, on Long Island, in August, 1815, of a disease of the heart. Many of his poetical productions have never been published. Enough, however, have appeared, to entitle him to a place among the most distinguished poets of our country."

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EGALITE—DUC D'ORLEANS.\*

Hail, chief! renowned for deeds of blackest shame,  
 D'ORLEANS, EGALITE, whate'er thy name,  
 Whose head and heart with equal lustre shine,  
 And in thyself both fool and villain join!  
 With admiration and surprise we see  
 One vast monopoly of vice in thee,  
 In thee, whose changeful life alone has stood  
 Unchanged, in constant enmity to good,  
 While ne'er one solitary virtue shined,  
 To light the Memphian darkness of thy mind.  
 See young LAMBELLE, in closest ties allied,  
 By thee corrupted, ruined and destroyed;  
 By darkest plots his lovely wife pursued,  
 And stripped of wealth to pay thy ruffian brood,  
 The vile DE GENLIS and his atheist clan,  
 Sworn foes to GOD and direst pests of man.  
 Yet still the glorious work imperfect lay,  
 Nor less than blood thy pious zeal could stay,  
 By thee accused the hapless Princess dies,  
 To human fiends a wretched sacrifice—  
 While that loved form and that enchanting face,  
 Where peerless beauty shone with every grace,  
 The brutal throng in savage fury tear,  
 And shouts of horror fill the tortured air.  
 Proceed, great man! on murder murder pour,  
 Till satiate cruelty is gorged with gore,

\* From "Echo No. XII." The fulfilment of the prophecy with which these spirited lines conclude, like that at the close of the following selection also, has become a fact in history.

And the poor remnant of what worth remains,  
 Is exiled far from Gallia's hapless plains.  
 But joy, ye race oppressed! ere long the day  
 Shall come when guilt a reckoning dire shall pay;  
 When, the full measure of his crimes complete,  
 Abhorred EGALITE his doom shall meet;  
 And that deluded throng by him misled,  
 Shall wreak their vengeance on his guilty head.

---

N A P O L E O N . \*

Behold the chief, whose mighty name  
 With glory fills the trump of fame!  
 Before whose genius, smote with dread,  
 The veteran hosts of Austria fled,  
 Th' imperial eagle drooped forlorn,  
 His plumage soiled, his pinions torn,  
 And Conquest's self, 'mid fields of blood,  
 Attendant on his footsteps trode—  
 To gain new palms on Afric's coast,  
 Lead o'er the deep a chosen host.  
 And lo! at first, with favoring ray,  
 Kind Fortune lights him on his way;  
 Those ramparts, Europe's ancient pride,  
 Which erst the Turkish power defied,  
 By stratagem and force compelled,  
 To him the towers of Malta yield.  
 Victorious, thence to Egypt's coast  
 He leads his fell marauding host;  
 In vain the Turks oppose their force,  
 To stop the fierce invader's course,  
 Nor Alexandria's time-worn towers,  
 Nor Cairo long resist his powers:  
 By desperate courage fierce impelled,  
 The Mameluke squadrons tempt the field;

\* From "The Political Green-House," for the year 1798.

But vain the bold, undaunted band  
In close and furious contest stand ;  
Against the column's solid force,  
In vain impel their scattered horse,  
And wake anew, by deeds of fame,  
The ancient glories of their name :  
Foiled, slain, dispersed, the routed train  
In wild confusion quit the plain.

But lo ! the ever-varying queen,  
Delusive Fortune, shifts the scene :  
To crush the towering pride of France,  
Behold brave NELSON firm advance !  
Beneath his rule, in close array,  
The Britons plough the watery way ;  
To famed Rosetta bends his course,  
Where deemed secure from hostile force,  
The fleet superior of the foe  
A lengthened line of battle show.  
Lo ! from the west, the setting ray  
Slopes the long shades of parting day !  
The fight begins ;—the cannon's roar  
In doubling echoes rends the shore ;  
Wide o'er the scene blue clouds arise,  
And curl in volumes to the skies,  
While momentary flashes spread  
Their fleecy folds with fiery red.  
More desperate still the battle glows  
As night around its horrors throws.  
Long lines of fire enkindling sweep  
A bluish splendor o'er the deep,  
Then swells the dread displosive sound,  
While deeper darkness closes round.  
Yon sable volume, rolled on high,  
With thicker gloom obscures the sky ;  
And lo ! emerging from its womb,  
What sudden flames the shade illumine !  
Evolving slow the clouds retire,  
Red glows the wide-extended fire,  
And rears sublime a column white,  
High as the eagle wings his flight,

Till veiled mid clouds of pitchy hue,  
It shrinks diminished from the view ;  
Wide o'er the seas the splendors play,  
In radiance like the blaze of day ;  
With reflex beams the waves are bright,  
Bichierrian heights emerge in light,  
While o'er the distant hills and dales,  
Night's deepest gloom the landscape veils.  
At length, departing, from the waves  
The giant ship concussive heaves ;  
Still wider spreads the glare of light,  
With momentary splendor bright,  
Far heard, the wild, tremendous sound  
In dire explosion roars around ;  
The lifted surges wide expand,  
And dash with refluent waves the strand ;  
The Nile receding seeks its head,  
And pale Rosetta shakes with dread ;  
Huge burning beams are hurled on high,  
And masts and yards obscure the sky ;  
Burnt, mangled, torn, and dyed in blood,  
The Gallic sailors strew the flood,  
While the rent hulk, with groaning sound,  
Sinks plunging, whirled in eddies round.  
'T is silence all :—the cannon's roar  
In deafening thunder rings no more ;  
No light is seen to mark the gloom,  
Still as the stillness of the tomb.  
Such the dire gloom, in days of yore,  
That darkened Egypt's fated shore,  
When plagues pursued the prophet's word,  
And terror paled her haughty lord.  
Not long the pause ; for lo ! once more  
Resounds the loud terrific roar ;  
Flash answering flash, alternate plays,  
And lightens ocean with its rays.  
But when the morning's golden eye  
Beheld the dusky shadows fly,  
Wild Havoc frowning o'er the flood,  
His giant form exulting showed ;

The Gallic navy foiled and torn,  
With pale discomfiture forlorn,  
Wide scattered o'er Rosetta's bay,  
In prostrate ruin helpless lay :  
Two shattered fly ; the rest remain  
To wear the valiant victor's chain ;  
While o'er the wreck-obstructed tide  
The British ships in triumph ride.  
All-anxious, from Aboukir's height,  
The Gallic leaders view the fight,  
And desperate see their fleet compelled  
To force inferior far to yield.  
So when, by night, o'er Memphis trod,  
The avenging minister of God,  
At morn pale Egypt viewed with dread,  
Her first-born numbered with the dead.

Ambitious chief! in dust laid low,  
Behold the honors of thy brow ;  
The laurels culled on Egypt's shore  
Shall wither ere the day be o'er ;  
Thy armies thinned, reduced thy force,  
Fell Ruin waits thy onward course ;  
While of thy country's aid bereft,  
No safety but in flight is left ;  
And victory's self but seals thy doom,  
And brings thee nearer to the tomb.  
I see destruction wing her way,  
I see the eagles mark their prey,  
Where pent in Cairo's putrid wall,  
In heaps thy dying soldiers fall ;  
Or, mid the desert's burning waste,  
Smote by the Samiel's fiery blast ;  
Or pressed by fierce Arabian bands,  
With thirst they perish on the sands.  
While BONAPARTE'S dreaded name  
Shall shine a beacon's warning flame,  
To point to times of future date,  
Unprincipled ambition's fate.



## WASHINGTON.\*

Why on this day, when erst in smiles arrayed,  
 Each cheerful mien the signs of joy displayed ;  
 When the gay pomp of military show  
 With sprightly ardor gave each breast to glow ;  
 When the scarred veteran, filled with honest pride,  
 Resumed his war-worn garb, and martial stride ;  
 When feeble age rekindling vigor knew,  
 And sportive childhood still more frolic grew ;  
 With added charms when beauty smiled serene,  
 Prepared to grace the festive birth-night scene ;  
 Why o'er the city spreads this death-like gloom ?  
 Why round displayed the insignia of the tomb ?  
 Why sounds yon passing knell in accents slow,  
 And strings each heart in unison of woe ?  
 Why o'er those martial bands gay standards wave  
 In mournful pomp the colors of the grave ?  
 Why droops yon veteran soldier's hoary head,  
 His honest pride, his wonted ardor fled !  
 Why heaves the breast of Age that torturing sigh ?  
 Why marked with gloom is Childhood's frolic eye !  
 Why does the fair absorbed in grief appear,  
 As down her cheek slow steals th' unbidden tear ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Illustrious shade! the muse would fain essay  
 Her humble tribute to thy worth to pay ;  
 With trembling hand amid thy laurels twine  
 A wreath of roses round thy hallowed shrine ;  
 Fain would her lyre to notes sublimer raise,  
 To sing thy virtues, and record thy praise ;  
 Yet midst thy various worth, thy talents rare,  
 The brilliant deeds that mark thy great career,  
 Where shall she fix ? amidst that field of light,  
 The splendid how select when all is bright ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Exalted chief! in thy superior mind,  
 What vast resource, what various talents joined !

\* From a poem "To the Memory of WASHINGTON, adapted to the 22d of February, 1800," and inscribed to Mrs. WASHINGTON.

Tempered with social virtue's milder rays,  
There patriot worth diffused a purer blaze :  
Formed to command respect, esteem inspire,  
Midst statesmen grave, or midst the social choir ;  
With equal skill the sword or pen to wield,  
In council great, unequalled in the field ;  
Mid glittering courts or rural walks to please,  
Polite with grandeur, dignified with ease ;  
Before the splendors of thy high renown,  
How fade the glow-worm lustres of a crown ;  
How sink diminished, in that radiance lost,  
The glare of conquest, and of power the boast !  
Let Greece her ALEXANDER's deeds proclaim,  
Or CÆSAR's triumphs gild the Roman name ;  
Stripped of the dazzling glare around them cast,  
Shrinks at their crimes humanity aghast !  
With equal claim to honor's glorious meed,  
See ATTILA his course of havoc lead !  
O'er Asia's realms, in one vast ruin hurled,  
See furious ZINGIS' bloody flag unfurled !  
On base far different from the conqueror's claim,  
Rests the unsullied column of thy fame :  
His on the woes of millions proudly based,  
With blood cemented, and with tears defaced ;  
Thine on a nation's welfare fixed sublime,  
By Freedom strengthened, and revered by time.  
He, as the comet, whose portentous light  
Spreads baleful splendor o'er the glooms of night,  
With chill amazement fills the startled breast,  
While storms and earthquakes dire its course attest,  
And nature trembles, lest, in chaos hurled,  
Should sink the tottering fabric of the world !  
Thou, like the sun, whose kind, propitious ray  
Opes the glad morn, and lights the fields of day ;  
Dispels the wintry storm, the chilling rain,  
With rich abundance clothes the smiling plain ;  
Gives all creation to rejoice around,  
And life and light extends o'er nature's utmost bound.  
Though shone thy life a model bright of praise,  
Not less the example bright thy death portrays.

When, plunged in deepest woe, around thy bed,  
 Each eye was fixed, despairing sunk each head;  
 While nature struggled with severest pain,  
 And scarce could life's last, lingering powers retain;  
 In that dread moment, awfully serene,  
 No trace of suffering marked thy placid mien;  
 No groan, no murmuring plaint escaped thy tongue,  
 No lowering shadows on thy brow were hung;  
 But, calm in Christian hope, undamped with fear  
 Thou saw'st the high reward of virtue near;  
 On that bright meed in surest trust reposed,  
 As thy firm hand thine eyes expiring closed;  
 Pleased, to the will of HEAVEN resigned thy breath,  
 And smiled, as nature's struggles closed in death!

Ill-fated country! lo, of aid bereft,  
 Thy spear is broken, and thy buckler cleft!  
 Who, mid the storm, with fearless hand shall guide  
 Thy course in safety o'er the troubled tide?  
 See Faction lift on high his hateful head;  
 O'er his dark brow unwonted smiles are spread;  
 For now no more that piercing eye he fears,  
 No more that voice, with terror thrilled, he hears;  
 That eye, from whose bright beam he shrunk dismayed,  
 And veiled his treasons in the midnight shade;  
 That fateful voice, which levelled in the dust  
 His plots nefarious, and his high-raised trust:  
 For lo! in slumbers of the grave reposed,  
 Hushed is that voice, that eye in darkness closed!

\* \* \* \* \*

Ere yet the Muse in silence close the strain,  
 While still her hands the sinking lyre retain,  
 To thee, Respected Mourner, would she pay  
 A solemn tribute in the heartfelt lay;  
 Awake the strings to sympathetic woe,  
 And bid the notes of consolation flow.  
 But who shall venture, with presumption rude,  
 On sorrow's sacred silence to intrude?  
 May no rash voice disturb that deep repose!  
 Afflicted mourner! hallowed be thy woes!

## HYMN TO PEACE.

Written at the conclusion of the last War with England.

While as yet with guilt unstained,  
 Man through Eden happy strayed,  
 PEACE, the seraph, sole remained,  
 Guardian of its blissful shade ;  
 When from duty's path declined,  
 Him the tempter lured astray,  
 The angel-guard his charge resigned,  
 Weeping sped to heaven his way—  
     Hail, thou bright celestial form,  
     Soft descending from above,  
     Calming Discord's furious storm,  
     Child of Mercy, child of Love!

But when earth's wide regions o'er,  
 Far the deluge flood was hurled,  
 While the ark the patriarch bore  
 Midst the ruins of the world,  
 Thou, commissioned from on high,  
 Didst repress the raging wave,  
 Arched the rainbow o'er the sky,  
 To the dove the olive gave—  
     Hail, thou bright celestial form,  
     Soft descending from above,  
     Calming Discord's furious storm,  
     Child of Mercy, child of Love!

And when midst exulting heaven,  
 Loud hosannas hailed the birth  
 Of a God and Saviour given  
 To redeem the sons of earth,  
 Thou receiv'dst th' Almighty word—  
 Go! o'er Bethlehem fix the star,  
 And bid the nations sheathe the sword  
 Through remotest realms afar—  
     Hail, thou bright celestial form,  
     Soft descending from above,  
     Calming Discord's furious storm,  
     Child of Mercy, child of Love!

Long has War's unsparing hand  
 Heaped the bloody fields with dead,  
 And through every Christian land,  
 Want, dismay and sorrow spread.  
 Now the clouds of sorrow flee,  
 Wars and fierce contentions cease ;  
 We, in choral hymn, to thee,  
 Hail thy coming, heavenly PEACE—  
 Hail, thou bright celestial form,  
 Soft descending from above,  
 Calming Discord's furious storm,  
 Child of Mercy, child of Love !

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INSCRIPTION FOR A FAMILY TOMB.

O thou, by fortune or reflection led,  
 To view this gloomy mansion of the dead,  
 O'er the sad spot, as casual roams thine eye,  
 Where cold in dust our mouldering relics lie,  
 Permit not sacrilege, with insult base,  
 To spurn our ashes, or our bones displace.  
 Nor let the voice of impious mirth presume  
 To break the hallowed silence of the tomb.  
 Reflect that youth, that beauty, now no more,  
 Here sleep, unconscious of the form they wore :  
 Here genius low on earth extends his head,  
 His high-souled schemes of glittering fancy fled ;  
 Here moulder hearts that once were prompt to feel  
 Love's melting glow, and Friendship's fervid zeal ;  
 Hearts that with thine might boast as bright a flame,  
 As gay a spirit, animate their frame ;  
 Who once like thee, in pleasure's sportive ray,  
 Passed the short sunshine of life's summer's day.  
 And thou, when, wearied with this mortal strife,  
 Exhausted nature brings the eve of life,  
 From wintry storms a refuge safe shall crave,  
 And find with us that refuge in the grave.

## ELIHU HUBBARD SMITH, M. D.

[Born 1771. Died 1798.]

ELIHU HUBBARD SMITH, son of Dr. REUBEN SMITH, was born at Litchfield, on the 4th of September, 1771. When a mere boy he entered Yale College, where he was regularly graduated in 1786. After leaving college, he connected himself for a time with the Greenfield Academy, then under the charge of Dr. DWIGHT, afterward President of Yale College, under whose excellent tuition SMITH finished his classical studies. After the completion of his academic education, he commenced the study of medicine, and attended a full course of lectures in Philadelphia. He received his diploma, and commenced the practice of his profession in the town of Wethersfield, where he resided for about the space of two years. It was during this period that Dr. SMITH first became known in a literary character. He had given early proof of the possession of poetical talents, and while in Philadelphia had contributed to the periodical press a few articles under the signature of "ELLA." His present residence was more favorable to the cultivation and exercise of his literary taste, from its contiguity to the city of Hartford, where he was often a visiter. He was received by the celebrated poets of that city to their most intimate society; and although associated but in a slight degree with their literary labors, he was nevertheless a member of their brotherhood. He contributed a few passages to some of the earlier numbers of "The Echo," and wrote also for the newspapers of the city.

In 1793, appeared from the Litchfield press, "American Poems, Selected and Original," edited by Dr. SMITH. The volume contained articles by TRUMBULL, DWIGHT, BARLOW, HUMPHREYS, HOPKINS, ALSOP, and various other authors, whose names are given, as also many anonymous poems, selected from the newspapers of the day, as possessing peculiar merit. It was the first general collection of poetry ever attempted in the country, and the literature of that day is indebted to its editor for the preservation of many interesting effusions which otherwise would doubtless have been lost.

During the following year, 1794, our author removed to the city of New York, where he devoted himself with great zeal to the cultivation of medical science and of literature. He soon became distinguished for his attainments, and obtained extensive practice.

In 1796, he was elected one of the physicians of the hospital, and during the same year, in conjunction with Drs. MILLER and MITCHILL, commenced the publication of "The Medical Repository," to which he contributed many valuable papers. In 1797, Dr. SMITH published "Edwin and Angelina, or The Banditti, an Opera, in Three Acts," and in 1798 edited the first American edition of DARWIN's "Botanic Garden," to which he prefixed a poetic address to the author, correctly describing the rise, process and use of the art of Printing as connected with Science, and particularly its effect in spreading the Botanic Song throughout the world. This was the last of our author's literary labors. In September of the same year, during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever which so fearfully ravaged New York, he fell a victim to his untiring benevolence in the exercise of his professional duties, and his humane attention to an unfortunate foreigner of distinguished literary acquirements, Dr. I. B. SCANDELLA, of Venice. Dr. SMITH had received his friend into his own house, on the return of the latter from Philadelphia, bearing with him the infection. SCANDELLA died, and SMITH followed him. In "The Political Green-House" for the same year, Mr. ALSOP thus touchingly alludes to his friend, in describing the work of the Pestilence :

"Nor bright endowments of the mind  
With learning fraught and taste refined,  
Nor pitying heart for others' woe,  
Can turn aside the fatal blow :  
Else had his shafts that winged the sky  
Passed thee, O SMITH, uninjured by—  
Thy friends' delight, thy parents' stay,  
Fond hope of their declining day :  
Nor had those floods of sorrow burst,  
Lamented COOPER,\* o'er thy dust ;  
Nor mourning Science wept forlorn  
O'er learned SCANDELLA's timeless urn."

The above-mentioned Opera, and the Epistle to DARWIN, are the chief literary remains of our author. He wrote an irregular poem, somewhat after the manner of GRAY's "Bard," descriptive of Indian character and manners, which was never published. A gentleman of high literary reputation, and of nice critical judgment, to whom it was submitted, assures us that it was a poem of great merit, and decidedly the best of Dr. SMITH's productions. This poem, together with all the author's manuscripts, we regret to say, was destroyed by accident, after his death.

"Edwin and Angelina" is an opera, founded upon the celebrated ballad of GOLDSMITH. Though not published until 1797, it was in part written in 1791, and was brought out upon the stage in 1794.

\* Dr. COOPER, of Philadelphia.

It was highly successful, but as a poem it cannot claim any superior merit. Its story is this: Earl ETHELBERT cherishes an improper passion for EMMA, a peasant girl. To accomplish his base purposes he imprisons SIFRID, the betrothed lover of EMMA, to whom he is indebted for the preservation of his life, and then bears EMMA to his castle. SIFRID escapes, and becomes the chief of a company of forest banditti. ETHELBERT, repulsed by EMMA, becomes enamored of ANGELINA, daughter of a neighboring Earl, who refuses his suit. The tears of the captive EMMA at length soften his heart. He offers her, though in vain, half of his wealth, and makes fruitless efforts to discover the retreat of her lover. Meanwhile ANGELINA, having discarded the suit of the humble EDWIN, whom she loves, flies distractedly, habited as a pilgrim, to the forest, where EDWIN has already taken refuge in a Hermitage. This forest is infested by SIFRID and his band, and thither ETHELBERT also comes in pursuit of ANGELINA. He falls into the power of his old enemy, SIFRID, to whom he declares his penitence, with the assurance of EMMA's safety, and his willingness to restore her to her lover. The Chief forgives him, and promises his assistance for the recovery of the lost ANGELINA. She meantime has wandered to the Hermitage of EDWIN, and a hearty reconciliation is effected. There they are surprised by ETHELBERT, SIFRID, and the band. EDWIN resists, and ETHELBERT, who owes to him also his life, yields his claim to the disputed lady. SIFRID and his comrades are persuaded by the advice and proffers of ETHELBERT to abandon their unlawful pursuits, and return to virtuous life; and a joyful chorus closes the piece. With this explanation the reader will readily understand any selections we may present.

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#### DISCOVERY OF PRINTING.\*

For unknown ages, mid his wild abode,  
Speechless and rude the human savage trode;  
By slow degrees expressive sounds acquired,  
And simple thoughts in words uncouth attired.  
As growing wants and varying climes arise,  
Excite desire and animate surprise,  
Gradual his mind a wider circuit ranged,  
His manners softened, and his language changed;  
And grey experience, wiser than of yore,  
Bequeathed its strange traditionary lore.

\* From the "Epistle to the Author of the 'Botanic Garden.'"



Again long ages mark the flight of time,  
And lingering toil evolves the Art divine.  
Coarse drawings first the imperfect thought revealed ;  
Next, barbarous forms the mystic sense concealed ;  
Capricious signs the meaning then disclose ;  
And last, the infant alphabet arose ;  
From Nilus' banks adventurous CADMUS errs,  
And on his Thebes the peerless boon confers . /

Slow spread the sacred art, its use was slow :  
Whate'er the improvements later times bestow,  
Still how restrained, how circumscribed its power !  
Years raise the fruit an instant may devour.  
Fond Science wept ; the uncertain toil she viewed,  
And in the evil, half forgot the good.  
What though the sage, and though the bard inspired,  
By truth illumined, and by genius fired,  
In high discourse the theme divine prolong,  
And pour the glowing tide of lofty song ;  
'To princes limited, to PLUTUS' sons,  
Tyrants of mines and heritors of thrones,  
The theme, the song, scarce touched the general mind,  
Lost or secluded from oppressed mankind.  
Fond Science wept ; how vain her cares she saw,  
Subject to Fortune's ever-varying law.  
Month after month a single transcript claimed,  
The style perchance, perchance the story maimed :  
The guides to truth corrupted or destroyed,  
A passage foisted, or a painful void,  
The work of ignorance, or of fraud more bold,  
To blast a rival, or a scheme uphold ;  
Or in the progress of the long review,  
Th' original perished as the copy grew ;  
Or, perfect both, while pilgrim bands admire,  
The instant prey of accidental fire.  
Fond Science wept ; whate'er of costliest use,  
The gift and glory of each favoring Muse ;  
From every land what genius might select ;  
What wealth might purchase, and what power protect ;

The guides of youth, the comforters of age ;  
 Swept by the besom of barbaric rage,—  
 Scarce a few fragments scattered o'er the field  
 Frantic in one sad moment she beheld.  
 "Nor shall such toil my generous sons subdue ;  
 Nor waste like this again distress the view !"  
 She cries :—where Harlem's classic groves  
 Embowering rise, with silent flight she moves ;  
 She marks LAURENTIUS carve the beechen rind,  
 And darts a new creation on his mind :  
 A sudden rapture thrills the conscious shades ;  
 The gift remains, the bounteous vision fades.  
 Homeward, entranced, the Belgic sire returns ;  
 New hope inspires him and new ardor burns ;  
 Secret he meditates his art by day :  
 By night fair phantoms o'er his fancy stray ;  
 With opening morn they rush upon his soul,  
 Nor cares nor duties banish nor control ;  
 Haunt his sequestered path, his social scene,  
 And in his prayers seductive intervene.

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EDWIN AND ANGELINA.—AN OPERA.

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ACT SECOND. SCENE I.

*A secluded part of the forest. ANGELINA enters, disguised in the habit of a pilgrim.*

ANGELINA.

With melancholy steps, hopeless I wander ;  
 And no repose, no sheltering shed, discern.  
 Oh EDWIN ! how has vanity repaid me !  
 With wreck of happiness, and loss of peace.  
 Hated by thee, myself I hate, and find,  
 From solitude, whence ease I hoped, new pains.  
 Mid these wild woods, hostile, or full of fear,  
 Where'er I come, the beasts menacing howl,  
 Or fly, as from some desolating fiend.  
 The warblers cease their songs, or flit away,  
 And on the distant trees' soft-waving tops,

Insult my sorrows with their merriest notes.  
 The forest green, and every budding plant,  
 Flowers, and the springing blade, and mantling vine,  
 All the full blessing of the spring enjoy ;  
 And to my soul new melancholy add.

My tears incessant flow !—Alas ! how sad,  
 How desolate is life ; when but to think  
 On those whom most we love, afflicts us most.

The soft and gently-pleasing woe,  
 Which two fond hearts, divided, know,  
 The soul with sweetest suffering moves ;  
 But oh ! when guilt with absence joins,  
 Grief it to agony refines,  
 And fires to rage the breast that loves.

[*She goes out.*]

ACT THIRD. SCENE V.

*The Hermitage. EDWIN and ANGELINA discovered sitting in the entrance of the cell : a small table spread, and covered with various fruits*

\* \* \* \* \*

EDWIN.

Is happiness thy wish ? here rest ; here dwell.  
 Remote from courts, and palaces, and kings ;  
 From domes of grandeur, and from halls of wealth ;  
 Far from the poisonous city's busy hum ;  
 From Passion's reign, and fierce Ambition's war,  
 Borne on the winnowing gale, flies Happiness.  
 She loves, with Peace her sister, to reside  
 In cottages and vales ; by running streams ;  
 In woods ; and on the cliff's rude, hanging brow :  
 For there, if yet, perchance, on earth they dwell,  
 Meets she Integrity, and sober Toil ;  
 And Innocence, and sweet Simplicity :  
 And oft the Hermit's cell she deigns to visit ;  
 With Piety her guide, and mild Repose  
 Her fair attendant.

## ACT THIRD. SCENE VII.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Chorus.*

Now burst the shout of joy around,  
And let the forest wide resound.  
Peace henceforth for ever reigns ;  
And laughing Plenty loads our plains :  
Then burst the shout of joy around,  
And let the forest wide resound.

## SIFRID.

Fierce Despair,

## EDWIN.

And frantic Grief,

## BOTH.

Find, at length, unhopéd relief :

## ANGELINA.

Wayward Beauty,

## ETHELBERT.

Brutal lust,

## BOTH.

Learn to feel, and dare be just.

*Chorus.*

Burst, then, the shout of joy around,  
And let the forest wide resound.

## ETHELBERT.

The waters of the living fount,  
Dashed in cascades, in columns tossed,  
Nor nurse the root, nor swell the blade,  
Wasted in foam, dispersed, and lost ;  
But, issuing in a gentle stream,  
Through smiling meads, rejoicing stray ;  
Perennial flow, and fruits and flowers,  
And living verdure, mark their way :

*Chorus.*

Loud burst the shouts of joy around,  
And plains and forests wide resound.

## EDWIN.

The mineral sleeping in the mine,  
 Decks not the board, nor glows in coin,  
     While droop the languid arts ;  
 Refined its power, where'er it flies  
 Bids new-born wonders round arise,  
     New energy imparts ;

*Chorus.*

While burst the shouts of joy around,  
 And plains and busy shores resound.

## ANGELINA.

The meteor gilds the face of night,  
 The pilgrim trusts the faithless light,  
     And sinks in lonely death ;  
 But, by the moon's serenest ray,  
 Unharm'd the wanderer speeds his way,  
     O'er many an unknown heath ;

*Chorus.*

And swells the notes of joy around,  
 And bids the peaceful shades resound.

## SIFRID.

When, armed with terror, through the sky  
     The lightnings flash, the thunders roar ;  
 When rush the tempests from on high,  
     Howl o'er the sea, and sweep the shore ;  
 The whelmed ship sinks, the cottage falls,  
 And ruin every heart appals :

But when the lively breezes blow,  
     And fan, with gentle gales, the land ;  
 Or bid their airy currents flow,  
     And swell the sail that quits the strand ;  
 Smooth glides the ship, the cottage smiles,  
 And gay content each heart beguiles ;

*Chorus.*

While bursts the shout of joy around,  
 And earth and heaven the strain resound/

## WILLIAM RAY.

[Born 1771. Died 1827.]

WILLIAM RAY was born at Salisbury, on the 9th of December, 1771. At a very early age he developed poetical talents, which, under more favorable circumstances, and with better advantages of education, might have placed his name among the most eminent writers of his day. His father removed to a remote town in the state of New York, where the son had little opportunity of gratifying his inclination for literary pursuits. At the age of nineteen, he left the paternal roof and removed to Dover, in Dutchess County, New York, where he assumed the charge of a school. He soon abandoned this occupation, and engaged in trade, which he pursued for a number of years. His commercial speculations proved unsuccessful, and finally issued in bankruptcy. Finding it impossible to obtain a release from his creditors, or to procure employment for the support of himself and wife, he left his home in the spring of 1803, and started for Philadelphia, in search of some congenial occupation. He travelled through the state of Pennsylvania under circumstances of great distress, and with but very slender pecuniary resources. He was overtaken by sickness: his last cent was expended: and he at length reached Philadelphia in a state of extreme destitution, and not yet restored to a comfortable degree of health. Here new trials awaited him. He failed to procure employment, and, impelled by his necessities, on the 13th of June, 1803, enlisted into the maritime service of the United States. Our author seems to admit "that imprudence, vice, intemperance, and prodigality, were the primary cause of his misfortunes;" and pleads that "the miseries and horrors of a painful mancipation, and a thousand concomitant evils and sufferings, ought, in some degree, to expiate his faults and follies in the benignant eyes of Charity."

On the 3d of July, RAY and his comrades were ordered on board the frigate Philadelphia, under the command of Captain BAINBRIDGE, destined to join our squadron against Tripoli. She sailed in the course of the same month, having on board a complement of three hundred men. The frigate proceeded prosperously on her voyage, and arrived at Gibraltar on the 26th of August. Here she remained

a few days, and was joined by several American ships of the line. Information being received that a vessel with Barbary colors was cruising off the "Rock," the Philadelphia went in pursuit of her, under English colors. The stranger was easily captured, and proved to be a Morocco vessel mounting twenty-two guns, and containing about one hundred men. The prize had captured an American brig, which the Philadelphia, on the following day, overtook and re-captured, liberating her crew from their bondage. The frigate, in company with the prize and brig, then returned to Gibraltar. In October the Philadelphia proceeded to the island of Malta, and from thence sailed for Tripoli. On the 31st day of October she fell in with an enemy's vessel off the harbor of Tripoli, and gave chase. The pirate stood in for the town, and the frigate made every effort to cut off her retreat. Having no pilot on board who understood the harbor, and becoming excited in the pursuit, the Americans ventured in too far, and when about three miles distant from the town, their vessel struck upon a shoal, and remained fast. Every effort was made, though in vain, to release her, while the enemy, emboldened by her condition, sent off three gun-boats against her. It was a little past twelve o'clock when the frigate struck, and her crew continued firing at the boats, and using every means to get their ship afloat, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when, unable to escape or longer to resist, they struck their flag, and the Philadelphia was consigned to her piratical victors. The enemy immediately boarded her, when convinced that she had, in reality, surrendered, and the officers and crew were soon escorted into the presence of their new master, the Bashaw of Tripoli.

From this period, for more than a year and a half, the history of RAY and his comrades is a tale of sad captivity and hardship. The officers of the Philadelphia suffered much from confinement, and the want of proper nourishment; but the greatest misery was allotted to the unfortunate crew. Stripped of almost all their clothing, reduced to so pitiful an allowance of food that life could scarcely be sustained, they were driven forth in bands to the performance of the most incredible labors; and when sickness necessarily succeeded to such unnatural exertions, the wretched captives received from their tyrants only threats and blows. At one time we find many of them employed to raise a wreck of a vessel, deeply sunken in the sand. At the coldest season of the year they are forced into the water at sunrise, and compelled to shovel the sand from the bottom, and carry it in baskets to the bank. Once throughout the day they are allowed a scanty meal, when they resume their labors until sunset, and then return to their prison to pass the night upon the damp earth, and await the horrors of the succeeding day. Again, at another season, many of them are compelled, barefooted and almost naked, to drag a

heavy wagon five or six miles into the country, over burning sands, and back again, loaded with timber, before any food was allowed them, except, perhaps, raw vegetables. A number were released from their sufferings by death, and to the survivors life became a burden almost insupportable. Every exertion in his power was made by Captain BAINBRIDGE for the relief of his crew, and frequently, through the Danish Consul, he was enabled to send them some comfortable provisions. Yet he was himself a captive also, and could effect but little for their relief.

But the American government was not unmindful of the fate of its unfortunate defenders. During the summer of 1804, an American squadron was sent out under Commodore PREBLE against Tripoli. On the 3d of August, the squadron stood in for the harbor, and commenced a severe cannonade against the shipping, and also bombarded the town. Three of the Tripolitan gun-boats were captured, three were sunk, a number of prisoners were taken, and many killed and wounded, with but little loss on the part of the Americans. On the 7th, Commodore PREBLE renewed the attack on the town with much execution, though sustaining a greater loss than on the former occasion. The Bashaw still demanding a large ransom for his prisoners, on the 26th of August, and again on the 3d of September, the attack was renewed upon the town, and upon the galleys and gun-boats of the enemy. Soon after, the weather proving unfavorable, and the ammunition being greatly reduced, the Commodore dismissed all the vessels but three, for Syracuse, and with these determined to keep up the blockade. He was shortly afterward joined by two other ships under command of Commodore BARRON, to whom the charge was resigned. But the season was now so far advanced that little more was done to the injury of the enemy, save the capture of a number of vessels laden with wheat, and bound for the Tripolitan market.

Early in the following season the Bashaw was willing to treat for peace. He was impoverished in his finances, and justly alarmed at the report of the formidable armament preparing against him. On the 26th of May, three American frigates appeared in sight. The smallest came near the town, and hoisted the banner of peace, a signal to which the Bashaw gladly responded. The frigates however disappeared, and hope and fear alternately agitated the breasts both of the Tripolitans and their miserable captives. On the 29th, three frigates and a brig bore down upon the town, and displayed the signals of peace, which were immediately answered from the castle. From this period friendly negotiations went on rapidly, and on the 3d day of June, 1805, the articles were signed. At four o'clock in the afternoon a salute was fired from the frigates and batteries,



causing transports of wild delight in many a long desolate bosom.  
Our author enthusiastically exclaims,

“But oh! what joy when the saluting sound  
Was heard to thunder through the arches round!  
Enraptured lays the choral hundreds sung,  
And that drear mansion once with gladness rung!”

The “saluting sound” of course spoke freedom to the American captives, and their first act on regaining their liberty was one so noble that it ought not to be omitted. They immediately resumed a subject which had before enlisted their sympathies—that of liberating a fellow-prisoner, a friendly Neapolitan, who had been able to render several of them essential services. They subscribed over three hundred dollars, wrote to Captain BAINBRIDGE, had the sum deducted from their wages, and restored their still captive friend to freedom.

Our author now entered as Captain’s clerk on board the frigate *Essex*, and returned home during the following year. Whatever may have been his conduct before entering the service, it was irreproachable during his connection with it, and he left with the good will and respect both of his commander and of all the other officers.

In 1809, RAY removed to a town in Essex County, in New York, and resumed his old mercantile occupation, but with no better success than before. In 1812, upon the declaration of war with England, he was made a Major in the detached militia which was stationed at Plattsburgh. After a short term of military service, he resided in various parts of the state of New York, and finally settled in Onondaga, where he held the office of Justice of the Peace, and Commissioner in courts of Record. He died at Auburn in 1827.

The first work of our author was published in 1808, entitled “Horrors of Slavery, or the American Tars in Tripoli,” from which we have derived the greater part of the preceding particulars. It is a well-written narration of the unfortunate expedition of the *Philadelphia*, and the subsequent sufferings of her crew, together with a description of Tripoli, the manners and customs of its inhabitants, and the transactions of the United States with that government. The volume is interspersed with various poetical effusions, and a few pages of verse are appended to it.

In 1821, RAY published a volume of poems, containing also a brief narrative of his sufferings in Tripoli. His poems are characterized by melodious versification, and are often forcible. Yet they lack imagination, and betray a want of delicate taste in their author. But the poet, in the conclusion of his long and well-written “Exordium” to his first volume, has deprecated criticism, alluding, we presume,

as well to his verses as his Narrative, and he may be heard in his own defence :

“ Reader ! lay prejudice aside,  
 And let calm reason be your guide !  
 If in the following, then, you find  
 Things not so pleasing to your mind,  
 And think them false, why, disbelieve them :  
 Errors of weakness ? then forgive them :  
 And let our sufferings and abuses  
 For several *facts* make some excuses :  
 And when you 're captured by a Turk,  
 Sit down and write a better work ! ”

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TRIPOLI.

Ye lurid domes ! whose tottering columns stand,  
 Marks of the despot's desolating hand ;  
 Whose weed-grown roofs and mouldering arches show  
 The curse of tyranny, a nation's wo ;  
 In every ruin—every pile I find  
 A warning lesson to a thoughtful mind.  
 Your gloomy cells expressive silence break,  
 Echo to groans, and eloquently speak ;  
 “ The Christian's blood cements the stones he rears,  
 This clay was moistened with a Christian's tears ;  
 Pale as these walls, a prisoner oft has lain,  
 Felt the keen scourge and worn the ruthless chain ;  
 While scoffing foes increasing tortures pour,  
 Till the poor victim feels, alas ! no more ! ”  
 Here thy brave tars, America, are found,  
 Locked in foul prisons and in fetters bound.  
 • • • Must free Columbians bow  
 Before yon tinsel tyrant's murky brow ?  
 Cringe to a power which death and rapine crown ?  
 Smile at a smile, and tremble at a frown ?  
 Kneel at a throne, its clemency implore,  
 Enriched by spoils, and stained with human gore ?  
 Bear the sharp lash, the ponderous load sustain,  
 Suppress their anger, and revenge restrain ?  
 Leave a free clime, explore the treacherous waves,  
 The sport of miscreants and the slave of slaves !

Heavens! at the sight each patriot bosom glows  
 With virtuous hatred on its country's foes;  
 At every blow indignant passions rise,  
 And vengeance flashes from resentful eyes.  
 But HEAVEN is just, though man's bewildered mind  
 To the dark ways of providence is blind;  
 Else why are some ordained above the rest,  
 Or villains treated better than the best?  
 Why, martyred virtue, hang thy injured head?  
 Why lived an ARNOLD, while a WARREN bled?  
 Earth's murderers triumph, proud oppressors reign,  
 While patriots bleed, and captives sigh in vain?  
 Yet slumbering Justice soon shall wake and show  
 Her sword, unsheathed, and vengeance wing the blow:  
 Columbia's genius, glorious as the sun,  
 With thy blest shade, immortal WASHINGTON,  
 Unite to guard us from nefarious foes,  
 And HEAVEN defend, and angels interpose!

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COMMENCEMENT OF SERVICE.

I am a soldier, older in practice, abler than yourself to make conditions.

CASSIUS.

Our foes by earth and heaven abhorred,

'T is God-like to unsheath the sword.

PAINÉ.

Who's he that walks with such a swagger,  
 A cockade, uniform and dagger,  
 Holding this motto up to view,  
 "I am much better, sir, than you?"  
 Why, 't is our officer—young DAVY—  
 A smart Lieutenant of the Navy;  
 Who's challenged—though they call him cruel,  
 Twice twenty bumpers to one duel,  
 And fought where clubs, not cannon, rattle,  
 A score of watchmen in one battle;  
 Wounds he's received—in all his clothes;  
 And bled profusely—at the nose;  
 For which, grown bolder still and braver,  
 He basks in governmental favor.

And who is he with feathered head,  
 A coat broad-faced with warlike red ?  
 That blustering—tell me what it means ?  
 Why, he 's Lieutenant of Marines ;  
 Whose duty 't is to follow fashions,  
 To draw his pay and eat his rations ;  
 T' enlist recruits for calls emergent,  
 To drill them, or to make his sergeant—  
 Defraud them out of half their pay,  
 Then flog them, if a word they say ;  
 For all the art of war consists  
 In pay-rolls and provision lists,  
 Well filled, which men are forced to sign—  
 This, this is martial discipline.

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THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Do troubles overwhelm thy soul,  
 Like billows of the ocean,  
 That o'er the shipwrecked victim roll,  
 In terrible commotion ?  
 Seize bold Imagination's wing  
 And soar to heaven, so seeming,  
 Or reign a potentate and king—  
 'T is all obtained by dreaming.

Do pain and poverty unite  
 To rob thee of all pleasure ?  
 Like thieves break in at dead of night,  
 And steal away thy treasure ?  
 The treasure of a tranquil mind,  
 With joy and rapture teeming,  
 Seek, seek, my friend—and thou shalt find  
 More solid joy in dreaming.

For let the world still darker frown  
 Than night-clouds on creation,  
 And shower its tenfold vengeance down,  
 Its wrath and indignation,

On this devoted head of mine,  
 One star is still left gleaming—  
 One light that will for ever shine,  
 The hope, the bliss of dreaming.

• • • • •

Whene'er I lay me down to rest,  
 With toils and sorrows weary,  
 A heart most feelingly distressed,  
 And all on earth looks dreary ;  
 Aerial powers around me throng,  
 With light and glory beaming,  
 And waft my raptured soul along  
 The paradise of dreaming.

— And oft as pensively I walk  
 In solitary places,  
 I hear celestial spirits talk,  
 And think I see their faces ;  
 They bid me leave all earthly things,  
 While tears of grief are streaming—  
 I mount Imagination's wings,  
 And find my heaven in dreaming.

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#### AUTUMN.

Look at Autumn—see the day—  
 Glooms obscure its new-born glory ;  
 Summer having died away,  
 Hear its dirge repeat the story,  
 Man and Nature must decay.

Look at Autumn—see the night  
 Veiled in blackness—tempests howling ;  
 Now and then the moon in sight,  
 Looking down, and on you scowling :  
 Cold and cheerless is her light.

Look at Autumn—vales and groves,  
 Vocal late with joy and gladness ;  
 Mournful now with turtle doves,  
 Pouring forth their notes of sadness—  
 Broken vows and blighted loves.

Look at Autumn—hear the winds  
 Nature's destiny bemoaning,  
 Every blast of death reminds ;  
 Autumn, too, in death lies groaning—  
 Every thing destruction finds.

Look at Autumn—every where  
 Desolation stalks before you ;  
 Ruin dark, and wild despair,  
 Like two cormorants hang o'er you—  
 For the frost of death prepare.

Look at Autumn—white with frost,  
 Like old age with snowy tresses ;  
 When our path of life is crossed  
 By a bandit of distresses,  
 In a moment all is lost.

Look at Autumn—see the trees ;  
 Mortal, look, and cease complaining ;  
 And the blossoms, look on these ;  
 All have buds of life remaining—  
 God in wisdom thus decrees.

He all nature will restore ;  
 And with Spring again returning,  
 Light the lamp of life once more,  
 In man's breast, for ever burning  
 When the light of time is o'er.

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#### VILLAGE GREATNESS.

In every country village, where  
 Ten chimney smokes perfume the air,  
 Contiguous to a steeple,  
 Great gentle-folks are found, a score,  
 Who can't associate any more  
 With common "country people."

JACK FALLOW, born amongst the woods,  
 From rolling logs, now rolls in goods,  
 Enough awhile to dash on—

Tells negro stories—smokes segars—  
Talks politics—decides on wars—  
And lives in stylish fashion.

TIM OX-GOAD, lately from the plough,  
A polished gentleman is now,  
And talks of "country fellows ;"  
But ask the fop what books he 's read,  
You 'll find the brain-pan of his head  
As empty as a bellows.

MISS FADDLE, lately from the wheel,  
Begins quite lady-like to feel,  
And talks affectedly genteel,  
And sings some tasty songs, too ;  
But my veracity impeach,  
If she can tell what part of speech  
Gentility belongs to.

Without one spark of wit refined,  
Without one beauty of the mind,  
Genius or education,  
Or family, or fame to boast—  
To see such gentry rule the roast,  
Turns patience to vexation.

To clear such rubbish from the earth,  
Though real genius—mental worth,  
And science to attend you,  
You might as well the sty refine,  
Or cast your pearls before the swine ;  
They 'd only turn and rend you.

## JOHN ALSOP.

[Born 1776. Died 1841.]

JOHN ALSOP, the youngest brother of RICHARD ALSOP, already mentioned in our volume, was born in Middletown, on the 5th of February, 1776. At an early age he entered Yale College, but left the institution before completing its full course of study, and became a pupil of Dr. DWIGHT, at the Greenfield Hill Academy. He read law at the celebrated law school at Litchfield, then under the charge of Judge REEVE, and after being admitted to the bar, resided for a short time in New London, in the practice of his profession. Afterward he opened a bookstore at Hartford, but soon removed to the city of New York, where he remained for a number of years, engaged in the same business. On relinquishing his public occupations he returned to his native city of Middletown, where he passed the remainder of his life in retirement, and where he died on the 1st of November, 1841.

Early in life ALSOP evinced a decided taste for literature. This was naturally encouraged by the books with which his father's library abounded, and was also fostered and directed by his brother, RICHARD ALSOP, who, though much older, was for many years his daily associate. The education, as well as literary taste, of the brothers was marked by a strong similarity, especially in their acquisition of foreign languages. The subject of our sketch devoted himself with such assiduity to this department of study, seeking at the same time the society of intelligent foreigners, that in early life he was able to converse with correctness and elegance in French, Spanish, and Italian. His library was supplied with standard authors of those countries, the perusal of which afforded him ever a true source of rational enjoyment, and enabled him to retain through life the power of conversing in their several tongues.

Although from the private character of his literary pursuits, as also from his retiring habits, ALSOP was little known beyond the circle of his own immediate associates, yet in every situation of life he numbered amongst those associates men of the most eminent learning and taste. By these he was duly appreciated; and after his retirement to his native city he was surrounded by a choice band of friends, to whom he was endeared as well by his amiable temper and refined feelings, as by his well-stored mind and cultivated imagination. Although he was habitually reserved, his conversation



was not unfrequently distinguished by a graceful hilarity and humorous turn of thought, which rendered him a universal favorite, both with the aged and the young.

Among the manuscripts which ALSOP left at his decease, were a large number of poems, one of which was written when he was only fourteen years of age. Some of these are short effusions; but among them are several poems containing a number of hundred lines. It is not known that their author ever published one of these compositions, nor was the extent of his writings suspected even by his most intimate friends. He wrote only for his own amusement, and probably had no thought that any of his verses would be given to the public. A biographical sketch of our author, to which we have been indebted in preparing the present one, with a few selections from his poetry, appeared sometime after his death in the "Knickerbocker magazine." Beyond this, none of his poems have yet been published; and of those which are here presented, several are now for the first time committed to the press.

The writings of the younger ALSOP, although less melodious and polished than those of his brother, are yet characterized by so much vigor of thought and justness of taste, as to warrant the belief, that, had he prepared them for publication, they would have proved him fully competent to sustain undiminished the poetical honors of his name.

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#### ELEGY.

Soft slumbers now, with downy fingers, close  
Th' o'erwearied eye of labor and of care;  
Now nothing wakes to break night's deep repose,  
But I, who vainly strive to hush despair.

Slowly I wander through the sacred grounds,  
The cold and lowly mansions of the dead;  
Beneath my steps the hollow earth resounds,  
And moaning spectres near me, beckoning, tread.

Awful, unearthly feelings sway the soul,  
As midnight throws her blackest horrors round;  
I hear afar the airy death-bell toll,  
And faint, low wailings rising from the ground.

Here, in this spot obscure she sleeps, I cry,  
She, in whom all a woman's virtue's shone ;  
Unhonored here her mouldering relics lie,  
Marked by the moss-grown, rudely-sculptured stone.

O thou ! who fondly o'er my cradle hung,  
My little, tottering footsteps led with care,  
My infant woes to sleep so often sung,  
And watched o'er all my devious life with prayer !

Though grief, too late, now prompts the bitter tear,  
That my wild follies caused thee many a pang,  
Yet may thy guardian spirit, from its sphere,  
Still o'er my paths with holy influence hang !

What though too oft, when friends in death repose,  
Their memories vanish from th' inconstant mind,  
As o'er the wreck the whelming billows close,  
And, ceaseless shifting, leave no trace behind—

Yet e'er for me shall memory's tablets bear  
Impressions deep that time can ne'er erase ;  
The few slight stains of error disappear,  
And all thy virtues brighter there I trace.

O'er her low grave, by all but me forgot,  
Of her oblivious fate I thus complained ;  
Deplored her hapless death, my friendless lot,  
And madly HEAVEN and its decrees arraigned.

With grief o'erpowered, my languid frame reclined,  
In the drear gloom, a parent's ashes near ;  
A spirit moves upon the rustling wind,  
And these low-breathed, these soothing sounds I hear :

Enough for me, that, numbered with the dead,  
At close of Summer's day, when dews descend,  
The simple stone that tells where I am laid,  
May wake remembrance in some passing friend.

And though no more than this inglorious stone,  
Of all life's anxious vanities remain,  
Peace ! Dull oblivion hides not me alone,  
But over bards and kings extends his reign.

Why sorrowest thou? For me why this despair?  
 Could grief recall the tenant of the tomb,  
 Would'st thou my mortal burden I should bear,  
 And quit for earth the blest ethereal dome?

She ceased—and now, each fevered passion hushed,  
 No more my falling tears bedew her sod;  
 But, with new hopes, but sacred feelings flushed,  
 The soul holds pure communion with its God.

Now, from the world remote, its woes, its ill,  
 A holy tranquil sorrow sways the breast,  
 Bids this poor heart's wild throbbing-pulse be still,  
 And gives the calm of heaven's eternal rest.

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LINES

Suggested by reading some passages in Lord BYRON's "Childe Harold."

Mark countless worlds revolve in wondrous round!  
 Mark man's aspiring soul; earth's goodly frame!  
 Then, skeptic, speak!—can wonders so profound,  
 Show, not their Maker's glory, but his shame!

Yet *were* it shame, if HE whose powerful breath  
 Could to dark chaos form and order lend,  
 Should see the reasoning spirit quenched in death,  
 Strong for no use and laboring for no end!

Explore each distant clime: the rudest race  
 Adore some being, good, all-wise, supreme;  
 They view the spirit spurn this narrow space,  
 And wake immortal from life's feverish dream.

Say, ye low-minded skeptics! who, in spite  
 Of reason, nature, man would brutalize;  
 Say why no floating atoms now unite,  
 Nor worlds nor men from chance no longer rise!

Cursed be the fiends whose malice would deprive  
 Virtue of hope, would rescue crime from fear;  
 Would snatch their refuge from the good who strive  
 'Gainst direst ills, and all un murmuring bear.

No! man's high-soaring soul, with powers so great,  
 Sees not the oblivious tomb her prospect bound;  
 Pure spark of heaven! she toward th' Eternal's seat  
 Exulting mounts, through being's endless round.

Yet, as one exiled long in foreign lands,  
 Though summoned home, awhile would lingering stay—  
 Thus on the confines of both worlds she stands,  
 And gives one last fond look when called away.

Sigh'st thou for joys that fame or grandeur brings?  
 Hop'st thou in them e'en earthly bliss to find?  
 No! from our contrite tears the soul's health springs,  
 And here, e'en here, our bliss the spotless mind.

Pleasures of earth, elusive, mock our hold,  
 Distant invite, but near approached, they fly;  
 False as the pictures which the clouds unfold  
 In glowing tints of Summer's evening sky.

See sun-bright Rapture scattering roses round!  
 To Spring's soft breeze her rainbow pinions spread!  
 Clasp her fair form, and in thine arms is found  
 Pale Disappointment's wasted, sickly shade!

Like the gay image traced by painted beams,  
 Yon heavenly arch of many-colored light,  
 Joy's fairy-land e'er just before us seems,  
 Cheats our vain hope, and still deceives our sight!

Seek'st thou that land? Then let not earth's cold chain,  
 Which binds thy frame, thy spirit too confine;  
 Turn to thy God; in heaven's unclouded reign,  
 Mid native skies, seek joy's eternal shrine.

---

AURELIA.

With HEBE's smile, MINERVA's lofty air,  
 (Her shape more faultless, and her face more fair  
 Than the famed statue, master-piece of art,)  
 Theme of each tongue, and magnet of each heart,  
 Resplendent moon among the twinkling stars,  
 AURELIA beauty's palm unrivalled wears.

Not snow more white, more pure, nor half so cold,  
 As the breast shaded by those locks of gold ;  
 For snows dissolve before the genial sun,  
 Their coldness lose, and warm to Ocean run ;  
 But love, nor hate, e'er moves that soul of ice,  
 Almost as dead to virtue as to vice.

Matchless alike her mien, her form, her face,  
 Her looks are transport, and her movements grace ;  
 Gazing on her, the tongue forgets to move,  
 And the fixed eye is eloquent of love ;  
 While every nerve with bursting rapture strung,  
 Youth maddens at the sight, and age grows young.

But should the fair her wonted silence break,  
 You 'd pray the breathing statue ne'er might speak ;  
 She, whom a goddess silent all adore,  
 Talks, and, poor drivelling mortal ! charms no more.

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LINES

To the Spirit of a Departed Friend.

Soaring to-day through twilight of the grave,  
 Thou from thy prison freed, oh Spirit blest !  
 Now looking back o'er life's tempestuous wave,  
 Smil'st in thy haven of eternal rest.

Not all life's joys to earth could thee allure,  
 Not all death's terrors damp the hallowed fire  
 Which faith enkindled in thy bosom pure,  
 And bade thy soul on angels' wings aspire.

In vain the flowers of Paradise may blow,  
 Bloom but to die, in this cold, dreary clime :  
 Effulgent bliss to our dark world below  
 Scarce turns her front, in heavenward flight sublime.

And if her aspect to this dismal wild  
 She turns, 't is sudden clouded o'er with gloom ;  
 Instant she flies ; and, beck'ning virtue's child,  
 Bids him through peril seek in heaven his home.

## EPITAPH.

The following epitaph is supposed to have been written upon the Reverend ELIZUR GOODRICH, D. D., of Durham, in whose family the author lived while fitting for college, and for whom he ever afterward entertained the highest esteem and respect.

In vain th' aspiring pyramid may raise  
 The lofty column to invade the skies ;  
 The venal muse may swell the trump of praise,  
 And feign to weep where vice or folly dies.

Not such the tribute to meek merit given ;  
 Here no proud pageant 'gainst oblivion strives ;  
 A man of God, whose only aim was Heaven,  
 Here sleeps ; but ever in remembrance lives.

His loved, his hallowed memory will descend,  
 Spotless and shining to our latest years,  
 Graved on the heart of many a sorrowing friend,  
 Embalmed in widows' and in orphans' tears.

He shunned all contest, shunned the noisy world ;  
 Yet, the bold champion of Religion's cause,  
 He rode in thunder, and the lightning hurled  
 On guilt, avenging HEAVEN'S insulted laws.

A life unsullied graced a faith sincere ;  
 In his blest Saviour's lowly steps he trod ;  
 Like Him, drew more by holy love than fear,  
 Spoke peace to man, and gave his soul to God.

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 EPITAPH ON THE HON. WILLIAM CUSHING,

One of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, who died  
 September, 1810.

Bedewed with tears of those his bounty fed,  
 Long o'er his grave may fragrant roses bloom ;  
 Long may remembrance of his goodness shed  
 Its clear, soft lustre o'er the darksome tomb.

Each task fulfilled—his duty his delight,  
 How tranquil set his sun in summer skies ;  
 While its last parting beams, that shone so bright,  
 Point to his radiant path, and heavenly prize.

## LINES

On a Lady's Shedding Tears after Marriage.

Why borrows Joy pale Sorrow's mien?  
 Why fall those pearly drops so fast?  
 Ah! the full heart feels bliss too keen,  
 Yet, trembling, fears it may not last.

So have I seen the morn of May,  
 With face that showers and darkness wears:  
 This—golden beams soon brush away,  
 And scatter smiles in place of tears!

## EPIGRAM

On an Ancient, Oging, Painted Belle.

CELIA, who, to the men's confusion,  
 Fires darts and eye-shots in profusion,  
 Knows not that war's staid laws require,  
 Under false colors ne'er to fire.

## TO A COQUETTE.

From the Italian of RONCALLI.

Well may you laugh at lovers' pains!  
 Your heart, a very looking-glass,  
 Receives all objects as they pass,  
 But ne'er the slightest trace retains.

## CHLOE.

From the Italian of ROLLI.

Of other belles words give an image faint:  
 For CHLOE three suffice: bones, skin and paint.

## SELLECK OSBORN.

[Born 1783. Died 1826.]

SELLECK OSBORN was born at Trumbull, in Fairfield County, in 1783. His parents were highly respectable for intelligence and moral worth; but, from their pecuniary circumstances, were unable to afford their son any advantages for acquiring instruction, beyond those furnished by a common English School. Being naturally of a delicate constitution, and thus somewhat unfitted for habits of active exercise, he employed much of his time, during his boyish days, in the diligent perusal of such books as he was enabled to obtain, and thus early laid the foundation of his literary taste. At the age of twelve years he was apprenticed to the printing business in a newspaper office at Danbury. Here he continued to improve his leisure hours by diligent reading, and, while yet young, composed many poetical effusions, some of which were committed anonymously to the press, and attracted much notice and approbation.

Soon after OSBORN had attained his majority, he was induced by some of the prominent members of the Jeffersonian party to take charge of a newspaper at Litchfield, devoted to their views, and entitled "The Witness." The county which he now made his residence was a stronghold of Federalism—the times were marked by high political strife—and the ardent temperament of our editor did not admit the restraints of a cautious prudence. He had not been many months engaged in his new labors, when the publication in his columns of an article reflecting upon the political movements of one of his townsmen, was made the ground of a suit for libel. Being found guilty, he was sentenced to pay a heavy fine; and as he was both unable and unwilling to do this, he was confined for one year in the Litchfield County Jail. The sympathy of his political friends was so powerfully excited by this captivity, which they regarded as unjust and oppressive, that a public procession was made to the place of his confinement. WILLIAM RAY, in the "Exordium" to his "Horrors of Slavery," alludes to this imprisonment, in speaking of the region of his birth:

"A County where the Feds prevail,  
And SELLECK OSBORN pined in jail,  
To prove of martyrdom the fitness,  
By giving to the world a *Witness*  
That men may Freedom have, and lose her,  
Court and wed Power, and then abuse her."



After his release from confinement, our author continued for several years at his old employment, during which, many poetical articles from his pen, called forth by the acts of politicians or the movements of parties, acquired for him, by their easy rhyme and pointed sarcasm, an extended notoriety. About the year 1809, he procured a Lieutenant's commission in the United States Army, and was subsequently promoted to a Captaincy, in which command he served in the last war with Great Britain, and was for a period stationed on the Canadian frontier. During the early part of his military life, he was married to a lady of New Bedford, of much personal worth, who died after a few years, the happiness of which he has feelingly commemorated in his verse.

After the close of the war, OSBORN again resumed the editorial chair, first at Bennington, in Vermont, and subsequently, for a number of years, at Wilmington, in Delaware. When the Presidential contest for 1825 drew near, he was induced to assume the charge of a paper in the city of New York devoted to the elevation of Mr. CALHOUN, but soon resigned it, as it became apparent that the cause which it advocated was hopeless. Being now in delicate health, and weakened by a pulmonary affection, our author relinquished his more active professional duties, and took up his residence in the city of Philadelphia, where he had some years before contracted a second marriage. Having lingered for some months in great bodily weakness, though still making frequent use of his pen, he sunk under the violence of his disease, and died in October, 1826.

In 1823, Mr. OSBORN published at Boston a volume of "Poems, Moral, Sentimental, and Satirical," being a collection of many of his fugitive articles. Several of these had enjoyed a wide-spread popularity, which has entitled their author to a mention amongst the poetical writers of his native commonwealth.

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#### THE TREBLE VOICE.

That voice! Oh how its warblings thrill  
 Each nerve with rapture while I hear;  
 While every earthly thought is still,  
 And none but purest pleasures fill  
 My senses, crowding at my ear.

Hark! how it swells! so swells my soul  
 With joy exalted, pure and holy!  
 It rises: earth, thy base control  
 I spurn—adieu, vain world of folly.

In tender cadence now it falls,  
Breathes gently through the sacred dome,  
Like the angelic tone that calls  
A kindred spirit to its home.

'T is ended ; but the lovely strain  
Still sweetly dwells in Fancy's ear :  
Mortal I find myself again—  
I know it by this starting tear.

'T is not my present sense alone  
That wakes, sweet LAURA, at thy song ;  
But images of pleasures flown  
Around the seat of memory throng.

For then I think of other days,  
When one with heart as pure as thine,  
Beside me raised the hymn of praise,  
And blended all her soul with mine.

Sing on, fair warbler : Oh restore  
The dear illusion to my view ;  
To soothe my widowed heart, once more  
The dream of past delights renew.

---

#### THE SAILOR.

“The wary sea-bird screams afar,  
Along the wave dire omens sweep ;  
From the veiled sky no friendly star  
Beams on the undulating deep !

“Hark ! from the cliffs of distant shores,  
The Lom emits his dismal cry ;  
The wave portentous warning roars,  
And speaks the threatening tempest nigh.

“What guardian angel's watchful power  
Shall snatch me from the angry deep ?  
Or bid, in that tremendous hour,  
The demon of the waters sleep ?

“ Or who, if on some desert wild  
 I drift, weak, famished and distrest,  
 Shall hush the sorrows of my child,  
 Or soothe LAVINIA’S wounded breast ?

“ Sweet objects of my early love,  
 For you with aching heart I mourn ;  
 Far from your peaceful vale I rove,  
 Ah ! hopeless ever to return !

“ Yet should it be my happy lot  
 To hail again my native shore,  
 Secure within my humble cot,  
 I ’ll brave the restless deep no more ! ”

His prayer was heard—the rolling bark  
 Rode through the storm with stubborn pride ;  
 And WILLIAM, blithe as morning lark,  
 Flew to his sweet, enraptured bride.

Yet WILL, with love and liquor warm,  
 Ere yet a month had passed in glee,  
 Forgot the terrors of the storm,  
 And, singing, squared away for sea !

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#### THE RUINS.

I ’ve seen in twilight’s pensive hour,  
 The moss-clad dome, the mouldering tower,  
 In awful ruin stand ;  
 That dome where grateful voices sung,  
 That tower whose chiming music rung  
 Majestically grand !

I ’ve seen, mid sculptured pride, the tomb  
 Where heroes slept in silent gloom,  
 Unconscious of their fame ;  
 Those who, with laureled honors crowned,  
 Among their foes spread terror round,  
 And gained—an empty name.

I've seen, in death's dark palace laid,  
 The ruins of a beauteous maid,  
 Cadaverous and pale!  
 That maiden who, while life remained,  
 O'er rival charms in triumph reigned  
 The mistress of the vale.

I've seen, where dungeon damp's abide,  
 A youth admired in manhood's pride,  
 In morbid fancy rave;—  
 He who, in reason's happier day,  
 Was virtuous, witty, nobly gay,  
 Learned, generous, and brave.

Nor dome, nor tower in twilight shade,  
 Nor hero fall'n, nor beauteous maid,  
 To ruin all consigned,  
 Can with such pathos touch my breast,  
 As, on the maniac's form impressed,  
 The ruins of the mind!

---

AFFECTATION REBUKED.

Said ANN to her mother, (affecting to pout,)

“That impudent man I detest!

I can't show my face, within doors or without,

But I meet the full gaze of that pest!

Do n't you think, my dear Ma, that a few hours ago,

After passing him, (would you believe it?)

He turned himself round, and he stared at me so—

So steadily—none can conceive it!”

“Be cautious, my child, there is company here—

And you may for imprudence be blamed:

Who told you of all this impertinence, dear?”

“Why, I saw it, and was so ashamed!”

“Beware affectation, and vanity too,”

The mother replied, with a smile:

“When you saw him so steadily looking at you,

Pray where did you look, all the while?”

## PLATONIC LOVE.

Oh, lady, spare this throbbing heart,  
 'T is frail—'t is weak—but 't is not free :  
 Not that I dream of any art  
 To lure that worthless heart from me ;  
 But still, unconscious of all guile,  
 Thou may'st excite forbidden sighs,  
 By the sly roguery of that smile,  
 By the arch glances of those eyes—  
 By that unstudied, native grace,  
 That cheers, warms, blesses all around ;  
 By that bright, animating face,  
 And by that tongue's bewitching sound :  
 But chiefly by the force of thought,  
 The sportive wit, the ready mind,  
 Are the sweet fascinations wrought,  
 That my enchanted senses bind.

\* \* \* \* \*

A dear one claims, and well deserves  
 My bosom's mansion, and its stores—  
 But, hospitably, still reserves  
 A room, when friends approach its doors.  
 A chamber in my heart remains,  
 Free for the good and fair :  
 When my sweet friend a visit deigns,  
 She 'll find a welcome there.

---

 DARTMOOR.

Written during the excitement which prevailed after the affair at Dartmoor  
 Prison.

Oh England! should'st thou e'er again  
 Force us to meet thee on the main,  
 The spirit of the murdered Tar  
 Shall aggravate the invidious war ;  
 Perched on the shroud, it will be heard,  
 Loud as MACDONOUGH'S valiant bird ;  
 And through thy panic-stricken fleet  
 Scream the shrill omen of defeat !

## REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

[Born 1785.]

THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT is a lineal descendant of the Rev. JAMES PIERPONT, the second minister of New Haven, who is supposed to have been allied to the noble English family of his name, which held the earldom of Kingston, and bore the motto "Pie reponere te." The grandson of Mr. PIERPONT of New Haven was a resident of Litchfield, where his son, the subject of this sketch, was born, on the 6th of April, 1785. He entered Yale College at fifteen years of age, and was regularly graduated in 1804. After assisting for a short time the Rev. Dr. BACKUS, afterward President of Hamilton College, in the charge of an Academy, he went to South Carolina in the autumn of 1805, and resided as a private tutor in the family of Col. WILLIAM ALSTON, with whom he remained for nearly four years. Here he commenced the study of the law, which, after his return to Connecticut, in 1809, he continued in the Law School at Litchfield.

In 1812, Mr. PIERPONT was admitted to the bar in Essex County, Massachusetts, and practised his profession for a time in Newburyport. Here he first became known to the public in a poetical character, by delivering before "The Washington Benevolent Society," of Newburyport, "The Portrait," a patriotic poem, which was afterward published. His health demanding more active employment, he relinquished his profession, and engaged in mercantile transactions, first in Boston, and subsequently in Baltimore. In 1816, he abandoned these pursuits, and about the same time published the "Airs of Palestine," of which three editions were issued in the course of two years. He now devoted himself to the study of theology, first at Baltimore, and afterward at the Theological School connected with Harvard College. In October, 1816, he left that institution, and in April of the following year was ordained as minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, in Boston, as successor to the Rev. Dr. HOLLEY, who had been elected President of Transylvania University, in Kentucky.

In 1835, in consequence of ill health, Mr. PIERPONT left the country, and passed a year among the most interesting scenes of foreign travel. He visited England, France, and Italy, and from thence extended his tour through Greece into Asia Minor, and to Constantinople. On his return to his native country, he resumed

his pastoral charge in Boston, which he still retains, although often engaged in labors for the promotion of other objects believed to be subservient to the interests of humanity.

The "Airs of Palestine" is a poem of about eight hundred lines, in the heroic measure, designed to illustrate the influence of music upon the passions of mankind, by examples chiefly drawn from sacred history. It was written in the cause of charity, its recitation having formed part of the exercises of an evening concert of sacred music, for the benefit of the poor. It is the largest work of our author, and its graceful verse and glowing imagery have justly rendered it one of the most popular of American poems. The minor and occasional poems of Mr. PIERPONT have been numerous, and of highly varied character. They are composed in almost every variety of measure, and are generally marked by more of boldness and less of delicacy than the "Airs of Palestine." They were collected and published with the latter poem, at Boston, in a duodecimo volume, in 1840.

#### THE PROPHECY.\*

When on the ruins of Palmyra's walls,  
Through fleecy clouds the sober moonlight falls,  
Trembling among the ivy leaves, that shade  
The crumbling arch and broken colonnade—  
As some lone bard, that gives his silver hair  
To float, dishevelled, on the sighing air,  
While glories, long departed, rush along,  
Pours on the ear of night, in mournful song,  
The fond remembrance of that splendid day,  
When round LONGINUS' temples twined the bay,  
When on those towers the beams of science shone,  
And princes kneeled around ZENOBIA'S throne ;—  
Some future minstrel thus his lyre shall sweep,  
Where glides Potomac to the azure deep :

" Where now these ruins moulder on the ground,  
Where Desolation walks her silent round,  
The slippery serpent drags his sinuous trail,  
To marble columns clings the slimy snail,  
The solemn raven croaks, the cricket sings,  
And bats and owlets flap their sooty wings ;—

\* From "The Portrait."

Once, a proud temple rose, with front sublime,  
 By Wisdom reared, to brave the shocks of Time,  
 And consecrated to the smiling three,  
 RELIGION, PEACE, and CIVIL LIBERTY.  
 Its earliest priests, in stainless robes arrayed,  
 By no threats daunted, by no arts betrayed,  
 Ne'er let the censer nor the olive drop,  
 Though clouds and tempests brooded o'er its top.  
 Time brought their pious labors to a close ;  
 Others succeeded, and new scenes arose ;  
 The hovering tempests fell upon its walls,  
 The brooding clouds were welcomed to its halls,  
 The shuddering altars felt the fires of hell,  
 The olive withered, and the censer fell,  
 The columns broke, the trembling arches frowned,  
 The temple sunk, and Ruin stalks around."

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PALESTINE.\*

Here let us pause : the opening prospect view :  
 How fresh this mountain air ! how soft the blue,  
 That throws its mantle o'er the lengthening scene !  
 Those waving groves—those vales of living green—  
 Those yellow fields—that lake's cerulean face,  
 That meets, with curling smiles, the cool embrace  
 Of roaring torrents, lulled by her to rest—  
 That white cloud melting on the mountain's breast :  
 How the wide landscape laughs upon the sky !  
 How rich the light that gives it to the eye !

Where lies our path ?—Though many a vista call,  
 We may admire, but cannot tread them all.  
 Where lies our path ?—A poet, and inquire  
 What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre ?  
 See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow ;  
 See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow ;  
 There Ossa rises ; there Olympus towers ;  
 Between them Tempé breathes in beds of flowers,

\* From the "Airs of Palestine."



For ever verdant ; and there Peneus glides  
 Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.  
 Your theme is MUSIC ;—yonder rolls the wave  
 Where dolphins snatched Arion from his grave,  
 Enchanted by his lyre :—Cithæron's shade  
 Is yonder seen, where first AMPHION played  
 Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,  
 Charmed stones around him, and gave cities birth.  
 And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps  
 O'er golden sands, and still for ORPHEUS weeps,  
 Whose gory head, borne by the stream along  
 Was still melodious, and expired in song.  
 There Nereids sing, and TRITON winds his shell ;  
 There be thy path, for there the Muses dwell.  
 No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine ;  
 Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine.  
 There purer streams through happier valleys flow,  
 And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.  
 I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm ;  
 I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm ;  
 I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews ;  
 I love the promptings of ISAIAH's muse ;  
 In Carmel's holy grotts I'll court repose,  
 And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

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MUSIC OF ITALY.\*

On Arno's bosom, as he calmly flows,  
 And his cool arms round Vallombrosa throws,  
 Rolling his crystal tide through classic vales,  
 Alone, at night, the Italian boatman sails.  
 High o'er Mount Alto walks, in maiden pride,  
 Night's queen—he sees her image on that tide,  
 Now, ride the wave that curls its infant crest  
 Around his prow, then rippling sinks to rest ;  
 Now, glittering, dance around his eddying oar,  
 Whose every sweep is echoed from the shore ;

\* From the same.

Now, far before him, on a liquid bed  
 Of waveless water, rest her radiant head.  
 How mild the empire of that virgin queen!  
 How dark the mountain's shade! How still the scene!  
 Hushed by her silver sceptre, zephyrs sleep  
 On dewy leaves, that overhang the deep,  
 Nor dare to whisper through the boughs, nor stir  
 The valley's willow, nor the mountain's fir,  
 Nor make the pale and breathless aspen quiver,  
 Nor brush, with ruffling wing, that glassy river.

Hark!—'t is a convent's bell :—its midnight chime :  
 For music measures even the march of time :—  
 O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,  
 Gray turrets rise :—the eye can catch no more.  
 The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,  
 Suspends his oar ;—a low and solemn swell,  
 From the deep shade that round the cloister lies,  
 Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.  
 What melting song wakes the cold ear of night ?  
 A funeral dirge, that pale nuns, robed in white,  
 Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,  
 To charm the parting spirit of the dead.  
 Triumphant is the spell! With raptured ear,  
 That uncaged spirit, hovering, lingers near :  
 Why should she mount? why pant for brighter bliss,  
 A lovelier scene, a sweeter song, than this?

---

INVOCATION.\*

Oh! Thou Dread Spirit! Being's End and Source!  
 Check thy bright chariot in its fervid course.  
 Bend from thy throne of darkness and of fire,  
 And with one smile immortalize our lyre.  
 Amid the cloudy lustre of thy throne,  
 Though wreathy tubes, unheard on earth, are blown,  
 In sweet accord with the undying hymn  
 Of angel choirs and harping Seraphim,  
 Still hast thou stooped to hear a shepherd play,  
 To prompt his measures and approve his lay.

\* From the same.

Hast thou grown old, Thou, who for ever livest !  
 Hast thou forgotten, Thou, who memory givest !  
 How, on the day thine ark, with loud acclaim,  
 From Zion's hill to mount Moriah came,  
 Beneath the wings of Cherubim to rest,  
 In a rich veil of Tyrian purple dressed ;  
 When harps and cymbals joined in echoing clang,  
 When psalteries tinkled, and when trumpets rang,  
 And white-robed Levites round thine altar sang,  
 Thou didst descend, and, rolling through the crowd,  
 Inshrine thine ark and altar in thy shroud,  
 And fill the temple with thy mantling cloud !  
 And now, Almighty Father, well we know,  
 When humble strains from grateful bosoms flow,  
 Those humble strains grow richer as they rise,  
 And shed a balmier freshness on the skies.

What though no Cherubim are here displayed,  
 No gilded walls, no cedar colonnade,  
 No crimson curtains hang around our choir,  
 Wrought by the cunning artisan of Tyre ;  
 No doors of fir on golden hinges turn ;  
 No spicy gums in golden censers burn ;  
 No frankincense, in rising volumes, shrouds  
 The fretted roof in aromatic clouds ;  
 No royal minstrel, from his ivory throne,  
 Gives thee his father's numbers or his own ;—  
 If humble love, if gratitude inspire,  
 Our strain shall silence even the temple's choir,  
 And rival MICHAEL'S trump, nor yield to GABRIEL'S lyre.

In what rich harmony, what polished lays,  
 Should man address thy throne, when Nature pays  
 Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky !  
 Yes, LORD, she sings thee, but she knows not why.  
 The fountain's gush, the long resounding shore,  
 The zephyr's whisper, and the tempest's roar,  
 The rustling leaf in autumn's fading woods,  
 The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,  
 The summer bower, by cooling breezes fanned,  
 The torrent's fall, by dancing rainbows spanned,

The streamlet, gurgling through its rocky glen,  
 The long grass, sighing o'er the graves of men,  
 The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,  
 Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,  
 The scorching bolt, that, from thine armory hurled,  
 Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world ;  
 All these are music to Religion's ear,—  
 Music, thy hand awakes, for man to hear.  
 Thy hand invested in their azure robes,  
 Thy breath made buoyant, yonder circling globes,  
 That bound and blaze along the elastic wires,  
 That viewless vibrate on celestial lyres,  
 And in that high and radiant concave tremble,  
 Beneath whose dome adoring hosts assemble,  
 To catch the notes from those bright spheres that flow,  
 Which mortals dream of, but which angels know.

Before thy throne three sister Graces kneel ;  
 Their holy influence let our bosoms feel !  
 FAITH, that with smiles lights up our dying eyes ;  
 HOPE, that directs them to the opening skies ;  
 And CHARITY, the loveliest of the three,  
 That can assimilate a worm to thee.  
 For her our organ breathes ;\* to her we pay  
 The heartfelt homage of an humble lay ;  
 And while, to her, symphonious chords we string,  
 And Silence listens while to her we sing,  
 While round thine altar swells our evening song,  
 And vaulted roofs the dying notes prolong,  
 The strain we pour to her, do Thou approve ;  
 For LOVE is CHARITY, and THOU art LOVE !

---

“PASSING AWAY.”—A DREAM.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,  
 That came so sweet to my dreaming ear—  
 Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell  
 That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,

\* Alluding to the cause of charity, in behalf of which the poem was written.

When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,  
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,  
She dispensing her silvery light,  
And he his notes as silvery quite,  
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,  
To catch the music that comes from the shore?

Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,  
Are set to words:—as they float, they say,  
“Passing away! passing away!”

But no: it was not a fairy's shell,  
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear,  
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,  
Striking the hour that filled my ear,  
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime  
That told of the flow of the stream of time.  
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,  
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung;  
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring  
That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing;)  
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,  
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,  
“Passing away! passing away!”

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told  
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow!  
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,  
Seemed to point to the girl below.  
And lo! she had changed: in a few short hours  
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,  
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung  
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung  
In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,  
That told me she soon was to be a bride;  
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,  
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,  
“Passing away! passing away!”

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade  
Of thought or care stole softly over,  
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,  
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.

The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush  
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush ;  
 And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels  
     That marched so calmly round above her,  
 Was a little dimmed—as when evening steals  
     Upon noon's hot face :—Yet one could n't but love her,  
 For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay  
     Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day ;  
 And she seemed in the same silver tone to say  
     “ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

While yet I looked, what a change there came !  
 Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan ;  
 Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,  
     Yet, just as busily swung she on !  
 The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;  
 The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;  
 The hands that over the dial swept,  
 Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept ;  
 And still there came that silver tone  
 From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone—  
 (Let me never forget till my dying day  
 The tone or the burden of her lay,)  
     “ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

---

MY CHILD.

I cannot make him dead !  
 His fair sunshiny head  
 Is ever bounding round my study chair ;  
     Yet when my eyes, now dim  
     With tears, I turn to him,  
 The vision vanishes—he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,  
 And, through the open door,  
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;  
     I 'm stepping toward the hall  
     To give the boy a call ;  
 And then bethink me that—he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;  
A satchelled lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair :  
And, as he 's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin lid ;  
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;  
My hand that marble felt ;  
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;  
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !  
When passing by the bed,  
So long watched over with parental care,  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek it inquiringly,  
Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To HIM who gave my boy ;  
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer—  
Whate'er I may be saying,  
I am, in spirit, praying  
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there !—where, then, is he ?  
The form I used to see  
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.  
The grave, that now doth press  
Upon that cast-off dress,  
Is but his wardrobe locked ;—he is not there !

He lives!—In all the past,  
 He lives; nor, to the last,  
 Of seeing him again will I despair;  
 In dreams I see him now;  
 And, on his angel brow,  
 I see it written—"Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!  
 Father, thy chastening rod  
 So help us, thine afflicted ones to bear,  
 That, in the spirit-land,  
 Meeting at thy right hand,  
 'T will be our heaven to find that—he is *there!*

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#### THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The pilgrim fathers—where are they?  
 The waves that brought them o'er  
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray  
 As they break along the shore;  
 Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,  
 When the May-Flower moored below,  
 When the sea around was black with storms,  
 And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,  
 Still brood upon the tide;  
 And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,  
 To stay its waves of pride.  
 But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,  
 When the heavens looked dark, is gone;  
 As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,  
 Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!  
 The hill, whose icy brow  
 Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,  
 In the morning's flame burns now.



And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night  
 On the hill-side and the sea,  
 Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;  
 But the pilgrim—where is he ?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :  
 When Summer's throned on high,  
 And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,  
 Go, stand on the hill where they lie.  
 The earliest ray of the golden day  
 On that hallowed spot is cast ;  
 And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,  
 Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled :  
 It walks in noon's broad light ;  
 And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,  
 With the holy stars, by night.  
 It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
 And shall guard this ice-bound shore,  
 Till the waves of the bay where the May-Flower lay,  
 Shall foam and freeze no more.

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DIRGE,

Sung by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, at the Funeral Obsequies  
 of Dr. SPURZHEIM.

Stranger, there is bending o'er thee  
 Many an eye with sorrow wet :  
 All our stricken hearts deplore thee :  
 Who, that knew thee, can forget ?  
 Who forget what thou hast spoken ?  
 Who, thine eye—thy noble frame ?  
 But, that golden bowl is broken,  
 In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither  
 On the spot where thou shalt rest ;  
 'T is in love we bear thee thither,  
 To thy mourning Mother's breast.

For the stores of science brought us,  
 For the charm thy goodness gave  
 To the lessons thou hast taught us,  
 Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent  
 Was thy worship at her shrine!  
 Friend of man, of God the servant,  
 Advocate of truths divine;  
 Taught and charmed as by no other  
 We have been, and hoped to be;  
 But, while waiting round thee, Brother,  
 For thy light, 't is dark with thee.

Dark with thee! No! thy Creator,  
 All whose creatures and whose laws  
 Thou didst love, shall give thee greater  
 Light than earth's as earth withdraws.  
 To thy God thy godlike spirit  
 Back we give in filial trust;  
 Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it  
 To its chamber—but we must.

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DEDICATION HYMN.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
 Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue,—

Not now, on Zion's height alone,  
 Thy favored worshipper may dwell,  
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
 Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,  
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer—  
 The incense of the heart—may rise  
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this thy house, whose doors we now  
 For social worship first unfold,

To Thee the suppliant throng shall bow,  
While circling years on years are rolled.

To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,  
And childhood lisp, with reverend air,  
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,  
To thee, at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung!

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#### WARREN'S ADDRESS

To the American Soldiers, before the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!

Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

• Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel!

Hear it in that battle peal!

Read it on yon bristling steel!

Ask it—ye who will!

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?

Will ye to your homes retire?

Look, behind you! they're a-fire!

And, before you, see

Who have done it!—From the vale

On they come!—and will ye quail?

Leaden rain and iron hail

Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!

Die we may—and die we must:—

But, oh, where can dust to dust

Be consigned so well,

As where heaven its dews shall shed

On the martyred patriot's bed,

And the rocks shall raise their head,

Of his deeds to tell!

## MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

[Born 1787.]

MRS. EMMA WILLARD is a daughter of the late SAMUEL HART, of Berlin, where she was born in February, 1787. Her father was descended on the maternal side from THOMAS HOOKER, the first minister of Hartford, and on the paternal from STEPHEN HART, a deacon of Mr. HOOKER's church at Cambridge, and his companion across the wilderness. The subject of our sketch has been long and favorably known to the public, by her devotion to the cause of female education, and by the many improvements which she has labored not unsuccessfully to introduce in its various departments. The love of teaching appears to be a "ruling passion" of her mind, and was developed in her early years. After receiving the advantages of the common schools, and enjoying the instruction for two winters of Dr. MINER, then an eminent teacher at the Berlin Academy, she took the charge, at sixteen years of age, of a district school in her native town. The following year she opened a select school, and in the summer of the next year was placed at the head of the Berlin Academy. During this period, while engaged at home throughout the summer and winter in the capacity of instructress, she managed in the spring and autumn to attend one or other of the two boarding schools at Hartford.

During the spring of 1807, Miss HART received invitations to take charge of Academies in three different states, and accepted that from Westfield, in Massachusetts. She remained there but a few weeks, when, upon a second and more pressing invitation, she went to Middlebury, in Vermont. Here she assumed the charge of a Female Academy, which she retained for two years. The school was liberally patronized, and general satisfaction rewarded the efforts of its Preceptress. In 1809, she resigned her Academy, and was united in marriage to Dr. JOHN WILLARD, then Marshal of the District of Vermont, and for several years a leader of the Republican party in that state.

In 1814, Mrs. WILLARD was induced to establish a Boarding School in Middlebury, and formed a determination to effect an important change in female education, by the introduction of a class of schools of a higher character than any which had been established in the country before. She applied herself assiduously to increase

her own personal abilities as a teacher, by the diligent study of branches with which she had before been unacquainted. She introduced new studies into her school, and invented new methods of teaching. She also prepared "An Address to the Public," in which she proposed "a plan for improving female education." Having determined on removing her Institution to Waterford, in the state of New York, in the summer of 1818, Mrs. WILLARD, at the earnest solicitation of a friend, sent a copy of her "Plan" to Governor CLINTON, who gave it his hearty concurrence. At the ensuing session of the New York Legislature, he recommended the project, and an influential member from Waterford submitted the "Plan." An act was passed to incorporate the proposed institution at Waterford, and another to give to Female Academies a share in the literature fund.

During the spring of 1819, Mrs. WILLARD removed to Waterford, and opened her school early in the ensuing summer. The higher mathematics were introduced, and the course of study was made sufficiently complete to qualify the pupils for any station in life. In the spring of 1821, difficulties attending the securing a proper building for the school in Waterford, Mrs. WILLARD again determined upon a removal. The citizens of Troy offered liberal inducements, and in May, 1821, the "Troy Female Seminary" was opened, under flattering auspices, and success crowned the indefatigable exertions of our authoress. Since that period the institution has been well known to the public, and for seventeen years the name of Mrs. WILLARD was identified with that of her favorite "Seminary." In the autumn of 1830, having been left a widow for five years, and being now in impaired health, she left the country, and sailed for France. She resided in Paris for several months, and from thence visited England and Scotland, and returned the following year. After her return she published a volume of her travels, the avails of which, amounting to twelve hundred dollars, were devoted to the cause of female education in Greece. It may be proper to add that she appropriated the avails of one or two other publications also to the same object. In 1838, Mrs. WILLARD resigned the charge of the Troy Seminary, and has since resided principally in Connecticut. Education has still been her favorite subject of study, and she has given much attention to the improvement of common schools. Her present residence is Hartford, where she is now preparing for publication a "Manual of American History, for the use of Schools." The merits of her "Geography," "United States History," and "Universal History," have been attested by their very general use in seminaries of education.

The poetical compositions of Mrs. WILLARD have been few, and were chiefly comprised in a small volume printed in 1830. At the Celebration of the second Centennial Anniversary of the settlement

of Farmington, in 1840, an historical poem from her pen, entitled "Our Fathers," was read by a friend, after an oration by the Rev. Mr. PORTER, of New Milford. On the evening of the same day, at a kind of historical party, at which ancient costumes and usages were for the time revived, the poem which succeeds this sketch was recited to a group of merry auditors. The native humor of the piece is heightened by the fact, that the events, the localities, and the personages were all strictly real, and "Ensign HART" and "little SAMMY" were no other than the grandfather and father of the authoress.

We should be pleased to present the reader with the "Ocean Hymn," "My own Sunny France," and other pleasant melodies from the same pen; but the length of the poem which we have chosen, and which we publish entire, engrosses all the space at our command.

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### BRIDE-STEALING.

A Tale of New England's Middle Age.

They who across the Atlantic came,  
 Our earliest sires, are known to fame.  
 But where 's the book, or where 's the page,  
 That well depicts our MIDDLE AGE?  
 The tale that here is said or sung,  
 Is from Tradition's faithful tongue.

Our heroine's name, we 're grieved to say,  
 Was unpoetic TABITHA.  
 Yet 't is reported she was fair,  
 As ELLENS or LOUISAS are;  
 With cheek as ruddy, eye as bright,  
 With form as fine, and step as light;  
 In full expectance too of fortune,  
 The daughter of rich ISAAC NORTON:  
 And she could brew, and wash, and bake,  
 And weave, and knit, and mend, and make—  
 The little or the great wheel twirl,  
 And was, all said, "a working girl."  
 No wonder, then, despite her name,  
 Suitors, or rather "sparks," there came.

Though loth to own, we can't deny,  
 She had a spice of coquetry;

So off at once she did not turn 'em.  
At spinning-spell, given Reverend BURNHAM,  
These rivals first began to see,  
She favored most tall ISAAC LEE.  
For when she passed the button round,  
'Twixt ISAAC's broad hands it was found!  
And when they formed the circle gay,  
And danced around, and sung away,  
And 't was her chance, a mate to seek,  
She turned to him, with blushing cheek:  
Though nothing bashful ISAAC spoke,  
They fancied triumph in his look.  
But then arose their manly pride—  
And so, their jealous throes to hide,  
They judged, in all good nature seeming,  
Upon his glove, at pawn-redeeming;—  
To hold the candle, they her pick,  
And bade him—kiss the candlestick.

Of all these rivals there was none,  
So inly stirred as BURNHAM's son.  
Despite his father's lessons ample,  
And elder brothers, for a sample,  
And spite of intellect capacious,  
He was high-tempered, and rapacious—  
And all unkindled would take fire;  
Such BURNHAM's youngest son, JOSIAH.

Grave and sedate—of twenty-three—  
Of giant mould—was ISAAC LEE.  
So slow his parts, 't is said that once,  
In school, the master called him dunce.  
But then, to pass the censure by,  
For salvo, made this prophecy—  
"Like winter apple he 'd be found,  
Slower to ripen, but more sound."  
His ancestors, true men of fame,  
From Colchester, in England, came;  
And his descendants claim the honor  
To trace their line to Bishop BONNER.  
In Kensington's first burying ground,  
At Christian-Lane, may now be found,

Midst broken stones, with moss o'erspread,  
And doleful figures of death's head,  
One, sacred to the memory,  
Of ISAAC's grandsire, STEPHEN LEE.  
With thirteen more, he settled here,  
From Tunxis,\* Berlin's pioneer.  
But ISAAC, with his sire, I ween,  
Dwelt where New Britain's spires are seen.  
(New Britain called as we are told,  
'To well distinguish from the old.)  
Physician he, and still we trace  
A Doctor, where the LEES have place.

As was the fashion of the day,  
So ISAAC wooed his TABITHA.  
But if in Meeting-House they met,  
The men on one side all were set;  
The front rank to the grandsires given,  
Nearest the priest, as nearest heaven.  
Then came the fathers, hale and strong,  
And all behind, the ruddy young.  
While, on the left, with ranks the same,  
The women in their order came.  
Each in his seat was early centered,  
Each reverent rose, when BURNHAM entered.  
All meekly bowed their heads to pray,  
Nor lovers' thoughts allowed to stray;  
But 'twixt the singing and the text,  
To right and left their glances mixt.

But mighty difference all believed in  
'Twixt Sunday morn, and Sunday evenin'.  
Our lovers, all bad customs scorning,  
Never but once, sat up till morning;  
When ISAAC, in a sheepish plight,  
His mare rode home, in broad daylight!

But 't was no matter—'t was long a'ter,  
He'd asked the sire, to woo the daughter;  
And that same week his father went,  
To Lower-Lane, to ask consent;

\* Tunxis—the Indian name of Farmington.



When all agreed, as was expected,  
 The families should be connected.  
 And then by Mrs. NORTON stirred,  
 The mug of flip confirmed the word ;  
 A custom not to be commended,  
 And honored best, when soonest ended.

Now ISAAC'S wedding was close by,  
 Fixed for the tenth day of July ;—  
 So say the records ; and, in short, he  
 Wed that day, seventeen hundred forty :  
 Which makes my tale appropriate ;  
 The event, the time we celebrate,  
 Full in the middle doth divide,  
 One century, on either side.\*

Excuse me—I 'm before my story ;  
 The bride of course was in her glory ;  
 The youngsters all at beck ;—and they  
 Must each bring lass, as she should say.  
 But she sent lads, to make all pleasant,  
 For those, their flames were, for the present.  
 To one she said, you bring DESIRE,  
 Another PATIENCE, or BETHIAH ;  
 And so as soon as he was sent,  
 Straight to the father's house he went ;  
 And finds her, as the wheel she twirls,  
 With mammy, and the boys and girls—  
 And though all know for what he 's come,  
 She 's asked to step to t' other room :  
 And then he says, " May I, Miss SUE,  
 To TABBY'S wedding wait on you ?"  
 Consent obtained, he next in course,  
 His father asks for loan of horse ;  
 Then on the wedding afternoon,  
 He rides to claim the promised boon.  
 Her pillion blue, to door she brings ;  
 He puts it on, and up she springs ;  
 And, as her arm around is thrown,  
 A happier soul could not be known.

\* The reader will bear in mind that this poem was read at the evening party which followed the Centennial Celebration at Farmington, in 1840.

He, of a Lord might envy fix,  
Who rides, and hates, in coach-and-six.

Whoe'er events of note relates,  
Should places give, as well as dates;  
To Worthington, then with me go,  
That beauteous hill, and look below;  
O'er earth's domain a fairer vale,  
Ne'er swept the summer's passing gale.  
Westward descending, half-way go,  
To where the brook doth gently flow:  
There, where another road you meet,  
The NORTONS had their earliest seat.  
'T is gone—but still doth memory  
That brown, old-fashioned house descry:  
No paint or plaster ever stood,  
Upon its walls and timbers rude.

It was, (if right I have the spelling,)  
A "lean-to," double-lighted dwelling:  
There gathered, was the NORTON clan,  
Matron and maid, and child and man.  
All wore the clothes of Sabbath-day,\*  
But beauty's charm wore TABITHA.

'T is well remembered, of that wedding  
Not one was slighted at the bidding;  
And on they came, in troops along,  
A merry and a jocund throng.  
First, decked, as bridegroom grave should be,  
And mounted well, rode ISAAC LEE.  
His father, Doctor LEE, with dame  
On pillion snug, soon after came.  
His uncle, Deacon JONATHAN,  
With Reverend BURNHAM, next rode on.  
And thither hied, in friendly part,  
NORTON's next neighbor, Ensign HART,  
Whose comely spouse was, when he took her,  
The modest maiden, MARY HOOKER.  
They walked with firm and even mien,  
Their little SAMMY led between.

\* Pronounced vulgarly, at that period, Sabba'-day.

And of those HARTS, the whole three brothers,  
 That wived three HOOKERS, came with others ;—  
 THOMAS and JOHN, and HEZEKIAH,  
 ISAAC and NAT. and ZACHARIAH :  
 And there came DEMINGS, COWLES and FOOTs,  
 BECKLEYS and BUCKLEYS, NORTHS and ROOTS ;  
 GILBERTS and PORTERS, sons and fathers,  
 PECKS, SMITHS and BOOTHs, with JUDDs and MATHERS ;  
 The LEWIS and the ANDREWS clan,  
 And all the STANLEYS to a man.

Now all the wedding guests were met,  
 And all in order due were set.  
 Uprose the pair—uprose the priest—  
 They owned their union, and he blest ;  
 Then pious exhortation made,  
 And long with solemn fervor prayed ;  
 And when the knot full fast was tied,  
 He led the way to kiss the bride.

Then cake went round, and other matters,  
 Handed on well-scoured pewter platters.  
 Well shone his laughing teeth on black,  
 The Ensign's negro, good old JACK,  
 Borrowed at need,—the only waiter  
 Save NORTON'S TOM ;—who brought forth—platter ?  
 Or what 's that lordly dish so rare,  
 That glitters forth in splendor's glare ?  
 "Tell us Miss NORTON,\* is it silver ?  
 Is it from China, or Brazil, or"—  
 Thus all together, on they ran ;  
 Quoth the good dame, " 't is a TIN PAN—  
 The first made in the colony ;  
 The maker PATISON 's just by—  
 From Ireland, in the last ship o'er—  
 You all can buy, for he 'll make more."

Next screamed the tuning violin,  
 Signal for dancing to begin,—  
 And goodly fathers thought no sin,

\* The bride's mother. Married ladies then universally received the title of "Miss," in New England.

When priest was by, and at a wedding,  
"Peggy and Molly" to be treading.  
Nay—priest himself, in cushion dance,  
At marriage feast would often prance.  
The pair of course led up the ball,  
But ISAAC liked it not at all.  
Shuffle and cut, he would not do,  
Just bent his form, the time to show,  
As beaux and ladies all do now :  
And when the first eight-reel was o'er,  
Stood back to wall, and danced no more ;  
But watched the rest, above them rising,  
Now chatting—then thus criticising :  
" When Christian fathers play the fool,  
Fast learn the children, at such school ;  
Better it were to mind the soul,  
And make the half-way covenant whole ;  
And priest, when son like that he sees,  
Were best at home, and on his knees."  
His eye upon young BURNHAM fell ;  
He watched him close, and read him well :  
Among his set detected signs,  
Then warned his bride of their designs.  
" Beware," he whispered, " BURNHAM'S gang ;  
Villain ! he 'll one day surely hang.  
They mean, my gentle love, to steal thee ;\*  
Be silent, nor let looks reveal thee ;  
Still keep by me, and fear no harm,  
Beneath the shelter of this arm."  
She said, " I *will* obey—not *must*,  
Thy head, thy arm,—thy heart I trust."  
BURNHAM approached—" Should he have pleasure,  
With the fair bride to tread a measure ?"  
" Sorry she was, but truth be spoken,  
The heel-tap from her shoe was broken ;  
Yon ugly chink upon the floor,  
Had snapped it off an inch or more."

\* To "steal the bride" was, in those days, for a party of young men, accompanied by some young women, to carry her off, take her junketing about to neighboring taverns, and bring her home the next day. It was a coarse jest; and not unfrequently a malicious one, got up by some disappointed rival.

With look displeased, the youth withdrew,  
 Much doubting if she spoke him true.  
 To MERCY HART, away he posted,  
 Who came, and thus the bride accosted :  
 " O TABBY! come along with me,  
 I'll show you something rare to see."  
 " Indeed, dear MERCY, I can't go,  
 My stay-lace"—and she whispered low.  
 " Well then, Miss LEE, if you can't come,  
 And see your friends, we'd best go home."  
 In vain—she could not tempt the bride,  
 To quit, like EVE, her ADAM's side.

Now came the parting good-byes on—  
 LEE whispered few words, and was gone ;  
 And in a short five minutes more,  
 By movement quick, she gained her door—  
 Drew fast the bolt—but straight pursue  
 With riot, the confederate crew.  
 One mounted on fleet steed was near,  
 The bride, when stolen, off to bear.  
 Now, at the door with shout and din,  
 They called aloud, to let them in.  
 " Quick! Open! or the door we break!"  
 Down falls the door, with crash and crack!  
 What saw those graceless felons then?  
 A timid woman? Aye—a man!  
 And more than man, he seemed to be,  
 As, armed with club, stood ISAAC LEE!  
 Darted his eye indignant fire ;  
 Thundered his voice with righteous ire!  
 " Back! Villains! Back!—The man is dead,  
 Who lifts a hand to touch that head!"  
 They stood aghast:—A moment gone  
 Mad and inebriate, all rushed on.  
 " Seize *him*," cried BURNHAM, with a scoff,  
 " While I take her, and bear her off!"  
 Ere the word ended, down he fell ;  
 LEE's giant blow had lighted well.  
 And quick and oft those strokes descended ;  
 And when that battle fierce was ended,

Three men lay on the floor for dead,  
And four more, wounded, turned and fled!  
Dead they were not, but bruised full sore;  
The bride, and bridegroom, bending o'er,  
With care and cordial, life restore.  
Others came too—the wounded raised,  
And ISAAC'S valor loudly praised.  
None thought him made of such true stuff;  
But hoped the rascals had enough.  
All said 't was right—and south and north,  
Abjured BRIDE-STEALING from thenceforth.

The pedagogue got credit by  
His "winter apple" prophecy.  
And LEE too, proved a prophet true;  
Two men thereafter BURNHAM slew,  
In fierce debate and bloody fray,  
In Hav'rill\* jail the while he lay;  
For which his neck the halter wore,  
Sole murderer Berlin ever bore.

His neighbors LEE soon elevate  
In church, in army, and in state,  
And make him, spite of his desire,  
Colonel, and Deacon, and Esquire.  
And in the last, it well appears,  
He judged New Britain thirty years.  
When wearied out with public duty,  
His TABBY still to him a beauty,  
He, to all rulers a bright beacon,  
Would office quit, save that of Deacon.  
His townsmen would not hear his plea,  
But he, perforce, their judge must be.  
LEE, well resolved his cares to doff,  
Straight penned request to let him off  
To General Court at Hartford sitting;  
Who judged it hard and ill-befitting,  
To force a man, whate'er his skill,  
Office to hold against his will.

The best can 't last, for time keeps going;  
Follow who comes, their righteous doing.

\* In Haverhill, in New Hampshire.

But mind the right, for 't is no wonder  
If once at least each makes a blunder.  
To evil-doers long a terror,  
In judgment LEE was once in error.  
Right culprits once he failed to hit,  
In case the following, to wit :  
A neighbor made, for loss and fright,  
Complaint of revellers at night :—  
His swine-trough in his well was thrown ;  
His well-sweep o'er his house had flown ;  
His wood-pile, placed against his door,  
At morning opened, knocked him o'er ;  
Where his ox-yoke, he had not learned ;  
His cart was in the brook, upturned.  
And worse,—his tavern-sign he spied,  
To his cow's horns securely tied ;  
And she had run a weary race,  
With " ENTERTAINMENT " on her face !  
The rogues got clear, by art and cunning,  
Of these night-rigs they had been running :  
They made their brags—but for their trouble,  
The next time round, LEE fined them double.  
And so his acts as magistrate,  
Spread all through this part of the state.  
Of his wise judgments you might hear,  
In Christian-Lane and Fagonshire ;  
In Woman's-Misery, if you ask it,  
Or Sodom, where the WYERS made basket ;  
And not a man that you should meet,  
In Cider-Brook, or Brandy-Street,  
Or Pumpkin-Town, or Pudding-Hill,  
Or Lovely-Town, or where you will—  
But knew the fame of Colonel LEE ;  
Nay, some so zealous friends had he,  
Through the Green-Woods, his acts they ringed 'em,  
To Pilfershire and Satan's-Kingdom ! \*

\* All these were true names of localities.

## REV. DANIEL HUNTINGTON.

[Born 1788.]

THE REV. DANIEL HUNTINGTON was born at Norwich, on the 17th of October, 1788. His father was Gen. JEDIDIAH HUNTINGTON, a Brigadier General of the Revolutionary army, and the last survivor of that rank, a man of the highest respectability of character, and of distinguished piety. His mother was ELIZABETH MOORE, a sister of the late venerable Bishop MOORE, of Virginia. While the subject of our sketch was yet quite young, Gen. HUNTINGTON removed to the city of New London, where he held for many years, and until his death, the office of Collector of the Port, and where his son passed the majority of his boyish days.

Mr. HUNTINGTON was fitted for college at Colchester, under Preceptor ADAMS, subsequently Principal of Philips' Academy, of Andover. He entered Brown University, but completed his course at Yale College, where he was graduated in 1807. Soon afterward he commenced the study of theology, which he pursued principally with the Rev. Dr. BENEDICT, of Plainfield, and was for a short time at the Andover Theological Seminary.

In October, 1812, Mr. HUNTINGTON was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in North Bridgewater, in Massachusetts, where he resided for many years. His health failing, in 1833, he resigned his parochial cure, returned to New London, and for several years was engaged as teacher of a school for young ladies. Having regained his health, he accepted an invitation to the charge of a portion of his old congregation which had formed itself into a distinct society, as the Second Congregational Church in North Bridgewater, where he still sustains the pastoral office.

In 1830, Mr. HUNTINGTON published at Boston a small volume containing "Religion," a poem, delivered before "The United Brothers' Society" in Brown University, August 31, 1819, and "The Triumphs of Faith," a poem, delivered before "The Porter Rhetorical Society" in the Theological Seminary of Andover, September 21, 1830. Both poems are composed in the difficult measure of SPENSER, and we believe they are the only published proofs which their author has given of his poetical talents. They are characterized by great refinement of taste, elegance of structure, and purity of sentiment.



## THE THEME.\*

Not mine the aim a vacant mind t' amuse,  
 And please the idle with an idle lay :  
 Well might the wise and fair a song refuse,  
 Which would but cheat their precious hours away.  
 Truth is the Genius of our happy day,  
 To her my humble tribute let me bring,  
 In measure that bespeaks her sober sway,  
 The while a weak and trembling hand I fling  
 O'er SPENSER'S ancient lyre, with long resounding string.

Yet may fair Virtue's eulogist essay  
 To deck a heavenly theme with earthly flowers ;  
 Nor does Religion aye forbid to stray  
 Through the soft shade of Fancy's blooming bowers,  
 Nor scorns the meed of scientific hours ;  
 But guides the progress of a studious mind,  
 Gives to the noblest use our noblest powers,  
 Cheers the rapt soul with pleasures most refined,  
 And leaves earth's fading scenes and tinsel toys behind.

O, I have loved, in youth's fair vernal morn,  
 To spread imagination's wildest wing,  
 The sober certainties of life to scorn,  
 And seek the visioned realms that poets sing—  
 Where Nature blushes in perennial spring,  
 Where streams of earthly joy exhaustless rise,  
 Where Youth and Beauty tread the choral ring,  
 And shout their raptures to the cloudless skies,  
 While every jovial hour on downy pinion flies.

But ah! those fairy scenes at once have fled,  
 Since stern Experience waved her iron wand,  
 Broke the soft slumbers of my visioned head,  
 And bade me here of perfect bliss bespond.  
 And oft have I the painful lesson conned,  
 When Disappointment mocked my roving heart,  
 Still of its own delusions weakly fond,  
 And from forbidden pleasures loth to part,  
 Though shrinking oft beneath Correction's deepest smart.

\* Extract from "Religion," a poem.

And is there nought in mortal life, I cried,  
 Can soothe the sorrows of this laboring breast?  
 No kind recess, where baffled Hope may hide,  
 And weary Nature lull her woes to rest?  
 Oh grant me, pitying HEAVEN, this last request,—  
 Since I must every loftier wish resign,—  
 Be my few days with peace and friendship blessed;  
 Nor will I at my humble lot repine,  
 Though neither wealth, nor fame, nor luxury be mine.

Oh give me yet, in some recluse abode,  
 Encircled with a faithful few, to dwell,  
 Where power cannot oppress, nor care corrode,  
 Nor venom'd tongues the tale of slander tell:  
 Or bear me to some solitary cell,  
 Beyond the reach of every human eye;  
 And let me bid a long, a last farewell  
 To each alluring object 'neath the sky,  
 And there in peace await my hour, in peace to die.

“ Ah, vain desire ! ” a still small voice replied ;  
 “ No place, no circumstance can Peace impart :  
 She scorns the mansion of unvanquished Pride,  
 Sweet inmate of a pure and humble heart ;  
 Take then thy station—act thy proper part :  
 A Saviour's mercy seek,—his will perform :  
 His Word has balm for sin's envenomed smart,  
 His love, diffused, thy shuddering breast shall warm ;  
 His power thy spirit shield from every threatening storm.”

Oh welcome hiding place ! Oh refuge sweet  
 For fainting pilgrims, on this desert way !  
 Oh kind Conductor of these wandering feet,  
 Through snares and darkness, to the realms of day !  
 Soon did the Sun of Righteousness display  
 His healing beams ; each gloomy cloud dispel :  
 While on the parting mist, in colors gay,  
 Truth's cheering bow of precious promise fell,  
 And Mercy's silver voice soft whispered—“ All is well.”

## THE TREASURE.\*

It is the Gospel's glory that it suits  
 The learned and ignorant, the great and small :  
 The Tree of Life has rich and various fruits,  
 And leaves of healing virtue, free for all ;  
 And loud and earnest is HEAVEN'S gracious call ;  
 And bounding youth and tottering age may come,  
 To catch the nectared clusters as they fall,  
 And taste of pleasures that survive the tomb,  
 And give immortal health, and never-withering bloom.

Would'st thou be rich ? Delve not in Mammon's mine,  
 Nor grudge the golden fetters of his slave ;  
 A generous and an humble heart be thine,  
 And thou art wealthier than the ocean wave,  
 That hides what thousands died to gain and save ;  
 Yet cold and cheerless holds the shining store,  
 The merchant's spoiler, and the seaman's grave !  
 Then be content—no needless gift implore—  
 To-day's supply is promised—worlds could yield no more.

Would'st thou be mighty ? Seek not in the field  
 Of groans and blood to triumph o'er the slain :  
 The weapons of a noble warfare wield,  
 A more important victory to gain.  
 Subdue thy passions—the good fight maintain,  
 With each rebellious inmate of the soul :  
 Each turbulent and lofty thought restrain—  
 Preserve thine inward empire firm and whole,  
 And reign in bloodless majesty of self-control.

Would'st thou be noble ? see from yonder throne,  
 Disrobed of royal radiance, descend  
 The KING OF KINGS—JEHOVAH'S equal Son,  
 The LORD of Angels, and the sinner's Friend !  
 Go learn of him—in filial meekness bend  
 Beneath thy heavenly Father's high behest ;  
 The arms of boundless charity extend—  
 Live for mankind, and be thine aim confest,  
 By lowliness to rise—in blessing to be blest.

\* From the same.

Seest thou yon lonely cottage in the grove,  
 With little garden neatly planned before,  
 Its roof deep-shaded by the elms above,  
 Moss-grown and decked with velvet verdure o'er?  
 Go lift the willing latch—the scene explore—  
 Sweet peace, and love, and joy, thou there shalt find;  
 For there Religion dwells; whose sacred lore  
 Leaves the proud wisdom of the world behind,  
 And pours a heavenly ray on every humble mind.

When the bright morning gilds the eastern skies,  
 Up springs the peasant from his calm repose;  
 Forth to his honest toil he cheerful hies,  
 And tastes the sweets of nature as he goes;  
 But first, of Sharon's fairest, sweetest rose,  
 He breathes the fragrance, and pours forth the praise;  
 Looks to the source whence every blessing flows,  
 Ponders the page which heavenly truth conveys,  
 And to its Author's hand commits his future ways.

Nor yet in solitude his prayers ascend;  
 His faithful partner and their blooming train,  
 The precious Word, with reverent minds, attend,  
 The heaven-directed path of life to gain.  
 Their voices mingle in the grateful strain—  
 The lay of love and joy together sing,  
 To Him whose bounty clothes the smiling plain,  
 Who spreads the beauties of the blooming spring,  
 And tunes the warbling throats that make the valleys ring.

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INFIDELITY.\*

I pity those, how'er profoundly read  
 In nature's laws, who nature's God disown;  
 Who can JEHOVAH's radiant footstool tread,  
 And lift no look of reverence to his throne.  
 His various gifts, in rich profusion strown  
 Through every path their curious minds explore,  
 Thankless they seize, with selfish joy alone;

\* From "The Triumphs of Faith."

Nor yet the Giver's bounteous hand adore,  
With praise for blessings past, or humble suit for more.

Yet such of their Philosophy can boast,  
O'er law and faith in majesty sublime!  
Deeming him wisest, who despises most  
The great and good of every age and clime;  
Calls order slavery—prayer a waste of time,—  
Religion, Priestcraft,—God's own Word, a lie,—  
All chartered claims, the legal fence of crime,—  
And e'en chaste wedlock's consecrated tie,  
A breach of nature's law,—a mean monopoly!

To such all truth is fable,—but their own;  
All wisdom, folly,—save what they have taught;—  
The past, a dream;—the future all unknown;  
(Since every change by eyeless chance is wrought,)  
This glorious world with countless wonders fraught,  
A giant foundling, without name or sire;—  
The soul, an empty breath, a passing thought,  
Darting through time, like meteoric fire,  
And soon in endless night to darken and expire!

And is this all Philosophy can show,  
To claim our homage at her lofty shrine?  
Is it for this she calls us to forego  
The peace, the hope, the joy of Faith divine?  
Our noble birthright shall we thus resign,  
'To live like beasts or insects of a day?  
Like the poor worm our little shroud to twine,  
Then spread ephemeral wings and flit away,  
To meet no future morn, with life-restoring ray!

If this be Goshen, give me Egypt's gloom!  
I dream of pleasure:—wake me not to wo!  
If I have nought—am nought, beyond the tomb,  
Ah, what avails the dismal truth to know!  
In error's vale if fruits and flowerets grow,  
While science' heights in icy splendor rise—  
Still let me keep my humble path below,  
And taste the harmless pleasures that I prize—  
"Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise."

## JAMES ABRAHAM HILLHOUSE.

[Born 1789. Died 1841.]

THE ancestors of Mr. HILLHOUSE were of an honorable family in the county of Derry, in Ireland, one of the members of which emigrated to America, and settled in Connecticut, in the year 1720. The name has since been conspicuous in the history of the commonwealth. The Hon. WILLIAM HILLHOUSE was engaged for more than fifty years in the public service, as a Representative, a member of the Council, and an efficient officer in other places of trust and dignity. The father of the poet, the Hon. JAMES HILLHOUSE, who died in 1833, filled various offices in his native state, and was for many years a leading member of Congress. His noble and successful efforts in behalf of "The Connecticut School Fund," which for many years was subjected to his management, and which was more than doubled in value under his charge, as also the legislative aid which, by untiring exertions, he was enabled to procure for Yale College, of which he was for fifty years the Treasurer, will cause his name to be long cherished by the citizens of Connecticut, and by all friends of universal education. So interesting a description does his son give of him, in his poem of "Sachem's Wood," the present name of the HILLHOUSE residence in New Haven, that we cannot refrain from a brief extract :

"The cheerful morn, the short, sweet night,  
 The mind, as sunshine, ever bright ;  
 Approving conscience, growing store ;  
 (For though God took, he gave back more ;)   
 A breast, like HECTOR'S, of such space  
 • That strength and sweetness could embrace ;  
 Power to endure, and soul to feel  
 No hardship such, for others' weal ;  
 Ardor, that logic could not shake ;  
 Resource, the nonplus ne'er to take ;  
 A filial love of mother earth,  
 That made keen labor sweet as mirth ;—  
 All brought him to his age so green,  
 Stamped him so reverend, so serene,  
 A stranger cried, (half turning round,)   
 'That face is worth a thousand pound !'"

The subject of our sketch was born in New Haven, on the 26th of September, 1789. At the age of fifteen he entered Yale College, where he was graduated in 1808, with high reputation for scholarship.

Upon taking his degree of Master of Arts, three years afterward, he delivered an oration on "The Education of a Poet," which caused the Phi Beta Kappa Society to invite him to deliver a poem before their body at the ensuing anniversary. He accepted the invitation, and, at the "Commencement" of 1812, pronounced before that society a descriptive poem, entitled "The Judgment." Although not published until many years afterward, this production gained for its author much reputation, and stamped him as a poet of no ordinary character. The poem naturally assumes the form of a "vision;" and is designed to represent the fearful events of the great Day of final retribution. It is characterized by grandeur of conception, boldness of imagery, and much beauty and even sublimity of description.

During the general prostration of business which the last war with England occasioned, Mr. HILLHOUSE returned from Boston, where he had resided for three years, preparing to engage in mercantile transactions, to his home, at New Haven, and devoted a season of leisure to poetical composition. He wrote at that time "Demetria," and "Percy's Masque," though neither was published for several years. When peace was again established, he removed to New York, where he engaged with much zeal in commercial pursuits. In 1819, he visited Europe upon business engagements, and while in London revised and published "Percy's Masque. a Drama, in Five Acts," which was re-published in this country in 1820.

"Percy's Masque," while it claims an humbler character than that of "The Judgment," and "Hadad," for boldness of conception, and vigor of thought, is a poem of exceeding merit, and, if we mistake not, is the most beautiful of our author's productions. It is founded upon the well known ballad of "The Hermit of Warkworth," by Bishop PERCY. The scene is laid in England, in the time of HENRY the Fourth. HENRY PERCY, the son of HOTSPUR, is an exile at the court of Scotland, his family estates in Northumberland having been confiscated through the rebellion of his sires, and bestowed upon NEVILLE, Earl of Westmoreland. Bearing his exile like a son of HOTSPUR, he resolves to possess himself of his paternal inheritance. He proceeds in disguise to the towers of Warkworth, and, by a well feigned tale, obtains a place as leader of NEVILLE's huntsmen, where he is known by the name of ARTHUR. He becomes enamored of ELINOR, the beautiful daughter of NEVILLE, and, by one of those occurrences so common in romance, she is indebted to him for the preservation both of life and honor. In his situation as huntsman, ARTHUR is enabled to mingle with the peasantry of the estate, who cherish the liveliest recollection of the PERCIES; and kindles their zeal for the restoration of their proscribed lord. Many of the gentlemen of Northumberland also espouse his cause. He is joined by his early friend, young DOUGLASS, who follows him in disguise, and

resolves to share his fortunes at all hazards. PERCY obtains for him a place in NEVILLE's train, under the name of DONALD, and the two mature their plans in safety. BERTRAM, the hermit of Warkworth, an old friend of the PERCIES, becomes enlisted in ARTHUR's favor, and the Hermitage is made the trysting-place of the conspirators. Being compelled to abandon their long cherished design of involving the north in war to restore the crown to MORTIMER, whose claim was more just than that of HENRY, Fortune at length seemed to favor their design. The King, attended by a small train, came to Warkworth Castle, and PERCY obtained permission to entertain his Majesty by an evening "masquerade." Upon this hinge the whole plot turns. PERCY obtained the keys of the armory, and, under cover of the evening's entertainment, fills the castle with parties of armed followers, each under a powerful leader. He then proceeds into the royal presence, accompanied by DOUGLASS, where, after having given demonstration of the nearness and strength of his followers, he kneels before the king, offers his sword, and asks his inheritance or death, swearing that not a hair of the royal head shall fall by his hand. The king is moved, bestows on him his inheritance, and promises also his royal aid to obtain for him the hand of ELINOR, and the piece closes. Such is the story of this exquisite drama.

In 1822, Mr. HILLHOUSE was married to CORNELIA LAWRENCE, daughter of ISAAC LAWRENCE, Esq., of New York. Soon afterward he returned to New Haven, where he resided at "Sachem's Wood," his beautiful seat, occupied with the elegant pursuits of a man of taste and fortune. During the year 1824, "Hadad, a Dramatic Poem," was written—and committed to the press in New York, in 1825.

"Hadad" is generally considered the most meritorious of our author's productions. It is based upon the belief in a former intercourse between mankind and the good and evil beings of the spiritual world. The scene is laid in Judea, in the days of King DAVID. HADAD, a Syrian Prince, and heir to the crown of Damascus, is retained as a hostage in Jerusalem, on account of the broken faith of his kingdom, and resides as a guest in the house of ABSALOM. Here his heart is won by the beauty of the lovely TAMAR, the daughter of ABSALOM. She is ensnared by his manly grace and bewitching eloquence, but is restrained by an instinctive fear, and refuses to grant his request until he shall renounce his heathenism, and conform to the Jewish worship. His suit is encouraged by ABSALOM, but viewed with coldness by DAVID, who is warned by the Prophet NATHAN to beware the Syrian. NATHAN also endeavors to free the gentle TAMAR from his wiles. Meanwhile King DAVID is suspected of a purpose to make the young SOLOMON his heir, and HADAD breathes words of rebellion into the willing ears of ABSALOM. He plots to pluck the diadem from the brows of DAVID, and draws away a large portion of Israel in revolt. The issue is decided by the battle



near the forest of Ephraim, in which ABSALOM is slain, and his army defeated. At news of the death of ABSALOM, HADAD, to whose charge TAMAR has been entrusted, and who is lingering near in the forest, endeavors to induce her to flee with him from Judea to realms remote, and promises her treasures greater than Earth can yield. At length, failing in every effort, he throws off disguise, and reveals his true character :

“ What thou so dostest on—this form—was HADAD’S—  
But I—the Spirit—I, who speak through these  
Clay lips, and glimmer through these eyes,—  
Have challenged fellowship, equality,  
With Deathless Ones,—prescient Intelligences,—  
Who scorn man and his molehill, and esteem  
The outgoing of the morning, yesterday !

\* \* \* \* \*

First, in the city’s crowded gate I saw thee,  
The memorable day thou camest from Geshur,  
A vermil blossom by thy father’s side,  
Hailing Jerusalem with smiles and tears.  
Then, then I loved thee,—tender as thou wert ;—  
I hung invisibly about thy steps—  
About thy bed,—I glided in thy dreams,—  
Filled them with sweet, voluptuous forms and phantoms,  
And watched thy glowing cheek and heaving bosom,  
While my bright visions stirred thy fancy—happy  
Till that cursed Syrian, fresher than ADONIS,  
Became thy inmate. No seducing dream,  
Illusion, art of mine, could reach thee more.  
Then, first, I knew agonies, scorpions, fire !  
But mark,—I harmed him not,—ensnared him not,—  
Unlocked life’s secret by no subtle spell.  
But mourning in a mountain solitude,  
Neighboring Jerusalem, my luckless love  
And lowering destiny, your father’s train  
Came forth to hunt. The Syrian from the rest  
Severing in keen pursuit, fell in with outlaws  
Who followed, and with bloody daggers slew him,  
Even by the fountain where I mused unseen.

\* \* \* \* \*

While his quivering limbs  
Pressed the green sod, while pitying I surveyed  
His matchless beauty, nobly stern in death,  
And thought how dear those features were to thee,  
I dared the penalty ;—for thy sake dared  
Death, prison-house, and penal consequence,  
Denounced on the offence :—I linked myself  
To HADAD’S form, and life’s infirmities,  
My recompense, my only recompense,  
Thy love.”

Seizing at length the resisting victim of his stratagem, who trusted confidently in God's protection, with demoniac fury he drags her shrieking into a neighboring cavern. Friends of the lost princess soon arrive in search of her, but are deterred from entering the cave, whence yells of rage and blasphemous curses are heard, as of some demon in mortal agony. Suddenly they cease—a rush, as of blessed wings, is heard, passing from the cave—ambrosial odors fill the air—and the friends venture within the entrance. The princess lies fainting, but unharmed; while near her is extended a hideous form, blasted in death, with “a hellish glare glazed on its starting eyeballs!” The cause of all this evil, whose power was now struck down by a mightier hand, was the fell Demon, *ASMODAI*.

In 1840, Mr. HILLHOUSE published at Boston, in two volumes, all of the above-mentioned poems, with “*Demetria, a Tragedy, in Five Acts,*” founded on an Italian tale of love, jealousy and revenge, and “*Sachem's Wood,*” together with several orations, which had been publicly delivered. For some time previous to this his health had been failing, and, in the autumn of 1840, he left home for the last time, to visit his friends in Boston. He returned, apparently benefited by the journey, and for some time no immediate danger was apprehended. But, on the second day of the following January, his disorder assumed an alarming form, which terminated fatally upon the evening of the following Monday, the 4th day of January, 1841. His funeral obsequies were performed by his friend, the Rev. JOSEPH H. NICHOLS, who has feelingly described the mournful scene :

“One friend I knew !—it seems but yesterday,  
 In the cold earth I laid his colder clay.  
 The angel Muses on his cradle smiled,  
 And Poesy acknowledged him her child ;  
 Gentle as woman's was his soul, yet bold  
 As some old master's verse, his numbers rolled.  
 But, ah, he died. Snatched, snatched away too soon,  
 His sun went down at manhood's golden noon.  
 Last of his name, he fell as falls the oak,  
 Last of the forest, by the tempest's stroke.  
 No time can from my mind that scene efface,  
 When sad we bore him to his resting place ;  
 'T was winter wild, and leafless were the trees,  
 The tolling bell came moaning on the breeze ;  
 On the sere earth the light snow scattered lay,  
 As still and slow, in funeral array,  
 Down through the woods the long procession wound,  
 To place the poet's form in hallowed ground.  
 'T was there my mournful privilege to read,  
 While round me many a broken heart did bleed,  
 The soothing, solemn service of the dead,  
 Ere closed the earth above the minstrel's head.

Sweet bard! bright scholar! gentle be thy rest,  
Till thou resume thy lyre among the blest.  
Accept these flowers of song from one who, late,  
HILLHOUSE! thy tomb comes now to decorate."

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CLOSE OF THE VISION.\*

Down from the lessening multitude came faint  
And fainter still the trumpet's dying peal,  
All else in distance lost, when, to receive  
Their new inhabitants, the heavens unfolded.  
Up gazing, then, with streaming eyes, a glimpse  
The wicked caught of Paradise, whence streaks  
Of splendor, golden quivering radiance shone,  
Like the deep glories of declining day,  
When, washed by evening showers, the huge-orbed sun  
Breaks instantaneous o'er the illumined world.  
Seen far within, fair forms moved graceful by,  
Slow turning to the light their snowy wings.  
A deep-drawn agonizing groan escaped  
The hapless outcasts, when, upon the Lord,  
The glowing portals closed. Undone, they stood  
Wistfully gazing on the cold gray heaven,  
As if to catch, alas! a hope not there.  
But shades began to gather, night approached,  
Murky and lowering; round with horror rolled  
On one another their despairing eyes,  
That glared with anguish; starless, hopeless gloom  
Fell on their souls, never to know an end.  
Though in the far horizon lingered yet  
A lurid gleam, black clouds were mustering there;  
Red flashes, followed by low, muttering sounds,  
Announced the fiery tempest, doomed to hurl  
The fragments of the earth again to chaos.  
Wild gusts swept by, upon whose hollow wing  
Unearthly voices, yells, and ghastly peals  
Of demon laughter came. Infernal shapes  
Flitted along the sulphurous wreaths, or plunged

\* From the conclusion of "The Judgment."

Their dark, impure abyss, as sea-fowl dive  
 Their watery element. O'erwhelmed with sights  
 And sounds of horror, I awoke; and found  
 For gathering storms, and signs of coming wo,  
 The midnight moon gleaming upon my bed  
 Serene and peaceful. Gladly I surveyed her  
 Walking in brightness through the stars of heaven,  
 And blessed the respite ere the day of doom.

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HADAD.—A DRAMATIC POEM.

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ACT I. SCENE III.

*The garden of ABSALOM'S house on Mount Zion, near the palace, overlooking the city. TAMAR sitting by a fountain.*

*Tam.* How aromatic evening grows! The flowers  
 And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha;  
 Spikenard and henna emulate in sweets.  
 Blest hour! which HE, who fashioned it so fair,  
 So softly glowing, so contemplative,  
 Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.  
 And lo! the smoke of evening sacrifice  
 Ascends from out the tabernacle. HEAVEN,  
 Accept the expiation, and forgive  
 This day's offences! Ha! the wonted strain,  
 Precursor of his coming! Whence can this—  
 It seems to flow from some unearthly hand—

[Enter HADAD.]

*Had.* Does beauteous TAMAR view, in this clear fount,  
 Herself, or heaven?

*Tam.* Nay, HADAD, tell me whence  
 Those sad, mysterious sounds.

*Had.* What sounds, dear Princess?

*Tam.* Surely, thou know'st; and now I almost think  
 Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

*Had.* I heard no sounds, but such as evening sends  
 Up from the city to these quiet shades;  
 A blended murmur sweetly harmonizing

With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,  
And voices from the hills.

*Tam.* The sounds I mean,  
Floated like mournful music round my head,  
From unseen fingers.

*Had.* When?

*Tam.* Now, as thou camest.

*Had.* 'T is but thy fancy, wrought  
To ecstasy; or else thy grandsire's harp  
Resounding from his tower at eventide.  
I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones,  
Till the broad moon, that rose o'er Olivet,  
Stood listening in the zenith; yea, have deemed  
Viols and heavenly voices answered him.

*Tam.* But these—

*Had.* Were we in Syria, I might say  
The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet Nymph,  
The goddess of these shades, rejoiced in thee,  
And gave thee salutations; but I fear  
Judah would call me infidel to Moses.

*Tam.* How like my fancy! When these strains precede  
Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think  
Some gentle being who delights in us  
Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming;  
But they are dirge-like.

*Had.* Youthful fantasy,  
Attuned to sadness, makes them seem so, lady.  
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever,  
As signs of rest and peace;—the watchman's call,  
The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump,  
Announcing the returning moon, the pipe  
Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing-bell,  
Send melancholy to a drooping soul.

*Tam.* But how delicious are the pensive dreams  
That steal upon the fancy at their call!

*Had.* Delicious to behold the world at rest.  
Meek labor wipes his brow, and intermits  
The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot;  
Herdsman and shepherds fold their flocks,—and hark!

What merry strains they send from Olivet!  
 The jar of life is still; the city speaks  
 In gentle murmurs; voices chime with lutes  
 Waked in the streets and gardens; loving pairs  
 Eye the red west in one another's arms;  
 And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields  
 A glimpse of happiness, which He, who formed  
 Earth and the stars, had power to make eternal.

*Tam.* Ah! HADAD, meanest thou to reproach the Friend  
 Who gave so much, because he gave not all?

*Had.* Perfect benevolence, methinks, had willed  
 Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy;  
 Filled the whole universe of human hearts  
 With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.

*Tam.* Our prophet teaches so, till man's rebellion.

*Had.* Rebellion!—Had he leaguered heaven itself  
 With beings powerful, numberless, and dreadful—  
 Mixed onset midst the lacerating hail,  
 And snake-tongued thunderbolts, that hissed and stung  
 Worse than eruptive mountains,—this had fallen  
 Within the category. But what did man?  
 Tasted an apple! and the fragile scene,  
 Eden, and innocence, and human bliss,  
 The nectar-flowing streams, life-giving fruits,  
 Celestial shades, and amaranthine flowers,  
 Vanish; and sorrow, toil, and pain, and death,  
 Cleave to him by an everlasting curse.

*Tam.* Ah! talk not thus.

*Had.* Is this benevolence?

Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me;  
 For I was tutored in a brighter faith.

Our Syrians deem each lucid fount and stream,  
 Forest and mountain, glade and bosky dell,  
 Peopled with kind divinities, the friends  
 Of man, a spiritual race allied  
 To him by many sympathies, who seek  
 His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts;  
 Cool with their waves, and fan him with their airs.  
 O'er them, the Spirit of the Universe,

Or Soul of Nature, circumfuses all  
 With mild, benevolent, and sun-like radiance ;  
 Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,  
 As spirit does the body, till green herbs,  
 And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars, rise ;  
 And shooting stellar influence through her caves,  
 Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.

*Tam.* Dreams ! HADAD ! empty dreams !

*Had.* These Deities

They invoke with cheerful, gentle rites,  
 Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines  
 With Nature's bounties, fruits, and fragrant flowers.  
 Not like yon gory mount that ever reeks—

*Tam.* Cast not reproach upon the holy altar.

*Had.* Nay, sweet.—Having enjoyed all pleasures here  
 That Nature prompts, but chiefly blissful love,  
 At death the happy Syrian maiden deems  
 Her immaterial flies into the fields,  
 Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,  
 And dwells, a Deity, with those she worshipped ;  
 Till time, or fate, return her in its course  
 To quaff, once more, the cup of human joy.

*Tam.* But thou believ'st not this.

*Had.* I almost wish

Thou didst ; for I have feared, my gentle TAMAR,  
 Thy spirit is too tender for a Law  
 Announced in terrors, coupled with the threats  
 Of an inflexible and dreadful Being,  
 Whose word annihilates,—who could arrest  
 The sun in heaven, or, if he pleased, abolish  
 Light from creation, and leave wretched man  
 To darkness,—as he did to worse, when all  
 His firmamental cataracts came down !—  
 All perished,—yet his purpose faltered not !—  
 His anger never dies, never remits,  
 But unextinguished burns to deepest hell.  
 Jealous, implacable—

*Tam.* Peace ! impious ! peace !

*Had.* Ha! says not MOSES so?  
The LORD is jealous.

*Tam.* Jealous of our faith,  
Our love, our true obedience, justly his;  
And a poor recompense for all his favors.  
Implacable he is not; contrite man  
Ne'er found him so.

*Had.* But others have,  
If oracles be true.

*Tam.* Little we know  
Of them; and nothing of their dire offence.

*Had.* I meant not to displease, love; but my soul  
Revolts, because I think thy gentle nature  
Shudders at Him and yonder bloody rites.  
How dreadful! when the world awakes to light,  
And life, and gladness, and the jocund tide  
Bounds in the veins of every happy creature,  
Morning is ushered by a murdered victim,  
Whose wasting members reek upon the air,  
Polluting the pure firmament; the shades  
Of evening scent of death; almost, the shrine  
Itself, o'ershadowed by the Cherubim;  
And where the clotted current from the altar  
Mixes with Kedron, all its waves are gore.  
Nay, nay, I grieve thee;—'t is not for myself,  
But that I fear these gloomy things oppress  
Thy soul, and cloud its native sunshine.

*Tam.* (*in tears, clasping her hands.*)

Witness, ye Heavens! Eternal Father, witness!  
Blest God of Jacob! Maker! Friend & Preserver!  
That with my heart, my undivided soul,  
I love, adore, and praise thy glorious name,  
Confess thee LORD of all, believe thy Laws  
Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.  
Oh, HADAD, HADAD! you misconstrue much  
The sadness that usurps me; 't is for thee  
I grieve,—for hopes that fade,—for your lost soul,  
And my lost happiness.

*Had.* Oh, say not so,  
Beloved Princess. Why distrust my faith?



*Tam.* Thou know'st, alas, my weakness; but remember,  
I never, never will be thine, although  
The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,  
Though ABSALOM and DAVID called me bride,  
Till sure thou own'st, with truth, and love sincere,  
The LORD JEHOVAH.

*Had.* Leave me not—Hear, hear—  
I do believe—I know that Being lives  
Whom you adore: Ah! stay—by *proofs* I know  
Which MOSES had not.

*Tam.* Prince, unclasp my hand.

[*Exit.*]

*Had.* Untwine thy fetters, if thou canst. How sweet  
To watch the struggling softness! It allays  
The beating tempest of my thoughts, and flows  
Like the nepenthe of Elysium through me.  
How exquisite! Like subtlest essences,  
She fills the spirit! How the girdle clips  
Her taper waist with its resplendent clasp!  
Her bosom's silvery-swelling network yields  
Ravishing glimpses, like sweet shade and moonshine  
Checkering ASTARTE's statue—

[*Enter a Slave.*]

*Slave.* One in haste  
Inquires for you, my lord.

*Had.* I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE II.

*The King's Palace, without the walls. HADAD pacing up and down one  
of the walks. He stops as he fronts the city.*

'T is so;—the hoary harper sings aright;  
How beautiful is Zion! Like a queen,  
Armed with a helm, in virgin loveliness,  
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,  
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements  
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard  
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,  
Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods,  
That tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,

Wave their dark beauty round the tower of DAVID.  
 Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,  
 The embrasures of alabaster shine ;  
 Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound  
 To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.  
 But not, for thou art fair and turret-crowned,  
 Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blessed  
 With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,  
 Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,  
 Where Saints and Seers denounce, where the stern Law  
 • Still speaks in thunder, where chief Angels watch,  
 And where the Glory hovers, here I war !

—  
 ACT V. SCENE III.

*The forest of Ephraim: the tents of a company of Ishmaelites: women seen under the trees: ADAH singing by a tent door.*

*Ad.* Greenly flourish, fragrant Mountain !  
 ISHMAEL's free-born offspring know  
 Every shade and gushing fountain,  
 Where thy precious spices grow.

Laden with the odorous tribute,  
 When the gums have ceased to fall,  
 Perfumes for the priestly censer,  
 Sweets for Memphis' regal hall—

First we greet, on Zion's summit,  
 Haughty Judah's lion King ;  
 Then to Nile's expecting borders  
 Gilead's rifled treasures bring.

What, though whirlwinds sweep our deserts,  
 Sands and death-clouds stalk the air ?  
 Bloody treason never frights us—  
 Royal mandates slay not there !

We no King, no Master worship ;  
 HAGAR'S GOD alone on high :  
 He the tameless spirit gave us—  
 Spread the desert, hung the sky !

## DEMETRIA.—A TRAGEDY.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

OLIVIA'S *bed-chamber, in a wing of the villa overlooking the garden.* OLIVIA  
and JACQUELINA.

*Jacq.* \* And shall the lover's meed, so coveted,  
That, oft, the lack frenzies and drives men mad,  
Be plucked with less smart than a gooseberry?  
What! for the tinkle of an idle tongue  
Forego the object of sighs infinite,  
Salt tears to drown ye, which has kept your eyes  
Unvisited of rest, poisoned your heart  
With jealous rancors, mildewed all life's sweetness,  
Made youth itself one canker,—saint-like sit,  
And see 't inveigled from you!—Virgin martyrs!  
In Venice you 'd be sung in hymns; held up  
In holy pulpits as the child of Job;  
Invoked, as one by patience sanctified!—  
O yes—I 've lived there:—did I ever tell thee—  
I mean a story—rife when I was there—  
How a Venetian served her rival?

*Oliv.* Never.

*Jacq.* A noble lady, called FLORENTIA, loved  
The counterpart of this same COSMO. She,  
Like you, had been his playmate, and imbibed  
Passionate thoughts, early and unawares,  
Till all her being centered in one hope.  
It chanced, once, that with her lover and her father  
She visited their old ancestral castle,  
Built in the mountains, built for war and strength,  
A huge grey mass of towers and battlements,  
Lonely and frowning midst its solemn woods.  
Here they amused some sultry summer days  
With roaming through the strange, gigantic pile;  
Reminded by its massiveness of times  
When the fierce Condottieri made the hills  
Flash with their arms, and echo with their music.  
A few sweet days flew o'er their solitude,  
When, (as to mar their Paradise,) her sister,—  
Adopted by some kinswoman, some countess,

And reared by her from early youth,—this sister—  
I say her younger sister—followed her.

*Oliv.* What, to the castle ?

*Jacq.* Ay, as if resolved

Maliciously to rob her of her birthright.

FLORENTIA welcomed her as might beseem

Her father's child. But, soon, this young one,—mark,—

This cunning piece of fascination threw

Her witch-nets round her sister's plighted lover ;

She stole his heart,—most treacherously robbed

Her elder sister,—triumphed in the deed.

When proud FLORENTIA saw the truth, a pang

Convulsed her like an epilepsy ; her eye

Shot one Vesuvian glare,—and all was calm,

Or seemed so. Thereupon, one listless day,

When both the cavaliers were down the mountains

Riding or hunting, she began to speak

Of sundry strange and secret passages,

And labyrinths of cells, like catacombs,

Cut in the living rock beneath the castle,

For safety or concealment ; vaults, and crypts,

Receptacles of treasure or of groans.

In one, she said, some hundred fathom down,

The bandit LEO GALFRI breathed his last,

Chained to a ring still there. And in another

Three chests, with mighty clasps of iron, stood,

That looked like treasure chests, but which her father

Refused to open. Piquing thus, awhile,

Her curiosity, she cried, at last,

LAURETTA, come, I long to know their contents ;

Let's go and privately examine them."

Curloining keys and lights, they went together,

Down, down, long winding damp stone stairs,—through this

And that dark vault, low passage, massive door,

Such as we hear of,—till they came indeed,

Far down, into an arched room, prison-like,

Strewed with such monstrous stones as might have borne

The whole incumbent pile. There stood the chests.

*Oliv.* Three, saidst thou ?

*Jacq.* Three prodigious chests.

Pausing to gather nerve and breath, they strove  
To open one ; but could not, for a spring.  
This mastered, their united strength heaved up  
The bossy, clasped, and antique lid.

*Oliv.* What saw they ?

*Jacq.* Parchment rolls, with papal seals,  
And piles of old discolored writings.

*Oliv.* Nought else ?

*Jacq.* Oh, yes ; among the papers lay a casket,  
Inlaid with brass or gold, or some bright substance.  
In haste to seize it, (for the chest was deep,)

LAURETTA climbed, and, reaching, lost her balance,  
And fell sheer in.—Down comes the heavy lid ;  
The steel spring snaps ; the rusty dungeon key  
Does its last office ; brave FLORENTIA lies  
Slumbering upon her bed, and waking, asks  
Whether LAURETTA is returned from rambling.

*Oliv.* Oh, heavens and earth ! she did not perish there !

*Jacq.* Her father, sister, all the house wore black,  
Whether she did or no ;—and every hold  
And fastness of the mountains was smoked out,  
And nineteen brigands and their leader suffered.  
I cannot say she perished *there*, when those  
Same rogues strangled her, as was *proved*, and swung  
To expiate their crime.

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PERCY'S MASQUE.—A DRAMA.

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ACT I. SCENE II.

*A court of the Castle. Enter WESTMORELAND, meeting ARTHUR, with a falcon.*

*West.* How flies she, ARTHUR ?

*Ar.* Faithful to the lure,  
My lord, and bold upon the wing as eagles.

*West.* Thank my Lord Marshal with the Tangier barb.  
See him caparisoned, and led by HUBERT.  
What tidings from the North ?

*Ar.* Berwick is free.

The Borderers stole away on MICHAEL'S eve.

*West.* A raid of MURRAY'S; so I wrote the King.  
Who brought the news?

*Ar.* The Regent's courier passed, at dawn  
For London.

*West.* Spoke you with him?

*Ar.* Yes, my lord.

*West.* What brings he else?

*Ar.* Nothing of any moment.

ROTHSAY is dead, and PERCY fled from court.

*West.* PERCY!

*Ar.* The HOTSPUR'S son.

*West.* Fled!—whither?

*Ar.* Westward,

Some say, with young Lord DOUGLASS to the Isles;  
Though others think to France.

*West.* Degenerate stripling! Fled! How long ago?

*Ar.* Two months, my lord, he doth report, and more.

*West.* If but a spark—(Pausing)—No fear,—one night  
on straw

Would send him with a quartan home to nurse.

But this curled minion's father, long ago,  
Had shook my gates with Scotland at his back;  
Or, baffled there, like some grey Palmer knocked,  
With scrip, and scallop, craving charity,  
Harper, or Beadsman, muttering for the damned,  
And drenched our hospitable hearths with blood.  
Rough HOTSPUR, sooner than in exile languish,  
Ay, rather, if the spleen of fight were on,  
Unarmed would mount, and, with a frail ash spear,  
Tilt with the Fiend, than speak in courtesy.

*Ar.* What thinks my lord? Were this fierce chief alive,  
Or any valiant scion of his stock,  
Would HENRY, on submission at his throne,  
Restore their honors?

*West.* Restore! Northumberland is mine: who takes  
Must win it. PERCY lorded o'er the North  
Too proudly, and is sunk to rise no more.  
The Sire and the Son set BOLINGBROKE aloft,  
Meaning to rule the King they made; but soon  
Finding a check on their omnipotence,

Their vengeful arms they turned ; denounced his ruin ;  
Drew half the kingdom to revolt, and gave  
Almost the diadem.

*Ar.* Audacious traitors !

*West.* Their fortune hit the planetary hour  
They, erring, thought, and sun and moon must bow,  
With humble adoration, to the star  
Of their nativity. And, had not I  
Outwitted YORK, dispersed his power, and seized  
MOWBRAY and him, we now had drudged for bread,  
Cursing the pittance doled by MORTIMER ;  
While grey-beard PERCY gored us with his rule,  
Counting each drop expiatory blood  
For HOTSPUR'S death.

*Ar.* And does my lord fear aught from HOTSPUR'S son ?

*West.* The Piper ! Lady Regent's toilet-man ?  
Whose soul, in travail of a sonnet, faints,  
Seven times a day, entranced upon a lute ?  
Alack ! down-beds, perfumes, carpets, and ladies,  
He covets more than cold night-watches, sheathed  
In arms, steel pillows, and the smell of war.

*Ar.* Strange tales of him the crones and Gipseys tell.  
Some say the noble babe was stolen by Fairies,  
Who left a changeling imp ; some, that Night-hags  
Blasted the cradle—

*West.* Would the name were blasted,  
Rased and forgot ! Rebellion 's in their ashes,  
And taints the air that blows upon my vassals.  
Fools cry, A miracle ! when nature sports.  
'T was thus when EDWARD'S lion-mettled stock  
To RICHARD shrunk. The Scottish Regent strove  
To rear him up a scourge and thorn to me ;  
Schooled him in every noble exercise,  
And sought the promise of his youth to prove,  
For, in his boyhood, sparks like PERCY shone ;  
But 't was a bootless toil.—Look to the steed. [*Exit.*]

*Ar.* Buried in the dear ashes thou dishonorest,  
That spark, proud WESTMORELAND, thou 'lt find  
Alive for fatal mischief. Blest delusion !  
For once, thank HEAVEN, my better star prevails. [*Exit.*]

## SOLYMAN BROWN, M. D.

[Born 1790.]

SOLYMAN BROWN was born at Litchfield, on the 17th of November, 1790. In 1812, he was graduated at Yale College, and in 1814 became a Licentiate of the Congregational Church. For the space of seven years he exercised occasionally his professional duties, being also engaged in the instruction of youth; but a severe hemorrhage of the lungs with which he had been afflicted during his Junior year in college, having been followed by feeble health and irritability of the bronchia, he was compelled almost entirely to relinquish public speaking, and to make the business of teaching his profession.

In 1812, Mr. BROWN removed to New York, to pursue his labors as a classical instructor. Here he embraced the doctrines of EMMANUEL SWEDENBORG, and was constituted a regular preacher of the New Jerusalem Church. He still continued to teach, however, until 1832, when he was invited to enter the family of Dr. PARMELY, the eminent Surgeon Dentist, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of his art. Having established himself in this new profession, he married, in 1834, ELIZABETH BUTLER, daughter of AMOS BUTLER, Esq., for many years Editor and Proprietor of "The New York Mercantile Advertiser," and has since continued to make the city of New York his residence. Dr. BROWN is an enthusiast in his profession, having published two poems and a number of essays elucidating its rules and principles, and for the last two years has been one of the editors of "The American Journal and Library of Dental Science." He has also amused himself at times by some efforts in Sculpture, which have indicated no small degree of talent for that noble art.

In 1818, our author published a volume at New Haven, comprising "An Essay on American Poetry," together with several miscellaneous articles. In 1833, appeared "Dentologia, a Poem on the Diseases of the Teeth;" and in 1838, "Dental Hygeia, a Poem on the General Laws of Health." Beside these writings, Dr. BROWN has been for many years a frequent contributor to the periodical press, and especially to the columns of "The New York Mirror."

"Dentologia" is one of the numerous class of poems, of which ARMSTRONG'S "Art of Preserving Health" is a prominent example.



Dr. BROWN, in the first canto of his poem, pleasantly alludes to the difficulty at all times attending such efforts :

“ Full well I know 't is difficult to chime  
The laws of science with the rules of rhyme :  
Plain, vulgar prose my subject seems to claim,  
Did not ambition prompt the higher aim,  
The nobler pride, by more laborious care,  
To speak in numbers that shall please the fair.”

He has, however, succeeded in throwing the precepts of his art into very harmonious numbers, and in interweaving many happy illustrations. His fugitive poems often discover a playful fancy, and a heart peculiarly alive to the charms of domestic and social happiness.

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LIVING BEAUTY.\*

No goddess born in blue-eyed JUNO's reign,  
Or fair-haired sister of APOLLO's train,  
No coy and quivered Driad of the woods,  
Or laughing Naiad of the dashing floods,  
Do I invoke :—ye fabled forms—retire !  
Let breathing loveliness my notes inspire :  
To thee, my cherished friend ! the strains belong,  
And living beauty animates my song.

This magic spell that mirrors every grace  
Of woman's heart, in lovely woman's face ;  
This speaking index of the polished mind,  
In virtue pure, by virgin truth refined—  
Is love's own banner, gracefully unfurled,  
To fix affection, and enchant the world.

Without its aid, how hard were woman's lot !  
To sigh neglected, and to die forgot ;  
Though nature's genial fires unceasing burn,  
To live unloved, and love without return !  
For well we know that all of human kind,  
Read in the face the features of the mind ;  
The soul's bright forms for ever fresh and fair,  
Wit, worth, and modesty, are pictured there.

\* From the first canto of "Dentologia."

Say not—perverted taste alone descries  
An intellectual light in radiant eyes ;  
Nor think LAVATER's favorite science vain,  
That guides the choice of every rural swain,  
In search of worthy love :—for well he knows,  
That when the graceful meadow-lily blows,  
'T is genial Spring ; and when the mantling vine  
Round the gray oak its wreaths is seen to twine,  
Laden with purple fruit—that Summer's showers  
Have nursed to life the verdure and the flowers.  
So, in the features of MYRTILLA's face,  
The rustic CORYDON has learned to trace  
Each soft affection of her glowing mind ;  
With what delighted, and to whom inclined.

You say, perchance, "Is woman then approved  
For outward charms, and but for those beloved ?  
Shall form and feature for all faults atone,  
And mere external beauty reign alone ?  
By reasoning man is mental worth despised,  
And but for pageantry is woman prized ?"  
'T is well inquired ; but mark the just reply :  
As glittering stars adorn the cloudless sky,  
And smiling rainbows, when the storm is done,  
Announce the bursting splendors of the sun ;  
So beams of lambent light that sportive play  
In woman's face, proclaim interior day ;  
And modest sweetness, with that light combined,  
Bespeaks her nature gentle and refined.

Thus, too, the cherub graces that adorn  
The smiling babe in childhood's sunny morn,  
Reveal the pureness of that virtue given,  
The charm of earth and miniature of heaven.

Nor less does manhood's firmer brow disclose  
The master passion whence his action flows.  
If glory, lucre, love, his heart inspire,  
See in his lineaments the raging fire ;

If war impel, behold him charge the foe,  
 His eyes' red lightning mingling with the blow ;  
 In search of gold, see meanness in his air,  
 And GRIPUS' sordid wrinkles furrowed there :  
 Or, fired with love, survey his altered mien ;  
 Fair vernal blossoms decorate the scene,  
 From every flower the honeyed sweet he sips,  
 And burning eloquence is on his lips.

In times of old, those happier golden years,  
 Ere man had learned to drink the orphan's tears,  
 And widow's sighs, and count them richest wine,  
 What beauty decked the "human face divine!"  
 Then all was loveliness :—the ruling soul  
 Held o'er the world unlimited control ;  
 The forest knew no monster ; and the grove  
 No voice but that of melody and love :  
 While man acknowledged virtue as his guide,  
 The lamb and lion slumbered at his side ;  
 'T was then nor thorn nor thistle cursed the soil,  
 But plenty crowned the gatherer's pleasing toil ;  
 Nor plague nor tempest in such skies appear,  
 But health and sunshine circle round the year.

And who can tell, when virtue soars away  
 To range the fields of unexpiring day,  
 Where love unveils her charms to every eye,  
 And truth unrobes his manly majesty ;  
 Say, who can tell how beautiful and fair  
 Those angel-forms, those heavenly natures are ?

---

SERAPHINA.\*

On yonder hill, which freshening shades invest,  
 Beneath whose spreading boughs for ever rest  
 The mouldering ashes of the son and sire,  
 The village church erects its modest spire.

\* From the fifth canto of "Dentologia."

Behold each Sabbath morn, with measured pace,  
The silent groups that seek that hallowed place ;  
And mark, how meek devotion worships there,  
With heart uplifted in the hour of prayer.

The morning song of love is sweetly sung,  
While heaven's own flame inspires each tuneful tongue ;  
And see—the venerable man appears,  
White with the hoary frosts of threescore years ;  
The good old man, whose useful hours have flown,  
To soothe all others' sorrows but his own ;  
Whose daily labors to mankind are given,  
In charity, but all his heart to heaven.  
So pure the life this virtuous man has passed,  
That all his powers are perfect to the last ;  
No borrowed lock to grace his brow aspires ;  
No optic glass his vigorous eye requires ;  
He lacks no single tooth that nature gave,  
Nor asks a staff to guide him to the grave.  
With voice subdued, and unobtrusive mien,  
He speaks of heaven ;—he paints the flowery scene,  
Where angel-natures—forms of purest love—  
Meet in the bowers of innocence above,  
To drink at living fountains, and be fed  
On fruits immortal, and the living bread ;  
Till gushing tears fall fast from every eye,  
And Faith and Hope look smiling to the sky.

Yet, in that choir that sung the morning song,  
One vacant seat afflicts the listening throng ;  
One well-known voice, admired so oft before  
For sweetest melody, is heard no more.  
Is SERAPHINA dead, whose melting strains  
Had won the hearts of all the neighboring swains ?  
Or does she now forsake the house of prayer,  
And spurn her venerable pastor's care ?  
Unjust suspicion ! tarnish not her fame,  
Nor let reproach attain her spotless name ;  
For while her mellow voice obeyed her will,  
She fondly lingered, our musician still ;

And though by cruel fate compelled to part,  
 She leaves us all the homage of her heart.  
 To lonely solitude she gives her hours,  
 In shady copse, or shadier garden-bowers ;  
 In silent grief, and unconsolated, she pines,  
 And scarce to HEAVEN'S high will her soul resigns.  
 For, lo, the heavenly music of her lip—  
 So sweet, the laboring bees might stop to sip—  
 Has passed away ; discordant notes succeed,  
 And SERAPHINA'S bosom lives to bleed.

Ye ask the cause :—by premature decay,  
 Two of her dental pearls have passed away ;  
 The two essential to those perfect strains,  
 That charm the soul when heavenly music reigns.  
 But fly, ye swains, to SERAPHINA fly,  
 And bid her fastly flowing tears be dry ;  
 Haste to her cottage, where in vain she seeks  
 To wipe the burning deluge from her cheeks ,  
 And when ye find her, soothe her frantic mind,  
 And bid her cast her sorrows to the wind ;  
 In secret whisper, this kind truth impart—  
 There is a remedy :—the dental art  
 Can every varying tone with ease restore,  
 And give thee sweeter music than before !

---

TO ELIZABETH.

'T was when thy years were tender, love !  
 And beauty's budding rose  
 Was on thy cheek, like summer's tint  
 On Alps' eternal snows ;  
 And when thy maiden thoughts were pure  
 As dew-drops on the lawn,  
 Or virgin breeze that fanned the flowers  
 On Eden's natal dawn :  
 'T was then our hopes, our fears, our joys,  
 Our sorrows were begun ;  
 And then our hearts, like kindred drops,  
 Were mingled into one.

And years have flown since first we met,  
And many a smile and tear  
Have marked the hours, the days, the months  
Of each revolving year ;  
The joys of hope, the pangs of fear,  
Have proved their varying powers,  
And Fancy used our waking thoughts  
To gild our dreaming hours :  
Thus Time may roll his chariot on,  
Till all his race be run,  
And find our hearts, like kindred drops,  
Still mingling into one.

Deluded man may search for bliss  
In power, or fame, or wealth ;  
I seek the joys of wedded love,  
Of competence and health.  
To these let HEAVEN in mercy add,  
From love's exhausted store,  
A heart that glows with charity,  
And I would ask no more ;  
For then, like thine, in paths of truth,  
My hast'ning steps shall run,  
And thus our hearts, like kindred drops,  
Shall mingle into one.

Ye glittering gems that ceaseless gild  
The azure robe of night !  
Beyond your spheres shall Love reveal  
A world of holier light :  
There fairer stars, in purer skies,  
O'er greener fields shall move,  
Where every thought is perfect truth,  
And each affection, love :  
There shall we, dearest, ever gaze  
On heaven's unclouded sun ;  
And there our hearts, like kindred drops,  
Be mingled into one.

## THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to the land that my fathers defended ;  
 Farewell to the fields which their ashes inurn ;  
 The holiest flame on their altars descended,  
 Which, fed by their sons, shall eternally burn.  
 Ah ! soft be the bed where the hero reposes !  
 And light be the green turf that over him closes !  
 Gay FLORA shall deck with her earliest roses,  
 The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

Adieu to the scenes which my heart's young emotions  
 Have dressed in attire so alluringly gay ;  
 Ah ! never, no never can billowy oceans,  
 Nor time, drive the fond recollections away !  
 From days that are past present comfort I borrow ;  
 The scenes of to-day shall be brighter to-morrow ;  
 age I'll recall, as a balm for my sorrow,  
 The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

I go to the West, where the forest, receding,  
 Invites the adventurous axe-man along ;  
 I go to the groves where the wild deer are feeding,  
 And mountain-birds carol their loveliest song.  
 Adieu to the land that my fathers defended !  
 Adieu to the soil on which freemen contended !  
 Adieu to the sons who from heroes descended !  
 The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

When far from my home, and surrounded by strangers,  
 My thoughts shall recall the gay pleasures of youth ;  
 Though life's stormy ocean shall threaten with dangers,  
 My soul shall repose in the sunshine of truth.  
 While streams to their own native Ocean are tending,  
 And forest-oaks, swept by the tempest, are bending,  
 My soul shall exult, as she 's proudly defending  
 The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

## MRS. LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

[Born 1791.]

MRS. LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY is the only child of the late EZEKIEL HUNTLEY, of Norwich, where she was born on the 1st of September, 1791. Her parents afforded her an excellent education, and were amply compensated by her rapid improvement. At eight years of age she began to develop those poetical talents which have since made her name so widely and favorably known. Doubtless the picturesque scenery, by which she was early surrounded, contributed to inspire and cherish a love for the beautiful in the works of Nature. The haunts of her childhood, still cherished among her fondest recollections, are beautifully commemorated in her verse :

“————— sweetly wild,  
Were the scenes that charmed me when a child :  
Rocks, gray rocks, with their caverns dark,  
Leaping rills, like the diamond spark,  
Torrent voices, thundering by,  
When the pride of the vernal floods swelled high,  
And quiet roofs, like the hanging nest,  
Mid cliffs, by the feathery foliage drest !”

After enjoying the advantages of the schools of her native town, and attending for some time a boarding-school in Hartford, Miss HUNTLEY, in connection with a friend of kindred spirit, NANCY MARIA HYDE, opened a select school for young ladies in Norwich, which she continued for two years. Subsequently she removed to Hartford, where, for several years, she was engaged, with much success, in a similar pursuit.

In 1815, Miss HUNTLEY was induced by her revered friend, DANIEL WADSWORTH, Esq., to give a volume of poems to the public. The articles composing it were selected by Mr. WADSWORTH, who also defrayed the expense of publication. It was entitled “Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse.” On the death of her former associate, Miss HYDE, in 1816, she also performed the last duty of friendship by editing a volume of her remains, accompanied by a biographical sketch. In 1819, Miss HUNTLEY was married to CHARLES SIGOURNEY, Esq., a leading merchant of Hartford, and a gentleman of education and literary taste.



The poetical publications of Mrs. SIGOURNEY have been very numerous. Beside the volumes above mentioned, appeared at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, in 1822, "Traits of the Aborigines of America;" in Boston, in 1828, a volume of "Poems;" in Hartford, in 1833, "Poetry for Children;" in Philadelphia, in 1834, "Select Poems;" and in New York, in 1835, "Zinzendorf, and other Poems." In August, in 1840, Mrs. SIGOURNEY sailed for Europe. She visited England, Scotland, and France, and returned in April of the following year. While in England she published, from the London press, "Poems," in two volumes; and since her return have appeared in New York, in 1841, "Pocahontas, and other Poems;" in Philadelphia, also, in the same year, a volume of "Poems;" and early in 1843, in Boston, "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," a volume of prose and verse, suggested, as its title indicates, by the interesting scenes of foreign travel.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY is also amongst the most popular prose writers of the day. "Connecticut Forty Years Since," she published in 1824, and since that period, a volume of "Sketches," "Letters to Young Ladies," "Letters to Mothers," and several minor works. —

The poems of Mrs. SIGOURNEY include almost every variety of subject, yet all are happily made to subserve a high moral sentiment. They are characterized by harmonious measure, felicitous rhyme, great powers of expression, and an almost unrivalled purity of thought. A heart of the liveliest and tenderest susceptibilities has thrown a charm into her verse, which has won not only admiration, but esteem and love, alike in the highest literary circles, and, we may venture to say, in every village and hamlet of the land.

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#### THE FOREST GIRL.\*

A forest-child, amid the flowers at play!  
 Her raven locks in strange profusion flowing;  
 A sweet, wild girl, with eye of earnest ray,  
 And olive cheek, at each emotion glowing;  
 Yet, whether in her gladsome frolic leaping,  
 Or 'neath the greenwood shade unconscious sleeping,  
 Or with light oar her fairy pinnacle rowing,  
 Still, like the eaglet on its new-fledged wing,  
 Her spirit glance bespoke the daughter of a king.

But he, that wily monarch, stern and old,  
 Mid his grim chiefs, with barbarous trappings bright,

\* From "Pocahontas."

That morn a court of savage state did hold!  
The sentenced captive see—his brow how white!  
Stretched on the turf his manly form lies low,  
The war-club poises for its fatal blow,  
The death-mist swims before his darkened sight:  
Forth springs the child, in tearful pity bold,  
Her head on his declines, her arms his neck enfold.

“The child! what madness fires her? Hence! Depart!  
Fly, daughter, fly! before the death-stroke rings;  
Divide her, warriors, from that English heart!”  
In vain! for with convulsive grasp she clings:  
She claims a pardon from her frowning sire;  
Her pleading tones subdue his gathered ire;  
And so, uplifting high his feathery dart,  
That doating father gave the child her will,  
And bade the victim live, and be his servant still.

Know'st thou what thou hast done, thou dark-haired child?  
What great events on thy compassion hung?  
What prowess lurks beneath yon aspect mild,  
And in the accents of that foreign tongue?  
As little knew the princess who descried  
A floating speck on Egypt's turbid tide,  
A bulrush-ark the matted reeds among—  
And, yielding to an infant's tearful smile,  
Drew forth JEHOVAH'S seer, from the devouring Nile.

In many a clime, in many a battle tried,  
By Turkish sabre and by Moorish spear;  
Mid Afric's sands, or Russian forests wide,  
Romantic, bold, chivalrous, and sincere,  
Keen-eyed, clear-minded, and of purpose pure,  
Dauntless to rule, or patient to endure,  
Was he whom thou hast rescued with a tear;  
Thou wert the saviour of the Saxon vine,  
And for this deed alone our praise and love are thine.

Nor yet for this alone shall History's scroll  
Embalm thine image with a grateful tear;  
For when the grasp of famine tried the soul,  
When strength decayed, and dark despair was near,

Who led her train of playmates, day by day,  
 O'er rock, and stream, and wild, a weary way,  
 Their baskets teeming with the golden ear?  
 Whose generous hand vouchsafed its tireless aid  
 To guard a nation's germ? Thine, thine, heroic maid!

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THE BRIDAL.\*

A throng is gathering; for the hallowed dome  
 At evening-tide is rich with sparkling light;  
 And from its verdant bound each rural home  
 Sends forth its blossomed gifts, profusely bright;  
 While here and there, amid the clustering flowers,  
 Some stately chief or painted warrior towers,  
 Hailed as a brother mid the festal rite:  
 Peace waves her garland o'er the favored place  
 Where weds the new-born West, with Europe's lordly race.

A group before the altar. Breathe thy vow,  
 Loving and stainless one, without a fear;  
 For he who wins thee to his bosom now,  
 Gem of the wild, unparalleled and dear,  
 Will guard thee ever, as his treasure rare,  
 With changeless tenderness and constant care;  
 How speaks his noble brow a soul sincere,  
 While the old white-haired king, with eye of pride,  
 Gives to his ardent hand the timid, trusting bride.

Not with more heartfelt joy the warlike bands  
 Of Albion, spent with long, disastrous fray,  
 Beheld young TUDOR cleanse his blood-stained hands  
 And lead the blooming heir of YORK away,  
 'Neath the sweet music of the marriage bells;  
 Then on those tented hills and ravaged dells  
 The War of Roses died: no more the ray  
 Of white or red, the fires of hate illumed,  
 But from their blended roots the rose of Sharon bloomed.

Young wife, how beautiful the months swept by!  
 Within thy bower methinks I view thee still:

\* From the same.

The meek observance of thy lifted eye  
Bent on thy lord, and prompt to do his will—  
The care for him, the happiness to see  
His soul's full confidence repose in thee—  
The sacrifice of self, the ready skill  
In duty's path, the love without alloy—  
These gave each circling year a brighter crown of joy.

Out on the waters! On the deep, deep sea!  
Out, out upon the waters! Surging foam,  
Swelled by the winds, rolls round her wild and free,  
And memory wandereth to her distant home,  
To fragrant gales, the blossomed boughs that stir,  
To the sad sire who fondly dreams of her;  
But kindling smiles recall the thoughts that roam;  
For at her side a bright-haired nursling plays,  
While bends her bosom's lord with fond, delighted gaze.

And this is woman's world. It matters not  
Though in the trackless wilderness she dwell,  
Or on the cliff where hangs the Switzer's cot,  
Or in the subterranean Greenland cell:  
Her world is in the heart. Rude storms may rise,  
And dark eclipse involve ambition's skies;  
But dear affection's flame burns pure and well,  
And therefore 't is, with such a placid eye,  
She soothes her loved one's pangs, or lays her down to die

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#### THE DEATH-SCENE.\*

Sunset in England at the autumn prime!  
Through foliage rare, what floods of light were sent!  
The full and whitening harvest knew its time,  
And to the sickle of the reaper bent;  
Forth rode the wingéd seeds upon the gale,  
New homes to find; but she, with lip so pale,  
Who on the arm of her beloved leant,  
Breathed words of tenderness, with smile serene,  
Though faint and full of toil, the gasp and groan between.

\* From the same.

“Oh, dearest friend, Death cometh! He is here,  
 Here at my heart! Air! air! that I may speak  
 My hoarded love, my gratitude sincere,  
 To thee and to thy people. But I seek  
 In vain. Though most unworthy, yet I hear  
 A call, a voice too blessed for mortal ear;”  
 And with a marble coldness on her cheek,  
 And one long moan, like breaking harp-string sweet,  
 She bare the unspoken love to her Redeemer's feet.

Gone? *Gone!* Alas! the burst of wild despair  
 That rent his bosom who had loved so well;  
 He had not yet put forth his strength to bear,  
 So suddenly and sore the death-shaft fell:  
 Man hath a godlike might in danger's hour,  
 In the red battle, or the tempest's power;  
 Yet is he weak when tides of anguish swell;  
 Ah, who can mark with cold and tearless eyes  
 The grief of stricken man when his sole idol dies!

And she had fled, in whom his heart's deep joy  
 Was garnered up; fled, like the rushing flame,  
 And left no farewell for her fair young boy.  
 Lo! in his nurse's arms he careless came,  
 A noble creature, with his full dark eye  
 And clustering curls, in nature's majesty;  
 But, with a sudden shriek, his mother's name  
 Burst from his lips, and, gazing on the clay,  
 He stretched his eager arms where the cold sleeper lay.

“Oh mother! mother!” Did that bitter cry  
 Send a shrill echo through the realm of death?  
 Look, to the trembling fringes of the eye!  
 List, the sharp shudder of returning breath,  
 The spirit's sob! They lay him on her breast;  
 One long, long kiss on his bright brow she pressed;  
 Even from heaven's gate of bliss she lingereth,  
 To breathe one blessing o'er his precious head,  
 And then her arm unclasps, and she is of the dead.

The dead! the sainted dead! why should we weep  
 At the last change their settled features take?

At the calm impress of that holy sleep  
Which care and sorrow never more shall break ?  
Believe we not His word who rends the tomb,  
And bids the slumberers from that transient gloom  
In their Redeemer's glorious image wake ?  
Approach we not the same sepulchral bourne,  
Swift as the shadow fleets ? What time have we to mourn ?

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THE AMERICAN INDIANS.\*

Like the fallen leaves those forest-tribes have fled :  
Deep 'neath the turf their rusted weapon lies ;  
No more their harvest lifts its golden head,  
Nor from their shaft the stricken red-deer flies :  
But from the far, far west, where holds, so hoarse,  
The lonely Oregon, its rock-strewn course,  
While old Pacific's sullen surge replies,  
Are heard their exiled murmurings, deep and low,  
Like one whose smitten soul departeth full 'of wo.

I would ye were not, from your fathers' soil,  
Tracked like the dun wolf, ever in your breast  
The coal of vengeance and the curse of toil ;  
I would we had not to your mad lip prest  
The fiery poison-cup, nor on ye turned  
The blood-toothed ban-dog, foaming, as he burned  
To tear your flesh ; but thrown in kindness blessed  
The brother's arm around ye, as ye trod,  
And led ye, sad of heart, to the blessed Lamb of God.

Forgotten race, farewell ! Your haunts we tread ;  
Our mighty rivers speak your words of yore ;  
Our mountains wear them on their misty head ;  
Our sounding cataracts hurl them to the shore :  
But on the lake your flashing oar is still ;  
Hushed is your hunter's cry on dale and hill ;  
Your arrow stays the eagle's flight no more ;  
And ye, like troubled shadows, sink to rest  
In unremembered tombs, unpitied and unbled.

\* From the conclusion of the same.

The council-fires are quenched, that erst so red  
 Their midnight volume mid the groves entwined ;  
 King, stately chief, and warrior-host are dead,  
 Nor remnant nor memorial left behind :  
 But thou, Oh forest-princess, true of heart,  
 When o'er our fathers waved destruction's dart,  
 Shalt in their children's loving hearts be shrined ;  
 Pure, lonely star, o'er dark oblivion's wave,  
 It is not meet thy name should moulder in the grave

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THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON

From St. Helena.

Ho ! city of the gay !  
 Paris ! what festal rite  
 Doth call thy thronging million forth,  
 All eager for the sight ?  
 Thy soldiers line the streets  
 In fixed and stern array,  
 With buckled helm and bayonet,  
 As on the battle day.

By square, and fountain side,  
 Heads in dense masses rise ;  
 And tower, and battlement, and tree,  
 Are studded thick with eyes.  
 Comes there some conqueror home  
 In triumph from the fight,  
 With spoil and captives in his train,  
 The trophies of his might ?

The " Arc de Triomphe " glows !  
 A martial host are nigh !  
 France pours in long succession forth  
 Her pomp of chivalry.  
 No clarion marks their way,  
 No victor trump is blown ;  
 Why march they on so silently,  
 Told by their tread alone ?

Behold! in glittering show,  
A gorgeous car of state!  
The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of gold,  
Bow down beneath its weight;  
And the noble war-horse, led  
Caparisoned along,  
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,  
As his red eye scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car?  
The incense flameth high,—  
Comes there some demi-god of old?  
No answer!—no reply!  
Who rideth on yon car?  
No shout his minions raise,  
But by a lofty chapel dome  
The muffled hero stays.

A king is standing there,  
And, with uncovered head  
Receives him in the name of France:  
Receiveth whom?—the dead?  
Was he not buried deep  
In island cavern drear,  
Girt by the sounding ocean surge?  
How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him  
Beneath a peaceful pall,  
That thus he brake his stony tomb,  
Ere the strong angel's call?  
Hark! Hark! the requiem swells,  
A deep, soul-thrilling strain!  
An echo, never to be heard  
By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief,  
Whose fiat millions slew—  
The soaring eagle of the Alps,  
The crushed at Waterloo:—



The banished who returned,  
The dead who rose again,  
And rode in his shroud the billows proud,  
To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there in state,  
That warrior strong and bold—  
The imperial crown, with jewels bright,  
Upon his ashes cold ;  
While round those columns proud  
The blazoned banners wave,  
That on a hundred fields he won,  
With the heart's-blood of the brave.

And sternly there kept guard  
His veterans scarred and old,  
Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge,  
Or purple Leipsic told.  
Yes, there, with arms reversed,  
Slow pacing, night and day,  
Close watch beside the coffin kept  
Those veterans grim and gray.

A cloud is on their brow,—  
Is it sorrow for the dead ?  
Or memory of the fearful strife,  
Where their country's legions fled ?  
Of Borodino's blood ?  
Of Beresina's wail ?  
The horrors of that dire retreat,  
Which turned old History pale ?

A cloud is on their brow,—  
Is it sorrow for the dead ?  
Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft  
By Russian tempests sped ?  
Where countless mounds of snow  
Marked the poor conscripts' grave,  
And, pierced by frost and famine, sank  
The bravest of the brave !

A thousand trembling lamps  
 The gathered darkness mock,  
 And velvet drapes his hearse, who died  
 On bare Helena's rock ;  
 And from the altar near,  
 A never-ceasing hymn  
 Is lifted by the chanting priests  
 Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious One, and proud !  
 In the land where shadows reign,  
 Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those  
 Who at thy nod were slain ?  
 Oh, when the cry of that spectral host,  
 Like a rushing blast shall be,  
 What will thine answer be to them ?  
 And what thy God's to thee ?

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1840.

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#### THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

An axe rang sharply mid those forest shades  
 Which from creation toward the skies had towered  
 In unshorn beauty. There, with vigorous arm  
 Wrought a bold Emigrant, and by his side  
 His little son, with question and response,  
 Beguiled the toil.

“ Boy, thou hast never seen  
 Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks  
 Fall, how the firm earth groans ! Rememberest thou  
 The mighty river, on whose breast we sailed,  
 So many days, on toward the setting sun ?  
 Our own Connecticut, compared to that,  
 Was but a creeping stream.”

“ Father, the brook  
 That by our door went singing, where I launched  
 My tiny boat, with my young playmates round,  
 When school was o'er, is dearer far to me,  
 Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye  
 They are as strangers. And those little trees

My mother nurtured in the garden bound,  
 Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach  
 Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,  
 Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."  
 —“What, ho!—my little girl!” and with light step  
 A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,  
 And, setting down the basket that contained  
 His noon's repast, looked upward to his face  
 With sweet confiding smile.

“See, dearest, see,  
 That bright-winged paroquet, and hear the song  
 Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees,  
 Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,  
 In far New England, such a mellow tone?”  
 —“I had a robin that did take the crumbs  
 Each night and morning, and his chirping voice  
 Did make me joyful, as I went to tend  
 My snow-drops. I was always laughing then  
 In that first home. I should be happier now  
 Methinks, if I could find among these dells  
 The same fresh violets.”

Slow night drew on,  
 And round the rude hut of the Emigrant  
 The wrathful spirit of the rising storm  
 Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,  
 And he, with head declined, sat listening long  
 To the swoln waters of the Illinois,  
 Dashing against their shores.

Starting he spake—  
 “Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?  
 ’T was even so. Thy heart was with the halls  
 Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,  
 Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,  
 Befit thee better than these rugged walls  
 Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit-home.”  
 “No—no. All was so still around, methought  
 Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,  
 Which mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,  
 So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice  
 Dissolved the illusion.” And the gentle smile

Lighting her brow, the fond caress that soothed  
 Her waking infant, re-assured his soul  
 That, wheresoe'er our best affections dwell,  
 And strike a healthful root, is happiness.  
 Content, and placid, to his rest he sank ;  
 But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play  
 Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought  
 Their will with him.

Up rose the thronging mart  
 Of his own native city—roof and spire,  
 All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.  
 The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neighed,  
 The favorite dog came frisking round his feet,  
 With shrill and joyous bark—familiar doors  
 Flew open—greeting hands with his were linked  
 In friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate  
 From congregated haunts, where mind with mind  
 Doth blend and brighten—and till morning roved  
 Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

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#### THE APPEAL.\*

————— My Country! Rouse  
 From thy deep trance! divide the long-drawn veil  
 Of thy lethargic slumbers, and perceive  
 Britannia's bright example; she who said  
 To Africa, "Be free." Awake, and hear  
 From heaven's high arch the awful question break,  
 "Where is thy brother?" Wilt thou turn away,  
 Answering, "I know not!" with concealment vain,  
 Or arrogantly asking, "Why should I  
 Be made my brother's keeper?"

View the day  
 Of retribution! think-how thou wilt bear  
 From thy Redeemer's lips the fearful words,  
 "Thy brother, perishing within thy gates,  
 Thou saw'st. Thy brother hungered, was athirst,

\* From the conclusion of "Traits of the Aborigines of America."

Was naked, and thou saw'st it. He was sick,  
 And thou withheld'st the healing; was in prison,  
 To Vice and Ignorance, nor did'st thou send  
 To set him free." Oh! ere that hour of doom  
 Whence there is no reprieve, my Country, wake  
 From thy dark dream!

Blot from th' accusing scroll  
 Those guilty traces, with repentant tears:  
 Teach thy red brother in the day of wrath  
 To stand before the Judge, and plead, "Forgive!  
 Forgive! for he hath sent thine holy Word,  
 Hath told me of a Saviour, and diffused  
 The day-beam o'er my darkness. His kind voice  
 Taught me to call thee Father. Oh! forgive  
 Those earthly wrongs which he hath well atoned  
 By pointing me to heaven!"

The time of hope,  
 And of probation, speeds on rapid wing,  
 Swift and returnless. What thou hast to do,  
 Do with thy might. Haste! lift aloud thy voice,  
 And publish on the borders of the pit,  
 The resurrection. Bid thy heralds bear  
 To thy own wilds Salvation. Strike the harp  
 Of God's high praises mid thy deserts lone,  
 And let thy mountains speak them. Lo! they rise  
 Wafted on every gale. From Afric's sands,  
 From chill Siberia, from the restless wave  
 Of turbid Ganges, from the spicy groves,  
 And from the sea-green islands. Rise! and spread  
 That name which must be borne from sea to sea,  
 And from the river to the utmost bounds  
 Of the wide world. Then, when the ransomed come  
 With gladness unto Zion, thou shalt joy  
 To hear the vallies and the hills break forth  
 Before them into singing; thou shalt join  
 The raptured strain, exulting that the Lord  
 JEHOVAH, GOD OMNIPOTENT, doth reign  
 O'er all the earth.

## NIAGARA.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe  
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on  
 Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set  
 His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud  
 Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give  
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him  
 Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
 Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour  
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift

The insect-trump that tells her trifling joys,  
 Or fleeting triumphs, mid the peal sublime  
 Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks  
 Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves  
 Retire abashed. For he hath need to sleep,  
 Sometimes, like a spent laborer, calling home  
 His boisterous billows, from their vexing play,  
 To a long, dreary calm: but thy strong tide  
 Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart, forgets  
 Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.  
 The morning stars that hailed Creation's birth,  
 Heard thy hoarse anthem, mixing with their song  
 JEHOVAH's name; and the dissolving fires,  
 That wait the mandate of the day of doom  
 To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed  
 Upon thy rocky scroll.

The lofty trees

That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter lore  
 Of the too fitful winds; while their young leaves  
 Gather fresh greenness from thy living spray,  
 Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds,  
 How bold they venture near, dipping their wing  
 In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 't is meet  
 For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir  
 Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud,  
 Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven  
 Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems

Scarce lawful, with our erring lips to talk  
 Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace  
 Thine awful features, with our pencil's point,  
 Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak  
 Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop  
 From his right hand,—bidding the soul that looks  
 Upon thy fearful majesty, be still,  
 Be humbly wrapped in its own nothingness,  
 And lose itself in Him.

---

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

King HENRY sat upon his throne,  
 And, full of wrath and scorn,  
 His eye a recreant knight surveyed—  
 Sir BERNARDINE DU BORN.  
 And he that haughty glance returned,  
 Like lion in his lair ;  
 And loftily his unchanged brow  
 Gleamed through his crispéd hair.

“Thou art a traitor to the realm,  
 Lord of a lawless band,  
 The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,  
 The troubler of our land ;  
 Thy castles, and thy rebel-towers,  
 Are forfeit to the crown,  
 And thou beneath the Norman axe  
 Shalt end thy base renown.

“Deign'st thou no word to bar thy doom,  
 Thou with strange madness fired ?  
 Hath reason quite forsook thy breast ?”  
 PLANTAGENET inquired.

Sir BERNARD turned him toward the king,  
 He blenched not in his pride ;  
 “My reason failed, my gracious liege,  
 'The year Prince HENRY died.”

Quick at that name a cloud of woe  
Passed o'er the monarch's brow ;  
Touched was that bleeding cord of love,  
To which the mightiest bow.  
Again swept back the tide of years,  
Again his first-born moved—  
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,  
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,  
One chosen friend was near,  
To share in boyhood's ardent sport  
Or youth's untamed career ;  
With him the merry chase he sought  
Beneath the dewy morn,  
With him in knightly tourney rode,  
This BERNARDINE DU BORN.

Then in the mourning father's soul  
Each trace of ire grew dim ;  
And what his buried idol loved  
Seemed cleansed of guilt to him ;  
And faintly through his tears he spake,  
" God send his grace to thee !  
And for the dear sake of the dead,  
Go forth—unscathed and free !"

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#### DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that polished brow,  
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose  
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,  
And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes  
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt  
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence  
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound  
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids  
For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,



With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,  
 Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set  
 The seal of silence.

But there beamed a smile,  
 So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,  
 Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal  
 The signet-ring of heaven!

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TO SOUTHEY.

I thought to see thee in thy lake-girt home,  
 Thou of creative soul! I thought with thee  
 Amid thy mountain solitudes to roam,  
 And hear the voice, whose echoes wild and free  
 Had strangely thrilled me, when my life was new,  
 With old romantic tales of wondrous lore;  
 But ah! they told me that thy mind withdrew  
 Into its mystic cell,—nor evermore  
 Sate on the lip, in fond, familiar word;  
 Nor through the speaking eye her love repaid,  
 Whose heart for thee with ceaseless care is stirred,  
 Both night and day; upon the willow shade  
 Her sweet harp hung. They told me, and I wept,  
 As on my pilgrim way o'er England's vales I kept.

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THE BUTTERFLY.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,  
 Where a lily had chanced to grow:  
 "Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,  
 When she of the blue and sparkling eye,  
 Must sleep in the churchyard low?"

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,  
 And spoke from its shining track:  
 "I was a worm till I won my wings,  
 And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings:  
 Wouldst thou call the blessed one back?"

## SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH.

[Born 1793.]

**SAMUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH** was born at Ridgefield, in Fairfield County, on the 19th of August, 1793. His father was the late Rev. **SAMUEL GOODRICH**, an influential clergyman of the Congregational Church, who exercised his ministerial duties until a very advanced age. After bestowing upon his son such advantages for instruction as the schools of his native town afforded, he placed him at an early age as a clerk in the store of a kinsman who resided in Ridgefield, to learn the mercantile business. Here he remained for several years, when he removed to Hartford, where he was also engaged for some time in a similar capacity. About the year 1815, he embarked in the bookselling business, an occupation, doubtless, which gave a direction to the literary character which he has since acquired.

In 1824, in consequence of ill health, Mr. **GOODRICH** visited Europe, travelling over England, France, Germany, and Holland, and directing his attention particularly to their various institutions for primary education. He returned to Hartford the following year, where he remained, engaged in the business of a publisher, till the beginning of 1827, when he removed to Boston, in order the better to prosecute his designs as an author of books for the instruction and amusement of the young. Since that period, he has written and published more than twenty volumes under the well-known signature of "**PETER PARLEY**," which have passed through many editions in this country, and in England, and have been translated into a number of foreign languages. In 1828, Mr. **GOODRICH** commenced the publication of "**The Token**," an Annual, which has met with much popular approbation. He was its Editor for fourteen years, and contributed many of its poems and sketches. In 1837, he published "**The Outcast, and other Poems**," and in 1841, "**Sketches from a Student's Window**," a collection of poems and prose writings. The greater part of the articles of both volumes had originally appeared in "**The Token**," and other periodicals.

As a publisher, Mr. **GOODRICH** has been distinguished by a liberal and enterprising spirit; and the literature of the country is indebted to him for improvements in the style of publication. His prose writings have possessed a peculiar charm for the young mind; and his poetry presents some pleasing specimens of tasteful imagery, and easy versification.

## MEMORY OF HOME.\*

My native hills are far away,  
Beneath a soft and sunny sky;  
Green as the sea, the forests play,  
Mid the fresh winds that sweep them by.  
Thou knowest perchance the deep ravine  
Where pours the broad Potomac's tide,  
Where, beetling rocks and crags between,  
He goes to meet his willing bride;  
Where, curtained round with cliff and cave,  
The Shenandoah yields its breast,  
And blushing gives its gladdened wave,  
To make the bounding billows blest.  
There by the magic hills and streams,  
My infancy was lulled to rest,  
There was the cradle of my dreams,  
In childhood's morning bright and blest.

I loved those hills, I loved the flowers  
That dashed with gems their sunny swells,  
And oft I fondly dreamed for hours,  
By streams within those mountain dells.  
I loved the wood—each tree and leaf,  
In breeze or blast, to me was fair,  
And if my heart was touched with grief,  
I always found a solace there.  
My parents slumbered in the tomb;  
But thrilling thoughts of them came back,  
And seemed within my breast to bloom,  
As lone I ranged the forest track.  
The wild flowers rose beneath my feet,  
Like memories dear of those who slept,  
And all around to me was sweet,  
Although, perchance, I sometimes wept.  
I wept, but not, oh not in sadness,  
And those bright tears I would not smother;  
For less they flowed in grief than gladness,  
So blest the memory of my mother.

\* From "The Outcast."

And she was linked, I know not why,  
 With leaves and flowers, and landscapes fair,  
 And all beneath the bending sky,  
 As if she still were with me there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nature became my idol ; wood,  
 Wave, wilderness, I loved them all ;  
 I loved the forest-solitude,  
 That brooded o'er the waterfall.  
 I loved the autumn winds that flew  
 Between the swaying boughs at night,  
 And from their whispers fondly drew  
 Wild-woven dreams of lone delight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joyous I went upon my way ;  
 Yet e'er the sun-rise kissed my cheek,  
 I stood upon the forehead gray  
 Of some lone mountain's dizzy peak.  
 A ruddy light was on the hill,  
 But shadows in the valley slept ;  
 A white mist rested o'er the rill,  
 And shivering leaves with tear-drops wept.  
 The sun came up, and nature woke,  
 As from a deep and sweet repose ;  
 From every bush soft music broke,  
 And blue wreaths from each chimney rose.  
 From the green vale that lay below  
 Full many a carol met my ear ;  
 The boy that drove the teeming cow,  
 And sung or whistled in his cheer ;  
 The dog that by his master's side  
 Made the lone copse with echoes ring ;  
 The mill, that, whirling in the tide,  
 Seemed with a droning voice to sing ;  
 The lowing herd, the bleating flock,  
 And many a far-off murmuring wheel ;  
 Each sent its music up the rock,  
 And woke my bosom's echoing peal.

## THE CONFESSION.\*

Stranger! a murderer stands before thee!  
 To tell the guilty tale were vain:  
 It is enough—the curse is o'er me—  
 And I am but a wandering CAIN.  
 What boots it that the world bestows,  
 For deeds of death its honors dear?  
 The blood that from the duel flows,  
 Will cry to HEAVEN, and HEAVEN will hear!  
 "Thou shalt not kill!" 'T was deeply traced  
 In living stone, and thunder-sealed;  
 It cannot be by man effaced,  
 Or fashion's impious act repealed.  
 And though we seek with thin deceit,  
 To blind JEHOVAH's piercing gaze,  
 Call murder, honor,—can we cheat  
 The Omniscient with a specious phrase?  
 Alas! 't is adding crime to crime,  
 To veil the blood our hands have spilt,  
 And seek by words of softening chime  
 To lend blest virtue's charm to guilt.  
 No! No! in vain the world may give  
 The fearful deed a gentle name;  
 I slew my friend; and now I live  
 To feel perdition's glowing flame.  
 His missile cut the upward air—  
 Mine, winged with murder won its way,  
 Straight to his manly bosom—there  
 He fell, unconscious as the clay!  
 One thrill of triumph through me swept,—  
 But, as I gazed upon his brow,  
 A chilling horror o'er me crept,—  
 And I am what thou seest now!  
  
 I wandered forth, I wandered far;  
 In dank lagoons where reptiles fed;  
 Where oozy swamps, with shuddering jar  
 Seemed shrinking from my maniac tread,

\* From "The Outcast."

I strode at noon, I slept at night,—  
The scaly lizard fled in fear,  
The stealing serpent shunned my sight,  
But shook his warning rattle near.  
I climbed the cliff where thunders spoke—  
I wooed the lightning, but the flash  
Refused to strike me—yet its stroke  
Rent at my feet the quivering ash!  
I met a whirlwind in its wrath;  
Like a swift chariot-wheel it crashed  
The reeling forest in its path—  
I stood unscathed where oaks were dashed  
To earth! I sought the mountain; there  
The bear fled howling to his den;  
The wolf yarred at me, and his glare  
Lit the dark hollows of the glen.  
The startled wild horse from me flew,  
Rending the rock with clattering heel:  
The panther shrunk before my view,  
But woke the wood with wailing peal.  
Within a cave I made my bed,—  
Red adders came like spectres gay;  
In wild festoons above my head,  
They mocked my slumbers with their play.  
I saw them in their horrid dies,  
Lighting the chasms dim and deep—  
Like writhing yeast their gleamy eyes,  
All bubbling o'er the braided heap.  
My mind grew dark—my gloomy breast  
Was like some grisly glen at night,  
Where vultures startled from their rest  
Steal glimmering to the cheated sight;  
Where panthers howling in their caves  
Waken the ear with accents fell;  
Where sighing woods and gurgling waves  
Bespeak some night-mare of the dell.  
I wandered on, and years have flown  
Since I have dwelt a hermit here;  
My food, wild fruits—my bed, a stone—  
My drink, yon rippling waters clear.

## THE LEAF.

It came with Spring's soft sun and showers,  
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers ;  
It flourished on the same light stem,  
It drank the same clear dews with them.  
The crimson tints of summer morn,  
That gilded one, did each adorn :  
The breeze that whispered light and brief  
To bud or blossom, kissed the leaf ;  
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,  
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions passed away,  
And left the leaf to lone decay.  
The gentle gales of Spring went by,  
The fruits and flowers of summer die.  
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,  
And Winter's breath came cold and chill.  
The leaf now yielded to the blast,  
And on the rushing stream was cast.  
Far, far it glided to the sea,  
And whirled and eddied wearily,  
Till suddenly it sank to rest,  
And slumbered in the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins—its morning hours,  
Bright as the birthday of the flowers ;  
Thus passes like the leaves away,  
As withered and as lost as they.  
Beneath the parent roof we meet  
In joyous groups, and gaily greet  
The golden beams of love and light,  
That dawn upon the youthful sight.  
But soon we part, and, one by one,  
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.  
One gentle spirit seeks the tomb,  
His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom.  
Another treads the paths of fame,  
And barter peace to win a name.  
Another still, tempts fortune's wave,  
And, seeking wealth, secures a grave.

The last, grasps yet the brittle thread,  
Though friends are gone and joy is dead;  
Still dares the dark and fretful tide,  
And clutches at its power and pride;  
Till suddenly the waters sever,  
And, like the leaf, he sinks for ever.

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LAKE SUPERIOR.

“Father of lakes!” thy waters bend  
Beyond the eagle’s utmost view,  
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send  
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave  
Their twilight shade thy borders o’er,  
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave  
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,  
With listening ear, in sadness broods;  
Or startled Echo, o’er thy waves,  
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide  
Across thy breast like things of air,  
Chase from thy lone and level tide  
The spell of stillness deepening there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,  
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,  
That, breathing o’er each rock and cave,  
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings  
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,  
A sudden, startling image brings  
To the lone traveller’s kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show  
Their dim forms in the forest shade,  
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw  
Fantastic horrors through the glade.



The very echoes round this shore  
 Have caught a strange and gibbering tone ;  
 For they have told the war-whoop o'er,  
 Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu !  
 Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds, ye woods !  
 Roll on, thou element of blue,  
 And fill these awful solitudes !

Thou hast no tale to tell of man ;  
 God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,  
 Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan  
 Deems as a bubble all your waves !

---

TO ELLEN.

The sportive sylphs that course the air,  
 Unseen on wings that twilight weaves,  
 Around the opening rose repair,  
 And breathe sweet incense o'er its leaves.

With sparkling cups of bubbles made,  
 They catch the ruddy beams of day ;  
 And steal the rainbow's sweetest shade,  
 Their blushing favorite to array.

They gather gems with sunbeams bright,  
 From floating clouds and falling showers ;  
 They rob Aurora's locks of light  
 To grace their own fair queen of flowers.

Thus, thus adorned, the speaking rose  
 Becomes a token fit to tell  
 Of things that words can ne'er disclose,  
 And nought but this reveal so well.

Then take my flower ; and let its leaves  
 Beside thy heart be cherished near ;  
 While that confiding heart receives  
 The thought it whispers to thine ear.

## FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

[Born 1795.]

THIS well-known author was born at Guilford, in August, 1795. His youth was passed in his native town, until, in the eighteenth year of his age, he removed to the city of New York, which has since been his place of residence. At an early age he evinced a taste for poetry and talent for poetical composition; but he first attracted public attention by a series of effusions published in the *New York Evening Post*, under the signatures of "Croaker," and "Croaker & Co." These articles were generally of a playful character, and at times were marked with great humor, and pungent satire. The public curiosity was much excited in regard to their origin, and for some time their authors were unknown. Mr. HALLECK was assisted in their composition by his friend, the late Dr. DRAKE, the author of "The Culprit Fay," and a poet of great brilliancy.

In 1819, Mr. HALLECK published "Fanny," a humorous satire. It is his longest poem, containing from twelve to fifteen hundred lines, and was composed in three weeks. Despite its local character, which is calculated to render it somewhat unintelligible to distant readers, its merit has rendered it exceedingly popular, and it has been twice re-printed in Great Britain. Soon after the publication of this poem, our author visited England, and upon his return resolved to write a series of poems illustrative of many of the most interesting scenes and localities which had engaged his attention during his foreign travels. He has never completed his design, although two or three noble effusions have been the result.

In 1827, a small volume appeared in New York, entitled "Alnwick Castle, and other Poems." In 1836, a volume of the same title, but including a greater variety of articles, was published by GEORGE DEARBORN. In 1839, "Fanny and other Poems" was issued by the HARPERS, and, in 1842, another edition of the same appeared from the same press. These volumes comprise all the poems which our author chooses to acknowledge.

The name of Mr. HALLECK is as widely known as that of any American writer:

"his words are driven,  
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown!"

For many years he has been engaged as a confidential agent of that

princely merchant, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, and his harp has long hung neglected—and mute, as that on “Tara’s walls,” which once “the soul of music shed.” His humorous poems are distinguished by a singularly felicitous versification, and great playfulness of fancy; and he possesses a power in these which many have in vain before him attempted—and in vain endeavored to imitate—that of turning suddenly from a strain of great seeming seriousness, and surprising the reader by a masterly stroke of inimitable drollery, without in any manner offending the taste of the most fastidious reader. “Alnwick Castle” and “Fanny” both furnish proofs of this character. His serious articles are characterized by vigor of thought and great strength of expression; while his lighter lays present us with graceful verse, abounding with tender feeling and exquisite imagery.

We heartily concur in the censure pronounced by an able critic, who has said that Mr. HALLECK’S chief fault is, that he writes so little. If the universal voice can have influence, the series of sketches of which “Alnwick Castle” and “Burns” were the beginning, will not long remain only begun.

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BURNS.

To a Rose, brought from near Alloway Kirk, in Ayrshire, in the  
Autumn of 1822.

Wild rose of Alloway, my thanks!

Thou mind’st me of that autumn noon,  
When first we met upon “the banks  
And braes o’ bonny Doon.”

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree’s bough,  
My sunny hour was glad and brief;  
We ’ve crossed the winter sea, and thou  
Art withered—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—  
The doom of all things wrought of clay?  
And withered my life’s leaf like thine,  
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory, for whose sake  
My bosom bore thee far and long—  
His, who an humbler flower could make  
Immortal as his song!

The memory of BURNS—a name  
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,  
A nation's glory, and her shame,  
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest  
Forgot—she's canonized his mind ;  
And it is joy to speak the best  
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed  
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath,  
A straw-thatched roof above his head,  
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,  
His monument—that tells to heaven  
The homage of earth's proudest isle  
To that bard-peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,  
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour ;  
And know, however low his lot,  
A poet's pride and power :

The pride that lifted BURNS from earth,  
The power that gave a child of song  
Ascendancy o'er rank and birth,  
The rich, the brave, the strong ;

And if despondency weigh down  
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,  
Despair—thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,  
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,  
And lays lit up with Poesy's  
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death ;  
Few nobler ones than BURNS are there ;  
And few have won a greener wreath  
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,  
 In which the answering heart would speak ;  
 Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,  
 Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his, that music, to whose tone  
 The common pulse of man keeps time,  
 In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
 In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt  
 Before its spell with willing knee—  
 And listened, and believed, and felt  
 'The poet's mastery,

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,  
 O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,  
 O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,  
 O'er Reason's dark, cold hours ;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"  
 In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,  
 Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,  
 From throne to cottage hearth ?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,  
 What wild vows falter on the tongue,  
 When "Scots wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,"  
 Or "Auld lang Syne," is sung !

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,  
 Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise ;  
 And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,  
 With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay  
 Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,  
 All passions in our frames of clay  
 Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,  
 And our own world, its gloom and glee,  
 Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,  
 And death's sublimity.

And BURNS—though brief the race he ran,  
Though rough and dark the path he trod,  
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,  
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,  
With wounds that only death could heal,  
Tortures—the poor alone can know,  
The proud alone can feel ;

He kept his honesty and truth,  
His independent tongue and pen ;  
And moved, in manhood as in youth,  
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feelings, passions strong,  
A hate of tyrant and of knave,  
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,  
Of coward, and of slave ;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
That could not fear, and would not bow—  
Were written in his maply eye,  
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard ! His words are driven,  
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,  
- Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,  
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man ! A nation stood  
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,  
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,  
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,  
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,  
With the mute homage that we pay  
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,  
The last, the hallowed home of one  
Who lives upon all memories,  
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,  
 Shrines to no code or creed confined,—  
 The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
 The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,  
 Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,  
 And warriors, with their bright swords sheathed,  
 The mightiest of the hour ;

And lowlier names, whose humble home  
 Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,—  
 Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,  
 From countries near and far ;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have pressed  
 The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,  
 Or trod the piled leaves of the West,  
 My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,  
 Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,  
 And gather feelings not of earth  
 His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,  
 And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,  
 And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries !  
 The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,  
 His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns ?  
 Wear they not, graven on the heart,  
 The name of ROBERT BURNS ?

---

CONNECTICUT.

And still her gray rocks tower above the sea  
 That crouches at their feet, ● conquered wave ;  
 'T is a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,  
 Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave ;  
 Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands, are bold and free,  
 And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave ;

And where none kneel, save when to HEAVEN they pray,  
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,

A "fierce democracie," where all are true  
To what themselves have voted—right or wrong—  
And to their laws, denominated blue ;  
(If red, they might to DRACO'S code belong ;)

A vestal state, which power could not subdue,  
Nor promise win—like her own eagle's nest,  
Sacred—the San Marino of the west.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,  
They bow to, but may turn him out next year ;  
They reverence their priest, but disagreeing  
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear ;  
They have a natural talent for foreseeing  
And knowing all things ;—and should PARK appear  
From his long tour in Africa, to show  
The Niger's source, they 'd meet him with—We know.

They love their land, because it is their own,  
And scorn to give aught other reason why ;  
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,  
And think it kindness to his majesty ;  
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.  
Such are they nurtured, such they live and die :  
All—but a few apostates, who are meddling  
With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling ;

Or, wandering through the southern countries, teaching  
The A B C from WEBSTER'S spelling-book ;  
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,  
And gaining, by what they call "hook and crook,"  
And what the moralists call overreaching,  
A decent living.

\* \* \* \* \*

But these are but their outcasts. View them near  
At home, where all their worth and pride is placed ;  
And there their hospitable fires burn clear,  
And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced



With manly hearts, in piety sincere,  
 Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,  
 In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,  
 Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose control  
 Is felt even in their nation's destiny ;  
 Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,  
 And looked on armies with a leader's eye ;  
 Names that adorn and dignify the scroll  
 Whose leaves contain their country's history,  
 And tales of love and war : listen to one,  
 Of the Green-Mountaineer—the STARK of Bennington.

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,  
 Briefly he spoke before the fight began—  
 "Soldiers ! those German gentlemen are bought  
 For four pounds eight and seven pence per man,  
 By England's king—a bargain, as is thought.  
 Are we worth more ? Let's prove it now we can—  
 For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,  
 OR MARY STARK'S A WIDOW !"—It was done.

Her's are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's Spring,  
 Nor the long Summer of Cathayan vales,  
 The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling  
 Such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales  
 Of Florence and the Arno—yet the wing  
 Of life's best angel, Health, is on her gales  
 Through sun and snow—and, in the Autumn time,  
 Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

Her clear, warm heaven at noon—the mist that shrouds  
 Her twilight hills,—her cool and starry eyes,  
 The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,  
 The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,  
 Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,  
 Where'er his web of song her poet weaves ;  
 And his mind's brightest vision but displays  
 The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

And when you dream of woman, and her love ;  
 Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power ;  
 The maiden, listening in the moonlight grove ;  
 The mother, smiling in her infant's bower ;  
 Forms, features, worshipped while we breathe or move,  
 Be, by some spirit of your dreaming hour,  
 Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air  
 To the green land I sing, then wake, you'll find them there.

---

RED JACKET:

A CHIEF OF THE INDIAN TRIBES, THE TUSCARORAS.

On looking at his portrait by WEIR.

COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,  
 First in her files, her PIONEER of mind—  
 A wanderer now in other climes, has proven  
 His love for the young land he left behind ;\*  
 And throned her in the senate hall of nations,  
 Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought,  
 Magnificent as his own mind's creations,  
 And beautiful as its green world of thought ;  
 And faithful to the Act of Congress, quoted  
 As law authority,—it passed nem. con.—  
 He writes, that we are, as ourselves have voted,  
 The most enlightened people ever known.  
 That all our week is happy as a Sunday  
 In Paris, full of song, and dance, and laugh ;  
 And that, from Orleans to the Bay of Fundy,  
 There's not a bailiff, or an epitaph.  
 And furthermore—in fifty years, or sooner,  
 We shall export our poetry and wine ;  
 And our brave fleet—eight frigates and a schooner—  
 Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the Line.  
 If he were with me, King of Tuscarora !  
 Gazing, as I, upon thy portrait now,  
 In all its medalled, fringed, and beaded glory,  
 Its eye's dark beauty, and its thoughtful brow—

\* "RED JACKET" appeared originally in 1828, soon after the publication of Mr. COOPER's "Notions of Americans."

Its brow, half martial, and half diplomatic,  
Its eye, upsoaring like an eagle's wings ;  
Well might he boast that we, the democratic,  
Ouvrival Europe, even in our kings !

For thou wast monarch born. Tradition's pages  
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,  
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages  
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.

Thy name is princely,—if no poet's magic  
Could make RED JACKET grace an English rhyme,  
Though some one, with a genius for the tragic,  
Hath introduced it in a pantomime,

Yet it is music in the language spoken  
Of thine own land ; and on her herald roll ;  
As bravely fought for, and as proud a token  
As CŒUR DE LION'S, of a warrior's soul.

Thy garb—though Austria's bosom-star would frighten  
That medal pale, as diamonds the dark mine,  
And GEORGE the Fourth wore, at his court at Brighton,  
A more becoming evening dress than thine ;

Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather,  
And fitted for thy couch, on field and flood,  
A ROB ROY'S tartan for the Highland heather,  
Or forest green for England's ROBIN HOOD.

Is strength a monarch's merit, like a whaler's ?  
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong,  
As earth's first kings,—the Argo's gallant sailors,  
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

Is beauty ?—Thine has with thy youth departed ;  
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,  
And she who perished, young and broken-hearted,  
Are—but I rhyme for smiles, and not for tears.

Is eloquence ?—Her spell is thine that reaches  
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport ;  
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,  
The secret of their mastery,—they are short.

The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,  
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,  
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding  
The hearts of millions till they move as one ;

Thou hast it. At thy bidding, men have crowded  
The road to death as to a festival ;  
And minstrels, at their sepulchres, have shrouded  
With banner folds of glory the dark pall.

Who will believe ? Not I—for in deceiving  
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream ;  
I cannot spare the luxury of believing  
That all things beautiful are what they seem ;—

Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing  
Would, like the Patriarch's, sooth a dying hour,  
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing,  
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit bower ;

With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil ;  
With motions graceful, as a bird's in air ;  
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil  
That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair !

That in thy breast there springs a poison fountain,  
Deadlier than that where bathes the Upas tree ;  
And in thy wrath, a nursing cat-o'-mountain  
Is calm as her babe's sleep, compared with thee !

And underneath that face, like summer ocean's,  
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,  
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,  
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow,—all save fear.

Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,  
Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in wars ;  
Hatred—of missionaries and cold water ;  
Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars ;

Hope—that thy wrongs, may be by the Great Spirit  
Remembered and revenged, when thou art gone ;  
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit  
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne.

## MARCO BOZZARIS.\*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power ;  
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror ;  
In dreams, his song of triumph heard ;  
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—  
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king ;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
BOZZARIS ranged his Suliote band—  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood ;  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
On old Plataea's day ;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke ;  
That bright dream was his last ;  
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,  
“To arms ! they come : the Greek ! the Greek !”  
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
BOZZARIS cheer his band ;—

\* He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—“To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain.”

“ Strike—till the last armed foe expires,  
Strike—for your altars and your fires,  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,  
God—and your native land!”

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won ;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !  
Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;—  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;—  
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;—  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,—  
And thou art terrible : the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—  
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—  
Come in her crowning hour—and then  
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
To him is welcome as the sight  
Of sky and stars to prisoned men :

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land ;  
Thy summons welcome as the cry  
That told the Indian isles were nigh  
    To the world-seeking Genoese ;  
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
And orange groves, and fields of balm,  
    Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

BOZZARIS ! with the storied brave  
    Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
    Even in her own proud clime.  
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
    Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
    The heartless luxury of the tomb :  
But she remembers thee as one  
Long loved, and for a season gone ;  
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;  
For thee she rings the birth-day bells ;  
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells ;  
For thine her evening prayer is said  
At palace couch, and cottage bed ;  
Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;  
His plighted maiden, when she fears  
For him, the joy of her young years,  
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears :  
    And she, the mother of thy boys,  
Though in her eye and faded cheek  
Is read the grief she will not speak,  
    The memory of her buried joys—  
And even she who gave thee birth,  
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,  
    Talk of thy doom without a sigh :  
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ;  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
    That were not born to die.

## LOVE.

— The imperial votress passed on  
In maiden meditation, fancy free.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again ?

BENEDICT, IN MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

When the tree of love is budding first,  
Ere yet its leaves are green,  
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nurst,  
Its infant life has been ;  
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring  
The buds from off the tree,  
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing,  
Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found  
A home in the free air,  
Pluck them, and there remains a wound  
That ever rankles there.  
The blight of hope and happiness  
Is felt when fond ones part,  
And the bitter tear that follows is  
The life-blood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,  
'T is the fire-fly's light at even ;  
'T is dim as the wandering stars that burst  
In the blue of the summer heaven ;  
A breath can bid it burn no more,  
Or if, at times, its beams  
Come on the memory, they pass o'er  
Like shadows in our dreams.

But when that flame has blazed into  
A being and a power,  
And smiled in scorn upon the dew  
That fell in its first warm hour—  
'T is the flame that curls round the martyr's head,  
Whose task is to destroy ;  
'T is the lamp on the altars of the dead,  
Whose light but darkens joy.



Then crush, even in their hour of birth,  
 The infant buds of love ;  
 And tread his glowing fire to earth,  
 Ere 't is dark in clouds above :  
 Cherish no more a cypress tree,  
 To shade thy future years ;  
 Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be  
 Quenched only with thy tears.

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 LINES

On the Death of JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

“The good die first,  
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,  
 Burn to the socket.” WORDSWORTH.

Green be the turf above thee,  
 Friend of my better days !  
 None knew thee but to love thee,  
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
 From eyes unused to weep ;  
 And long, where thou art lying,  
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
 Like thine, are laid in earth,  
 There should a wreath be woven  
 To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow  
 To clasp thy hand in mine,  
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
 Whose weal and wo were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it  
 Around thy faded brow ;  
 But I 've in vain essayed it,  
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,  
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,  
 The grief is fixed too deeply  
 That mourns a man like thee.

## JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, M. D.

[Born 1795.]

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, son of Dr. JAMES PERCIVAL, was born in Kensington, a parish in the town of Berlin, on the 15th of September, 1795. He began to write verse while very young, and composed a regular poem, of several hundred lines, in heroic measure, during the summer preceding the commencement of his collegiate course. At sixteen years of age he entered Yale College, where he was distinguished by studious habits and high attainments in scholarship, and where he still continued his poetical writings, contributing frequently to the periodicals. In 1815, he was regularly graduated, and on that occasion "Zamor, a Tragedy," which he had composed a short time before, was performed by the students. It was afterward revised, and published in a volume of poems.

After leaving college, Mr. PERCIVAL devoted himself, for several years, to literary pursuits, being also engaged at times in the instruction of youth. In 1820, he published a volume of poems at New Haven; and during the following year appeared at Charleston, whither he had gone on account of ill health, the first number of "Clio." This, like the following numbers, was composed partly of articles which had before been published in a scattered form. Soon after his return to Connecticut, he published the second number of "Clio," and "Prometheus," a poem of more than three thousand lines, in the "Spenserian" measure.

In 1823, having pursued the requisite studies, Mr. PERCIVAL received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, but has scarcely ever been engaged in the practice of his profession, save only when connected with the army. During the same year, appeared an edition of his select writings, from a New York press, which was re-published shortly afterward, with a brief memoir, in London, in two duodecimo volumes. In 1824, he was appointed a Professor in the Military Academy, at West Point, but from ill health was compelled to resign the office. He removed to Boston, where he was for some time connected, in the capacity of surgeon, with the recruiting service at that station. While here, he was a frequent contributor to "The United States Literary Gazette," and also edited several works for the press. In 1825, he delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, of Yale College, and, in 1827, published in New York the last number of "Clio," and the last of his poetical volumes.

For the past few years Dr. PERCIVAL has made New Haven his principal residence, devoting his time wholly to literary and scientific pursuits, and dwelling as much apart from men in the bustling metropolis as he could do in a desert solitude. He is a man of eminent learning, versed in the ancient classical literature, familiar with the chief modern languages of Europe, a proficient in the natural sciences, and has extended his researches into Oriental philology. He rendered valuable aid to Dr. WEBSTER, in preparing his Dictionary of the English language, and has translated MALTE-BRUN's Universal Geography, and various well-known works, besides editing several other publications for the press. His poetical writings, also, have not been entirely intermitted, as he has continued to be an occasional contributor to the periodical literature, of the day. In 1835, he was appointed by the Governor of Connecticut to make a geological survey of the state, which he accomplished with persevering diligence, and in such a manner as to sustain his scientific reputation.

The poetical celebrity of our author is widely extended. The amount of his writings has scarcely been equalled by any American poet. He is certainly a man of genius, and unites to the vivid imagination of the bard, the observing eye of the minute naturalist. But his fancy is under very little regulation or restraint. His verse, though it flows in a melodious stream, seems without art; in his descriptions, objects of greater and less importance are thrown together without proportion, and, notwithstanding all his beauties, the reader is overwhelmed even to weariness with the multitude of his images. But whatever faults severe criticism may lay to his charge, the public voice has long since proclaimed Dr. PERCIVAL a true poet, and has assigned him a place with the few choice spirits who grace the upper walks of our national literature.

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THE DEPARTURE.\*

He went amid the glorious things of earth,  
Transient as glorious, and along the beach  
Of snowy sands, and rounded pebbles, walked,  
Watching the coming of the evening tide,  
Rising with every ripple, as it kissed  
The gravel, with a softly gurgling sound,  
And still advancing up the level shore,  
Till, in his deep abstraction, it flowed round  
His foot-prints, and awoke him. When he came

\* From "The Wreck, a Tale."

Where a long reef stretched out, and, in its bays  
Scooped from the shelving rocks, received the sea,  
And held it as a mirror deep and dark,  
He paused, and standing then against the ship,  
He gave his signal. Soon he saw on board  
The stir of preparation ; they let down  
A boat, and soon her raised and dipping oars  
Flashed in the setting light, and round her prow  
The gilt sea swelled and crinkled, spreading out  
In a wide circle ; and she glided on  
Smoothly, and with a whispering sound, that grew  
Louder with every dipping of the oars,  
Until she neared the reef, and sent a surge  
Up through its coves, and covered them with foam.  
He stepped on board, and soon they bore him back  
To the scarce rocking vessel, where she lay  
Waiting the night wind. On the deck he sat,  
And looked to one point only, save at times,  
When his eye glanced around the mingled scene  
Of beauty and sublimity. Meanwhile  
The sun had set, the painted sky and clouds  
Put off their liveries, the bay its robe  
Of brightness, and the stars were thick in heaven.  
They looked upon the waters, and below  
Another sky swelled out, thick set with stars,  
And chequered with light clouds, which from the north  
Came flitting o'er the dim-seen hills, and shot  
Like birds across the bay. A distant shade  
Dimmed the clear sheet—it darkened, and it drew  
Nearer. The waveless sea was seen to rise  
In feathery curls, and soon it met the ship,  
And a breeze struck her. Quick the floating sails  
Rose up and drooped again. The wind came on  
Fresher ; the curls were waves ; the sails were filled  
Tensely ; the vessel righted to her course,  
And ploughed the waters ; round her prow the foam  
Tossed, and went back along her polished sides,  
And floated off, bounding the rushing wake,  
That seemed to pour in torrents from her stern.  
The wind st'ill freshened, and the sails were stretched,

. Till the yards cracked. She bent before its force,  
And dipped her lee-side low beneath the waves.  
Straight out she went to sea, as when a hawk  
Darts on a dove, and with a motionless wing  
Cuts the light yielding air. The mountains dipped  
Their dark walls to the waters, and the hills  
Scarce reared their green tops o'er them. One white point,  
On which a light-house blazed, alone stood out  
In the broad sea, and there he fixed his eye,  
Taking his last look of his native shore.  
Night wore away, and still the wind blew strong,  
And the ship ploughed the waves, which now were heaved  
In high and rolling billows. All were glad,  
And laughed and shouted, as she darted on,  
And plunged amid the foam, and tossed it high  
Over the deck, as when a strong-curved steed  
Flings the froth from him in his eager race.  
All had been dimly star-lit, but the moon,  
Late rising, silvered o'er the tossing sea,  
And lighted up its foam-wreaths, and just threw  
One parting glance upon the distant shores.  
They met his eye—the sinking rocks were bright,  
And a clear line of silver marked the hills,  
Where he had said farewell. A sudden tear  
Gushed, and his heart was melted; but he soon  
Repressed the weakness, and he calmly watched  
The fading vision. Just as it retired  
Into the common darkness, on his eyes  
Sleep fell, and, with his looks turned to his home,  
And dearer than his home—to her he loved,  
He closed them, and his thoughts were lost in dreams,  
Bright and too glad to be realities.  
Calmly he slept, and lived on happy dreams,  
Till, from the bosom of the boundless sea,  
Now spreading far and wide without a shore,  
The cloudless sun arose, and he awoke.  
The sky was still serene, and from the bed  
Of Ocean darted forth the glowing sun,  
And flashed along the waters!

## THE RETURN.\*

'T was a calm Summer evening—one white sail  
Moved on the silent waters motionless,  
Scarce stealing to the shore. She watched that sail,  
And followed it with an inquiring eye,  
In every tack it took to catch the wind,  
Fancying she saw the signal. Slowly on  
It came. The glassy ocean seemed to change  
At distance into air; and so the ship  
Seemed moving like a bird along the sky.  
Sometimes it stood athwart her, and the sails,  
Hung loosely on the yards, seemed waving lines  
Tinged with the sunset; and again it turned  
With prow directed to her, and at once  
The broad white canvass threw its silvery sheet  
Full on her eye, and glittered in the west.  
Nearer it came, but slowly; till at length  
Its form was marked distinctly, and she caught  
Eagerly, as it waved upon a yard  
Near the main topmast, what her wearied eye  
Had sought so long, and found not. It was there;  
The signal, one white pennon, with a heart  
Stamped in its centre; and at once her joy  
Was speechless and o'erflowing. Fixed, she looked  
With trembling earnestness, and down her cheeks  
The tears ran fast, and her scarce-moving lips  
Had words without a voice. Thus she sat long,  
Motionless in the fervor of her joy,  
Absorbed in one emotion, which had bound  
Her form unto her spirit, and had made  
All other powers the ministers to thought.  
They hurried through her mind, her first fond love  
Its many pleasures, hours of early hope  
Unclouded by the fear of coming ill,  
And present happiness, which, like the dawn  
In the sweet month of May, is full of life,  
And yet serene and tranquil, budding out  
With blossoms of futurity, and spreading

\* From the same.

To the bright eye of heaven the tender flowers,  
Where the young fruit lies hidden, till the sun  
Ripens it to its full maturity.  
These hurried through her mind, and with them came  
Long anxious days, long days of bitterness,  
Dark with the fears that weigh upon the heart  
Whose love is young and tender, when the chance  
Of sea or battle passes o'er the head  
Of him who has the secret of her soul.

The sun was setting, and the dazzling orb  
Sunk down behind the mountains, darting up  
Long rays of golden light into the air,  
Like glories round the sacred countenance  
In one of RAPHAEL'S pictures. All was clear  
But one dark cloud, which rose from out the point  
Where the storm gathers after sultry days,  
And launches forth the lightning. This heaved up  
Its dusky billows, and their tips were tinged  
With a bright flame, while all below was dark  
Fearfully, and it swelled before the wind,  
Like the strong canvass of a gallant ship  
Standing before the tempest. It just crowned  
The hill at sunset; but it now came on,  
First slowly, till it rose upon the air,  
Frowning, and threw its shadow o'er the earth,  
And flashed intensely; then it seemed to move  
With a new pace, and every instant swept  
Still farther on the sky, and sent its voice  
Deep-roaring with the mingled sound of winds  
Amid the shaken forests, and the peals  
Re-echoed from the mountains. Now the sea  
Darkened beneath its shadow, and it curled  
Without a breath, as if it shook in fear  
Before the coming tempest. She looked wild,  
First on the cloud, then on the ship, which now  
Steered to a cove behind a sandy point,  
On which the light-house stood, but yet the winds  
Were light and baffling, and against her course;  
And so the sails flapped loosely, and she rocked  
Motionless on the crisping waves, and lay

Waiting, a victim, for the threatening storm.  
Then, as she looked with an intenser gaze,  
She saw the sweeps put out, and every arm  
Strained to the effort, but their strength availed not  
To send them to a haven. Then her heart  
Sank, and her hopes were darkened, till her form  
Shook with her fears. The clouds rolled on the wind  
In mingling billows, and the lightnings leaped  
From point to point; then in an instant burst  
The thunder-crash, and one undying roar  
Filled the wide air. At last the cold wind came,  
And the flag streamed and quivered, and her robes  
Flew lightly round her. First, short broken waves  
Rose on the bay; their tops were white with foam,  
And on they hurried, like the darting flight  
Of sea-mews when they fly before the storm.  
She looked upon the ship; all hands aloft  
Took in the sails, and scarcely were they furled,  
When the blast struck her. To its force she bowed,  
And as the waves rose now with mountain-swell,  
Upward she sprang, and then she rushed away  
Into the gulfy waters. Now the storm  
Stood o'er her, and the rain and hail came down  
In torrents. All was darkness; through the air  
The gushing clouds streamed onward, and they took  
The nearest headlands from her straining sight,  
And made the sea invisible, but when  
A flash revealed it, and she saw the surge  
Pouring upon the rocks below, all foam  
And fury. What a mingled sound above,  
Around her, and beneath her! one long peal  
Seemed to pervade the heavens; and one wide rush  
Of winds and rain poured by her; and the sound  
Of the dashed billows on the rocks below  
Rang like a knell. No vessel met her then;  
They lit the signal-lamp—she saw it not;  
They fired the gun, but in the louder roar  
Of waters it was drowned, and they were left  
Alone to struggle with the warring waves.  
A cry went forth, "a ship was on the rocks,"



And hundreds crowded to the shore to aid  
 The suffering crew, and fires were kindled there,  
 But all availed not—not a man was saved.  
 The storm went swiftly by; and soon the winds  
 Subsided, and the western sky shone out,  
 And light glanced o'er the waters. On a reef,  
 That stretched from off the cliffs along that shore,  
 The broken wreck lay scattered; and at last  
 One and another corse came floating up,  
 But none were saved. They wandered o'er the sands;  
 And here a bale lay stranded; there an oar,  
 And there a yard. Just as the cloud had flown  
 Over the zenith, and the moon shone out  
 From its dark bosom, she went down the rocks,  
 And bent her trembling steps along the shore.

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THE SUN.\*

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift  
 Snows that have never wasted, in a sky  
 Which hath no stain; below, the storm may drift  
 Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by;  
 Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie,  
 Dazzling, but cold; thy farewell glance looks there;  
 And when below thy hues of beauty die,  
 Girt round them, as a rosy belt, they bear,  
 Into the high, dark vault, a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues  
 Are pencilled by thee; when thou bendest low,  
 Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues  
 Their waving fold with such a perfect glow  
 Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw  
 Shame on the proudest art; the tender stain  
 Hung round the verge of heaven; that, as a bow,  
 Girds the wide world, and, in their blended chain,  
 All tints to the deep gold that flashes in thy train!

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thy arch,  
 The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,

\* From the Second Part of "Prometheus."

Where the spent storm is hasting on its march,  
And there the glories of thy light combine,  
And form with perfect curve a lifted line,  
Striding the earth and air ; man looks, and tells  
How peace and mercy in its beauty shine,  
And how the heavenly messenger impels  
Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal ; thou dost sway  
His waves to thy dominion, and they go  
Where thou, in heaven, dost guide them on their way,  
Rising and falling in eternal flow ;  
Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow ;  
They take them wings, and spring aloft in air,  
And change to clouds, and then, dissolving, throw  
Their treasures back to earth, and, rushing, tear  
The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they bear.

I, too, have been upon thy rolling breast,  
Widest of waters ; I have seen thee lie  
Calm, as an infant pillowed in its rest  
On a fond mother's bosom, when the sky  
Not smoother gave the deep its azure dye,  
Till a new heaven was arched and glassed below ;  
And then the clouds, that, gay in sunset, fly,  
Cast on it such a stain, it kindled so,  
As in the cheek of youth the living roses grow.

I, too, have seen thee on thy surging path,  
When the night-tempest met thee : thou didst dash  
Thy white arms high in heaven, as if in wrath,  
Threatening the angry sky ; thy waves did lash  
The laboring vessel, and with deadening crash  
Rush madly forth to scourge its groaning sides ;  
Onward thy billows came, to meet and clash  
In a wild warfare, till the lifted tides  
Mingled their yesty tops, where the dark storm-cloud rides.

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,  
When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,  
That rolls, in glittering green, around the isles,  
Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell ;

Oh! with a joy no gifted tongue can tell,  
 I hurry o'er the waters, when the sail  
 Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well  
 Over the curling billow, and the gale  
 Comes off the spicy groves to tell its winning tale.

The soul is thine : of old thou wert the power  
 Who gave the poet life ; and I in thee  
 Feel my heart gladden at the holy hour  
 When thou art sinking in the silent sea ;  
 Or when I climb the height, and wander free  
 In thy meridian glory, for the air  
 Sparkles and burns in thy intensity ;  
 I feel thy light within me, and I share  
 In the full glow of soul thy spirit kindles there.

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TO THE EAGLE.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,  
 Thy home is high in heaven,  
 Where wide the storms their banners fling,  
 And the tempest clouds are driven.  
 Thy throne is on the mountain top ;  
 Thy fields, the boundless air ;  
 And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
 The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,  
 Amid the noontide blaze :  
 The midway sun is clear and bright ;  
 It cannot dim thy gaze.  
 Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,  
 O'er the bursting billow spread,  
 Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,  
 Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,  
 And the waves are white below,  
 And on, with a haste that cannot lag,  
 They rush in an endless flow.

Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight,  
To lands beyond the sea,  
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,  
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,  
And thou leavest them all behind ;  
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,  
Fleet as the tempest-wind.  
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark,  
With a shrill and boding scream  
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,  
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,  
In thy imperial name,  
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare  
The dangerous path of fame.  
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,  
The Roman legions bore,  
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,  
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,  
And their oath was on thee laid ;  
To thee the clarions raised their swell,  
And the dying warrior prayed.  
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,  
The image of pride and power,  
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years  
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,  
And the nations shook with dread ;  
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,  
And piled with the mingled dead.  
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,  
With the low and crouching slave ;  
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,  
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight ?  
" O'er the dark, mysterious sea,  
To the lands that caught the setting light,  
The cradle of Liberty.  
There, on the silent and lonely shore,  
For ages, I watched alone,  
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more  
Where the glorious bird had flown.

" But then came a bold and hardy few,  
And they breasted the unknown wave ;  
I caught afar the wandering crew ;  
And I knew they were high and brave.  
I wheeled around the welcome bark,  
As it sought the desolate shore,  
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,  
My quivering pinions bore.

" And now that bold and hardy few  
Are a nation wide and strong ;  
And danger and doubt I have led them through,  
And they worship me in song ;  
And over their bright and glancing arms,  
On field, and lake, and sea,  
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,  
I guide them to victory."

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NEW ENGLAND.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,  
Our fondest boast ;  
The sepulchre of mighty dead,  
The truest hearts that ever bled,  
Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,  
A fearless host :  
No slave is here ; our unchained feet  
Walk freely as the waves that beat  
Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave  
To seek this shore ;  
They left behind the coward slave

To welter in his living grave ;—  
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,  
They sternly bore  
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled ;  
But souls like these, such toils impelled  
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood  
On Bunker's height,  
And, fearless, stemmed the invading flood,  
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,  
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,  
In desperate fight !  
Oh, 't was a proud, exulting day,  
For even our fallen fortunes lay  
In light.

There is no other land like thee,  
No dearer shore ;  
Thou art the shelter of the free ;  
The home, the port of Liberty ;  
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,  
Till time is o'er.  
Ere I forget to think upon  
My land, shall mother curse the son  
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,  
On which we rest ;  
And, rising from thy hardy stock,  
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,  
And Slavery's galling chains unlock,  
And free the oppressed :  
All, who the wreath of Freedom twine  
Beneath the shadow of their vine,  
Are blessed.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,  
And here we stand :  
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,  
And on our heads their fury pour,  
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,

And storm our land ;  
 They still shall find our lives are given  
 To die for home ;—and leant on HEAVEN  
 Our hand.

ESCAPE FROM WINTER.

Oh, had I the wings of a swallow, I'd fly  
 Where the roses are blossoming all the year long ;  
 Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,  
 And the bills of the warblers are ever in song ;  
 Oh, then I would fly from the cold and the snow,  
 And hie to the land of the orange and vine,  
 And carol the winter away in the glow  
 That rolls o'er the evergreen bowers of the Line.

Indeed, I should gloomily steal o'er the deep,  
 Like the storm-loving petrel, that skims there alone ;  
 I would take me a dear little martin to keep  
 A sociable flight to the tropical zone ;  
 How cheerily, wing by wing, over the sea,  
 We would fly from the dark clouds of winter away !  
 And for ever our song and our twitter should be,  
 " To the land where the year is eternally gay."

We would nestle awhile in the jessamine bowers,  
 And take up our lodge in the crown of the palm,  
 And live, like the bee, on its fruit and its flowers,  
 That always are flowing with honey and balm ;  
 And there we would stay, till the Winter is o'er,  
 And April is chequered with sunshine and rain :  
 Oh, then we would fly from that far-distant shore,  
 Over island and sea, to our country again.

How light we would skim, where the billows are rolled  
 Through clusters that bend with the cane and the lime,  
 And break on the beaches in surges of gold,  
 When morning comes forth in her loveliest prime !  
 We would touch for a while, as we traversed the ocean,  
 At the islands that echoed to WALLER and MOORE,  
 And winnow our wings, with an easier motion,  
 Through the breath of the cedar, that blows from the shore.

And when we had rested our wings, and had fed  
On the sweetness that comes from the juniper groves,  
By the spirit of home and of infancy led,  
We would hurry again to the land of our loves ;  
And when from the breast of the ocean would spring,  
Far off in the distance, that dear native shore,  
In the joy of our hearts we would cheerily sing,  
"No land is so lovely, when Winter is o'er."

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THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,  
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,  
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,  
That never are wet with falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,  
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow ;  
From coral rocks the sea plants lift  
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow :  
The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and the waves are absent there,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air :  
There, with its waving blade of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter :  
There, with a light and easy motion,  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea :  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea :  
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms  
Has made the top of the waves his own ;  
And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of Ocean roar,



When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;  
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove.  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,  
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

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TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
And round his breast the ripples break,  
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,  
The dipping paddle echoes far,  
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,  
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,  
And curl around the dashing oar,  
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
And see the mist of mantling blue  
Float round the distant mountain's side!

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,  
A sheet of silver spreads below,  
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,  
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
O! I could ever sweep the oar,  
When early birds at morning wake,  
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

## THEODORE DWIGHT, JR.

[Born 1796.]

OUR principle of admission has compelled us to exclude from our volume the name of the celebrated Dr. DWIGHT, author of "The Conquest of Canaan," and also that of his brother, the venerable THEODORE DWIGHT, the principal author of "The Echo," and "Political Green-House," both of whom were natives of Northampton, in Massachusetts, although their names have been honorably associated with the literary and political history of our Commonwealth. But it gives us pleasure to present to our readers the name of the son of the latter named gentleman, THEODORE DWIGHT, Jr., who represents the poetical character of the family. He would seem to possess poetical talents by natural right, being, in addition to his claim by the paternal line, a nephew, on the maternal side, of RICHARD and JOHN ALSOP, notices of whom have been already given.

THEODORE DWIGHT, Jr., was born at Hartford, in March, 1796. He entered Yale College, at fourteen years of age, and was graduated in 1814. Soon afterward, he commenced the study of theology, under the instruction of his uncle, the Rev. Dr. DWIGHT. At the expiration of six months, however, he was compelled to relinquish his studies, in consequence of ill health, induced originally by a too close application during the latter part of his collegiate life. Finding no relief from medical treatment, in the year 1818 he made a voyage to Europe, and, during his absence, visited France and England. In 1820, he made a second voyage to Europe. Passing the Straits of Gibraltar, he went to Naples, and from thence to Rome, Florence, Leghorn, Genoa, and other Italian cities. He then passed through Piedmont, to Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands, and from thence into France. From France, he crossed over to England, and embarked from Liverpool for New York.

The period of this visit to Italy was peculiarly interesting, from the circumstance that an insurrection had broken out at Naples, which threatened not only the government of that kingdom, but was formidable even to that of his Holiness, the Pope. To suppress this disturbance, a large body of Austrian forces had been ordered to march into Italy; and, when on his way from Rome to Florence, Mr. DWIGHT and his party passed through this army—a spectacle as interesting as it was rare, especially to an American. At the same

time, there were symptoms of revolution in Genoa and Piedmont, which caused a great degree of excitement among the inhabitants, at the idea of establishing constitutional forms of government.

After his return to this country, Mr. DWIGHT, having in a good measure recovered his health, for some time assisted his father in the editorial charge of "The New York Daily Advertiser," and at the same time prepared and published a volume of his travels in Europe. Having relinquished his connection with the Daily Advertiser, he turned his attention to the business of instruction, and for several years taught a school for young persons of both sexes, in the city of Brooklyn. Within the last year, the school has been transferred to the city of New York, where it is now established.

Mr. DWIGHT, in addition to the work above-mentioned, has published several volumes on different subjects. Among these are "The Father's Book," "The Northern Traveller," "Notes of a Traveller through some of the Middle and Northern States," and a "History of Connecticut," for Harper's Family Library. Of his poetical compositions he has published but few, and none under his name.

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#### GRIEF OF CLARINDA.

Translated from the Italian.

By the placid banks of Dora,  
 Where the purest currents flow,  
 Still at eve, mid sweets of Flora,  
 Music sounds with voice of woe:  
 'T is CLARINDA, deeply wounded;  
 Hapless love strikes deadly blow.

Wretched maiden! mourning ever  
 Persecuted SIGISMOND:  
 Memory of the noble exile  
 Opens fresh the rankling wound;  
 For oft at royal board, a traitor,  
 With his serpent smile, is found.

In thy bosom, fair Italia,  
 Glows a patriotic light,  
 While the lingering day delays us,—  
 Day of hope, and new delight:  
 Three long centuries we have waited,  
 Now it dawns—a glorious sight.

Haste, fair morning! now the oppressor,  
 Whose base chain thou still dost wear,  
 It will shake at sight of danger,  
 Shake his craven heart with fear.

Mark thy victim—  
 For the hour of victory's near.

Shouting shame on chains and slavery,  
 Brothers rise, and arm for war!  
 All united—now barbarians,  
 'T is your retribution's hour.  
 Songs are bursting,  
 Though the clouds with tempests lower.

Hail Italia! Hail Italia!  
 Soon we'll make the strangers flee!  
 Hark! Mount Cenis rings with music,  
 Echoes bear it to the sea.

All unfurl the same bright banner,  
 All one army rush to form;  
 Pious lips chant loud hosannah,  
 Brothers' hearts our bosoms warm.

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ITALY.

Italia's founts rise lovely to the sight,  
 Her echoes softly fall upon the ear;  
 For in her deepest caverns shines a light,  
 Which time still brightens every passing year.

It is the lustre which the land derives  
 From the bright halo of historic fame;  
 A mighty name at least in memory lives,  
 A quenchless spark that yet may burst to flame.

Italia's rocks hang frowning from the sky,  
 And 'tis a fearful foot that treads below;  
 Ages have sought to rend them from on high,  
 But passed them as the rustling winds that blow.

The columns rise upon her blasted plains,  
 To mark where heroes fought, where martyrs bled,

Where love of freedom drained the patriot's veins,  
 And Christians' faith received death's signet red.

Moonlight falls nobly on their sculptured forms,  
 And ivied frieze sublimely raised on high ;  
 They ask if patriot blood no longer warms,  
 If Christian faith and hope have fled for aye.

Oh, who Italia's lovely land has seen,  
 And not exulted to have trod her soil !  
 I love her weeping eye, her solemn mien,  
 More than the tropics' bright, deceitful smile.

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STANZAS.

Why should I doubt my Maker's care,  
 My life, my soul that made ?  
 Why tremble still at every snare  
 That in my path is laid ?

'T is the same God, for aye the same,  
 'T is the same powerful hand ;  
 I've called upon his holy name  
 In many a distant land.

I've seen his wonders in the deep,  
 Where his loud thunder roars ;  
 His billows gently break and sleep,  
 Upon Italian shores.

Upon Italia's shores his frown,  
 With desolating ire,  
 Has crumbled men and nations down,  
 And cities whelmed with fire.

I've seen the ashes of their kings  
 All scattered by his breath ;  
 And liquid rocks, together poured,  
 Crush palaces beneath.

And in a heart, all black with guilt,  
 Where once abode despair,  
 I've seen his heavenly mansion built,  
 I've seen his dwelling there.

Why should I doubt my Maker's care,  
 My life, my soul that made ?  
 Why tremble still at every snare  
 That in my path is laid ?

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LINES

Addressed impromptu to Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, on her departure for  
 England, from New York, August 1st, 1840.

Not with the gaze of idle eyes  
 Fair England you'll behold ;  
 But with the deep, exalted thoughts  
 You oft expressed of old,  
 When eve was mild, and flowers were sweet,  
 Beside my native stream,  
 And youth and wit would shed their light  
 O'er many a gilded dream  
 Of the old eastern world, whose fame  
 Our favorite books displayed,  
 And chief our fathers' native isle  
 In arts and taste arrayed.  
 That land, with all its cots and towers,  
 You're bound to visit now :  
 How, at first step upon her shores,  
 Your kindling heart will glow !  
 The scenes of many a virtuous life,  
 Which you've so well portrayed,  
 To give example to our youth,  
 Which many a village maid,  
 In scene remote, in humble bower,  
 Contemplates, where the bloom  
 Of fragrant honey-suckles pour  
 My favorite perfume.  
 Those charming scenes, each famous spot,  
 You'll see, with harp in tune  
 To echo back some lofty thought—  
 Winds ! bear those echoes soon !

What though the Amazonian power  
Of modern art shall raise  
Her loud, industrious, deafening roar,  
And bid her furnace blaze!  
To other thoughts and other scenes  
Your hasty steps will speed,  
And soon impress the classic shores  
Of Avon, Tay, and Tweed.  
The Leasow's faded beauties still  
Bright in your memory bloom,  
And every hawthorn shade for you  
Retains its past perfume.  
And your regard for that far land  
The Pilgrims' age held dear,  
Will teach you things to understand,  
Unseen by many there.  
Each tower that whispers through its moss  
Of the Reformer's age,  
Will hint to your attentive ear  
Its own historic page.  
For you have sympathies with men  
Who God's own battles led,  
And know each lovely rustic scene  
So oft with slaughter red.  
And through the streets, so crowded now,  
Your well taught eye can trace  
The steps where England's poets erst  
In penury did pace;  
And in the "Corner" of that fane  
Where hang her noblest lyres,  
You'll feel the untold thoughts the place  
In kindred souls inspires.  
But far from cities, towers and thrones,  
You'll oft delighted rove,  
To holy haunts of COWPER'S choice,  
Or MORE or MILTON'S love.  
Then, while you range the ruined pile,  
Or leave the lowly cot,  
Pluck for a friend some humble spoil,  
In memory of the spot.

## JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD.

[Born 1796. Died 1828.]

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD was a son of the Hon. JEREMIAH G. BRAINARD, one of the Judges of the Superior Court of Connecticut, and was born at New London, on the 21st of October, 1796. He pursued his preparatory studies under the direction of his elder brother, WILLIAM F. BRAINARD, and entered Yale College at fifteen years of age. Here he was a universal favorite, and gave evidence of the genius which afterward distinguished him, but acquired little celebrity for application or scholarship. He was graduated in 1815, and soon afterward entered the office of his brother, in his native town, as a student at law. On being admitted to the bar in 1819, he established himself in the city of Middletown, in the practice of his profession. But it proved an uncongenial occupation, and, in the early part of the year 1822, he removed to Hartford, and assumed the editorial charge of "The Connecticut Mirror." Through the columns of this periodical, principally, he became known to the public in a poetical character. During his residence in Middletown he had devoted a part of his time to literary compositions; but he had published few articles, and was, for the most part, unknown as an author, prior to his connection with the Mirror.

In 1825, BRAINARD published at New York a small volume, entitled, "Occasional pieces of Poetry," comprising about forty articles, most of which had already appeared in his newspaper, and had enjoyed a wide-spread popularity. Its motto, from BUNYAN, was apt and quaint:

"Some said, 'JOHN, print it;' others said, 'Not so;'  
Some said, 'It might do good;' others said, 'No.'"

The volume was well received by the public, and the friends of the author urged him to undertake a poem of such length as should enable him to concentrate all his poetical talents—a task which he could not be induced to attempt. He still continued his editorial labors, contributing occasional poems to the press, until the spring of 1827—His health had been for some time failing, and he now resigned his connection with the Mirror, though, as he deemed, only for a little time, and returned to New London, in hope that relaxation and domestic quiet would soon enable him to resume his duties. During the following summer he spent a short time on Long Island,



where he composed the well-known sketch, "The Invalid on the East End of Long Island;" but no beneficial result followed the change—and he returned to New London, convinced that he must abandon all thought of resuming his editorial labors, though he still continued to write occasionally for the *Mirror*, as a poetical correspondent. His disease soon assumed the character of consumption, and the work of life which now remained for him was to prepare for his final change. He devoted much of his time to religious study and meditation, and united himself to the communion of the Congregational Church at New London. His religious feelings seemed of a true and healthful character, and he looked forward to the approach of death not only without fear, but even with an earnest desire. He lingered until the 26th of September, 1828, when his spirit passed peacefully away. His death was widely deplored, and caused an universal expression of sympathy from his brethren associated with the press. Many lyres were strung to notes of lamentation; and we cannot forbear an extract from a feeling monody by his friend, Mrs. SIGOURNEY:

Each sylvan haunt he loved,—the simplest flower  
That burned heaven's incense in its bosom fair,  
The crested billow with its fitful power,  
The chirping nest that claimed another's care,  
All woke his worship, as some altar rare  
Or sainted shrine doth win the pilgrim's knee;  
And he hath gone to rest where earth and air  
Lavish their sweetest charms,—while loud and free  
Sounds forth the wind-swept harp of his own native sea

\* \* \* \* \*

Youth with glad hand her frolic germs had sown,  
And garlands clustered round his manly head;  
Those garlands withered,—and he stood alone,  
While on his cheek the gnawing hectic fed,  
And chilling death-dews o'er his temple spread:  
But on his soul a quenchless star arose,  
Whose hallowed beams their brightest lustre shed  
When the dimmed eye to its last pillow goes;  
He followed where it led, and found a saint's repose.

And now, farewell! The rippling stream shall hear  
No more the echo of thy sportive oar;  
Nor the loved group, thy father's halls that cheer,  
Joy in the magic of thy presence more;  
Long shall their tears thy broken lyre deplore;  
Yet doth thine image, warm and deathless, dwell  
With those who love the minstrel's tuneful lore,—  
And still thy music, like a treasured spell,  
Thrills deep within our souls. Lamented bard, farewell!

In-private life, BRAINARD was most highly esteemed. He was fond of social intercourse; and superior powers of conversation, and a fund of cheerful humor, often rendered him the delight of the circle. His feelings were peculiarly sensitive—a circumstance which often proved a source of uneasiness to his friends. His character through life was marked at times by a shade of melancholy, and his verse is often imbued with a spirit of pleasing sadness. As an editor, he seemed little better adapted to the rougher tasks of political partizanship than to the abstractions of law. Aside from a constitutional aversion to such duties as would bring him into a bold and public intercourse with his fellow men, he ever manifested a reluctance to engage in high and continued effort. Thus his taste and feelings inclined him rather to the literary than the political department of his paper, and in this character consisted its chief charm.

The poems of BRAINARD have won a degree of favor both at home and abroad, which has been extended to but few of our native bards. They were hastily written, and revised with too little care, but are distinguished by a high order of beauty. An entire originality, a true and deep and natural vein of feeling, a love of all things beautiful, a rich humor, and a character purely American, have rendered him a universal favorite, and have peculiarly endeared his memory to his native commonwealth.

In 1832, the "Literary Remains" of our author, with a sketch of his life by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, was published by P. B. GOODSELL, and in 1842, a more authentic collection of his poems, with a memoir of his life, was published by EDWARD HOPKINS. This last edition is one of great beauty, and well worthy the character of him whose genius it commemorates.

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#### TO THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

From that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain,  
That links the mountain to the mighty main,  
Fresh from the rock and swelling by the tree,  
Rushing to meet and dare and breast the sea—  
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave  
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;  
The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar  
Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore:  
The promontories love thee—and for this  
Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.

Stern, at thy source, thy northern Guardians stand,  
Rude rulers of the solitary land,

Wild dwellers by thy cold sequestered springs,  
Of earth the feathers and of air the wings ;  
Their blasts have rocked thy cradle, and in storm  
Covered thy couch, and swathed in snow thy form ;  
Yet, blessed by all the elements that sweep  
The clouds above, or the unfathomed deep,  
The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,  
The gentlest dews drop on thy eddying rills ;  
By the mossed bank, and by the aged tree,  
The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee.

The young oak greets thee at the water's edge,  
Wet by the wave, though anchored in the ledge.  
'T is there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,  
Where pensive oziers dip their willowy weeds ;  
And there the wild-cat purrs amid her brood,  
And trains them, in the sylvan solitude,  
To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink  
Paddling the water by the quiet brink—  
Or to out-gaze the grey owl in the dark,  
Or hear the young fox practising to bark.

Dark as the frost-nipped leaves that strewed the ground,  
The Indian hunter here his shelter found ;  
Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true,  
Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe,  
Speared the quick salmon leaping up the fall,  
And slew the deer without the rifle-ball.  
Here his young squaw her cradling tree would choose,  
Singing her chant to hush her swart pappoose ;  
Here stain her quills and string her tinkets rude,  
And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood.  
No more shall they thy welcome waters bless,  
No more their forms thy moonlit banks shall press,  
No more be heard from mountain or from grove,  
His whoop of slaughter, or her song of love.

Thou didst not shake, thou didst not shrink when, late  
The mountain-top shut down its ponderous gate,  
Tumbling its tree-grown ruins to thy side,  
An avalanche of acres at a slide.

Nor dost thou stay, when Winter's coldest breath  
Howls through the woods and sweeps along the heath ;  
One mighty sigh relieves thy icy breast  
And wakes thee from the calmness of thy rest.

Down sweeps the torrent ice—it may not stay  
By rock or bridge, in narrow or in bay ;  
Swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes,  
And leaves thee dimpling in thy sweet repose.  
Yet as the unharmed swallow skims his way,  
And lightly drops his pinions in thy spray,  
So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,  
And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze,  
New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars  
Feather thy waves and touch thy noble shores.

Thy noble shores ! where the tall steeple shines,  
At midday, higher than thy mountain pines,  
Where the white school-house, with its daily drill  
Of sunburnt children, smiles upon the hill,  
Where the neat village grows upon the eye  
Decked forth in nature's sweet simplicity,  
Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth,  
Gains merit, honor, and gives labor, health,  
Where GOLDSMITH's self might send his exiled band,  
To find a new " Sweet Auburn " in our land.

What Art can execute or Taste devise,  
Decks thy fair course and gladdens in thine eyes—  
As broader sweep the bendings of thy stream,  
To meet the southern sun's more constant beam.  
Here cities rise, and sea-washed commerce hails  
Thy shores and winds with all her flapping sails,  
From Tropic isles, or from the torrid main—  
Where grows the grape, or sprouts the sugar-cane—  
Or from the haunts, where the striped haddock play,  
By each cold northern bank and frozen bay.  
Here, safe returned from every stormy sea,  
Waves the striped flag, the mantle of the free—  
That star-lit flag, by all the breezes curled  
Of yon vast deep whose waters grasp the world.

In what Arcadian, what Utopian ground  
 Are warmer hearts or manlier feelings found,  
 More hospitable welcome, or more zeal  
 To make the curious "tarrying" stranger feel  
 That, next to home, here best may he abide,  
 To rest and cheer him by the chimney-side;  
 Drink the hale Farmer's cider, as he hears  
 From the grey dame the tales of other years;  
 Cracking his shagbarks, as the aged crone,  
 Mixing the true and doubtful into one,  
 Tells how the Indian scalped the helpless child,  
 And bore its shrieking mother to the wild—  
 Butchered the father hastening to his home,  
 Seeking his cottage—finding but his tomb;  
 How drums and flags and troops were seen on high,  
 Wheeling and charging in the northern sky,  
 And that she knew what these wild tokens meant,  
 When to the Old French War her husband went;  
 How, by the thunder-blasted tree, was hid  
 The golden spoils of far-famed ROBERT KIDD;  
 And then the chubby grand-child wants to know  
 About the ghosts and witches long ago,  
 That haunted the old swamp.

The clock strikes ten—

The prayer is said, nor unforgotten then  
 The stranger in their gates. A decent rule  
 Of Elders in thy Puritanic school.

When the fresh morning wakes him from his dream,  
 And daylight smiles on rock, and slope and stream,  
 Are there not glossy curls and sunny eyes,  
 As brightly lit and bluer than thy skies?  
 Voices as gentle as an echoed call,  
 And sweeter than the softened waterfall  
 That smiles and dimples in its whispering spray,  
 Leaping in sportive innocence away—  
 And lovely forms, as graceful and as gay  
 As wild-brier, budding in an April day!  
 How like the leaves, the fragrant leaves it bears,  
 Their sinless purposes and simple cares!

Stream of my sleeping Fathers! when the sound  
 Of coming war echoed thy hills around,  
 How did thy sons start forth from every glade,  
 Snatching the musket where they left the spade!  
 How did their mothers urge them to the fight,  
 Their sisters tell them to defend the right,—  
 How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall,  
 The earth their coffin and the turf their pall!  
 How did the aged pastor light his eye,  
 When, to his flock, he read the purpose high  
 And stern resolve, whate'er the toil may be,  
 To pledge life, name, fame, all—for Liberty.  
 Cold is the hand that penned that glorious page—  
 Still in the grave the body of that sage  
 Whose lip of eloquence and heart of zeal,  
 Made Patriots act and listening Statesmen feel—  
 Brought thy Green Mountains down upon their foes,  
 And thy white summits melted of their snows—  
 While every vale to which his voice could come,  
 Rang with the fife and echoed to the drum.

Bold river! better suited are thy waves  
 To nurse the laurels clustering round their graves,  
 Than many a distant stream, that soaks the mud,  
 Where thy brave sons have shed their gallant blood,  
 And felt, beyond all other mortal pain,  
 They ne'er should see their happy home again.

Thou hadst a Poet once,—and he could tell,  
 Most tunefully, whate'er to thee befell,  
 Could fill each pastoral reed upon thy shore—  
 But we shall hear his classic lays no more!  
 He loved thee, but he took his aged way,  
 By Erie's shore, and PERRY'S glorious day,  
 To where Detroit looks out amidst the wood,  
 Remote beside the dreary solitude.

Yet for his brow thy ivy leaf shall spread,  
 Thy freshest myrtle lift its berried head,  
 And our gnarled Charter-Oak put forth a bough,  
 Whose leaves shall grace thy TRUMBULL'S honored brow.

## JERUSALEM.

Four lamps weré burning o'er two mighty graves—  
 GODFREY's and BALDWIN's\*—Salem's Christian kings;  
 And holy light glanced from HELENA's naves,  
 Fed with the incense which the Pilgrim brings,—  
 While through the pannelled roof the cedar flings  
 Its sainted arms o'er choir, and roof, and dome,  
 And every porphyry-pillared cloister rings  
 To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"  
 As every lip breathes out, "O LORD, thy kingdom come."

A mosque was garuished with its crescent moons,  
 And a clear voice called Mussulmans to prayer.  
 There were the splendors of Judea's thrones—  
 There were the trophies which its conquerors wear—  
 All but the truth, the holy truth, was there:  
 For there, with lip profane, the crier stood,  
 And him from the tall minaret you might hear,  
 Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,  
 That verse misunderstood, "There is no God but God."

Hark! did the Pilgrim tremble as he kneeled?  
 And did the turbaned Turk his sins confess?  
 Those mighty hands the elements that wield,  
 That mighty Power that knows to curse or bless,  
 Is over all; and in whatever dress  
 His suppliants crowd around him, HE can see  
 Their heart, in city or in wilderness,  
 And probe its core, and make its blindness flee,  
 Owing Him very GOD, the only Deity.

\* GODFREY and BALDWIN were the first Christian kings at Jerusalem. The Empress HELENA, mother of CONSTANTINE the Great, built the Church of the Sepulchre on Mount Calvary. The walls are of stone and the roof of cedar. The four lamps which light it are very costly. It is kept in repair by the offerings of pilgrims who resort to it. The Mosque was originally a Jewish Temple. The Emperor JULIAN undertook to re-build the temple of Jerusalem at very great expense, to disprove the prophecy of our Saviour, as it was understood by the Jews; but the work and the workmen were destroyed by an earthquake. The pools of Bethesda and Gihon—the tomb of the Virgin MARY, and of King JEHOSHAPHAT—the pillar of ABSALOM—the tomb of ZACHARIAH—and the *campo santo*, or holy field, which is supposed to have been purchased with the price of JUDAS' treason, are, or were lately, the most interesting parts of Jerusalem.

There was an earthquake once that rent thy fane,  
 Proud JULIAN; when, (against the prophecy  
 Of Him who lived, and died, and rose again,  
 "That one stone on another should not lie,")  
 Thou wouldst re-build that Jewish masonry,  
 To mock the eternal Word. The earth below  
 Gushed out in fire; and from the brazen sky,  
 And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow,  
 As saw not Shinar's plain, nor Babel's overthrow.

Another earthquake comes! Dome, roof, and wall  
 Tremble; and, headlong to the grassy bank,  
 And in the muddied stream, the fragments fall,  
 While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and drank  
 At one huge draft, the sediment, which sank  
 In Salem's drained goblet. Mighty Power!  
 Thou whom we all should worship, praise and thank,  
 Where was thy mercy in that awful hour,  
 When hell moved from beneath, and thine own heaven did  
 lower?

Say, PILATE'S palaces—proud HEROD'S towers—  
 Say, gate of Bethlehem, did your arches quake?  
 Thy pool, Bethesda, was it filled with showers?  
 Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake?  
 Tomb of thee, MARY—Virgin—did it shake?  
 Glowed thy bought field, Aeldema, with blood?  
 Where were the shudderings Calvary might make?  
 Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood,  
 To wash away the spot where once a God had stood?

Lost Salem of the Jews—great sepulchre  
 Of all profane and of all holy things—  
 Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentile yet concur  
 To make thee what thou art! thy history brings  
 Thoughts mixed of joy and woe. The whole earth rings  
 With the sad truth which He has prophesied,  
 Who would have sheltered with his holy wings  
 Thee and thy children. You his power defied:  
 You scourged him while he lived, and mocked him as he died!



There is a star in the untroubled sky,  
 That caught the first light which its Maker made ;  
 'T led the hymn of other orbs on high ;  
 'T will shine when all the fires of heaven shall fade.  
 Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid !  
 For it has kept its watch on Palestine !  
 Look to its holy light, nor be dismayed,  
 Though broken is each consecrated shrine,  
 Though crushed and ruined all—which men have called  
 divine.

QUI TRANSTULIT SUSTINET.\*

The warrior may twine round his temples the leaves  
 Of the laurel that victory throws him ;  
 The Lover may smile as he joyously weaves  
 The Myrtle that beauty bestows him.  
 The Poet may gather his ivy, and gaze  
 On its evergreen honors enchanted ;  
 But what are their ivys, their myrtles, and bays,  
 To the vine that our forefathers planted !

Let France boast the lily—let Britain be vain  
 Of her thistles, and shamrocks, and roses ;  
 Our shrubs and our blossoms sprout out from the main,  
 And our bold shore their beauty discloses.  
 With a home and a country, a soul and a God,  
 What freeman with terrors is haunted !  
 Bedecked with the dew-drops and washed with the flood  
 Is the vine that our forefathers planted.

Then a health to the brave and the worthy, that bore  
 The vine whose rich clusters o'ershade us ;  
 They planted its root by the rocks of the shore,  
 And called down His blessing who made us.  
 And a health to the Fair, who will raise up a brave  
 Generation of Yankees undaunted,  
 To nourish, to cherish, to honor, and save  
 The vine that our forefathers planted.

\* Motto of the Arms of Connecticut.

## SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.\*

A mother stood by the pebbled shore,  
 In her hand she held a bowl—  
 "Now I'll drink a draught of the salted seas  
 That broadly to me roll!  
 On them I have an only son,  
 Can he forget me quite?  
 Oh! if his week away has run,  
 He'll think of me this night;  
 And may he never on the track  
 Of ocean in its foam,  
 Fail to look gladly—kindly back  
 To those he left at home.  
 I pledge him in the ocean-brine,  
 Let him pledge me in ruddy wine."

A sister stood where the breakers fall  
 In thunders, on the beach,  
 And out were stretched her eager arms,  
 For one she could not reach.  
 "I'll dip my hand, my foot, my lip,  
 Into the foaming white,  
 For sure as this sand the sea doth sip,  
 He'll think of me this night.  
 And may he never on the deck,  
 Or on the giddy mast,  
 In gale or battle, storm or wreck,  
 Forget the happy past.  
 I pledge him in the ocean-brine,  
 Let him pledge me in ruddy wine."

A wife went down to the water's brink,  
 And thither a goblet brought:  
 "Here will I drink and here I'll think  
 As once we two have thought.

\* It is well known that naval officers, as well as their seamen, appropriate Saturday night at sea to the subject of their "domestic relations," over a glass of wine, or of grog, as the case may be. It may not be so notorious that their female friends drink salt water in celebration of this nautical vigil.

We've romped by rock, and wood, and shore,  
 When moon and stars were bright,  
 And he, where'er the tempests roar,  
 Will think on me this night.  
 And may he ever, ever meet  
 With a friend as true and kind ;  
 But not to-night shall he forget  
 The wife he left behind.  
 I sip for him the ocean-brine,  
 He'll quaff for me the ruddy wine."

A maid came down with a hasty foot—  
 " My lover is far at sea,  
 But I'll fill my cup, and I'll drink it out  
 To him who deserted me.  
 Nor mother, nor sister, nor wife am I,  
 His careless heart is light—  
 And he will neither weep, nor sigh,  
 Nor think of me this night !  
 He will, HE WILL, a Sailor's heart  
 Is true as it is brave,  
 From home and love 't will no more part  
 Than the keel will quit the wave.  
 I pledge thee, Love, in ocean's brine,  
 Pledge gaily back the ruddy wine."

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#### THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

Labitur et labetur.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
 As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"  
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;  
 And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him  
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
 "The sound of many waters ;" and had bade  
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
 And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
 That hear the question of that voice sublime?  
 Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung  
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!  
 Yea, what is all the riot man can make  
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!  
 And yet, bold babblers, what art thou to HIM,  
 Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
 Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,  
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

#### LEATHER STOCKING.

The following lines refer to the good wishes which ELIZABETH, in MR. COOPER'S novel of "The Pioneers," manifested for the welfare of "LEATHER STOCKING," when he signified at the grave of the Indian, his determination to quit the settlements of men for the forests of the west; and when, whistling to his dogs, with his rifle on his shoulder, and his pack on his back, he left the village of Templeton.

Far away from the hill-side, the lake and the hamlet,  
 The rock and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;  
 From the footpath that winds by the side of the streamlet;  
 From his hut, and the grave of his friend, far away—  
 He is gone where the footsteps of man never ventured,  
 Where the glooms of the wide-tangled forest are centered,  
 Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has entered,  
 No blood-hound has roused up the deer with his bay.

He has left the green alley for paths where the bison  
 Roams through the prairies, or leaps o'er the flood;  
 Where the snake in the swamp sucks its deadliest poison,  
 And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its food;  
 But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer,  
 The eye shall be clearer, the rifle be surer,  
 And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer,  
 That trusts nought but HEAVEN in his way through the  
 wood.

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer;  
 Firm be his step through each wearisome mile;  
 Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer;  
 Far from the track of the mean and the vile.

And when death, with the last of its terrors, assails him,  
 And all but the last throb of memory fails him,  
 He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,  
 And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre ;  
 There for his pall shall the oak leaves be spread ;  
 The sweet briar shall bloom, and the wild grape shall cluster ;  
 And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.  
 There shall they mix with the fern and the heather ;  
 There shall the young eagle shed its first feather ;  
 The wolves, with his wild dogs, shall lie there together,  
 And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

---

MR. MERRY'S LAMENT FOR "LONG TOM,"

Whose drowning is mentioned in the sixth chapter of the second volume  
 of "The Pilot," by the author of "The Pioneers."

"Let us think of them that sleep  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore."

Thy cruise is over now,  
 Thou art anchored by the shore,  
 And never more shalt thou  
 Hear the storm around thee roar ;  
 Death hath shaken out the sands of thy glass.  
 Now around thee sports the whale,  
 And the porpoise snuffs the gale,  
 And the night-winds wake their wail,  
 As they pass.  
 The sea-grass round thy bier  
 Shall bend beneath the tide,  
 Nor tell the breakers near,  
 Where thy manly limbs abide ;  
 But the granite rock thy tomb-stone shall be.  
 Though the edges of thy grave  
 Are the combings of the wave—  
 Yet unheeded they shall rave  
 Over thee.

At the piping of all hands,  
 When the Judgment signal 's spread—  
 When the islands, and the lands,  
 And the seas give up their dead,  
 And the south and the north shall come :  
 When the sinner is betrayed,  
 And the just man is afraid,  
 Then HEAVEN be thy aid,  
 Poor TOM.

## STANZAS.

The dead leaves strew the forest walk,  
 And withered are the pale wild flowers ;  
 The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,  
 The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.  
 Gone are the Spring's green sprouting bowers,  
 Gone Summer's rich and mantling vines,  
 And Autumn, with her yellow hours,  
 On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learned a clear and wild-toned note,  
 That rose and swelled from yonder tree ;  
 A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,  
 There perched and raised her song for me.  
 The winter comes, and where is she ?  
 Away—where summer wings will rove—  
 Where buds are fresh, and every tree  
 Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,  
 Too fresh the flower that blushes there,  
 The northern breeze that rustles by,  
 Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair ;  
 No forest tree stands stript and bare,  
 No stream beneath the ice is dead ;  
 No mountain top with sleety hair  
 Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there, with all the birds, and seek  
 A happier clime; with livelier flight,

Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,  
And leave me lonely with the night.  
I'll gaze upon the cold north light,  
And mark where all its glories shone;  
See—that it all is fair and bright,  
Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

---

THE DEEP.

There's beauty in the deep :  
The wave is bluer than the sky ;  
And though the lights shine bright on high,  
More softly do the sea-gems glow  
That sparkle in the depths below ;  
The rainbow's tints are only made  
When on the waters they are laid,  
And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine  
Upon the ocean's level brine.

There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep :  
It is not in the surf's rough roar,  
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—  
They are but earthly sounds, that tell  
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,  
That sends its loud clear note abroad,  
Or winds its softness through the flood,  
Echoes through groves with coral gay,  
And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep :  
Above, let tides and tempests rave,  
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;  
Above, let care and fear contend  
With sin and sorrow to the end ;  
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,  
That frets above our peaceful home,  
We dream in joy, and wake in love,  
Nor know the rage that yells above.

There's quiet in the deep.

## EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,  
 Tinged with the rising sun ;  
 And in the dawn they floated on,  
 And mingled into one ;  
 ' I thought that morning cloud was blest,  
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents  
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
 And join their course, with silent force,  
 In peace each other greeting :  
 Calm was their course through banks of green,  
 While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,  
 Till life's last pulse shall beat ;  
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,  
 Float on, in joy, to meet  
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,  
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

## AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

"Magna componere parvis."

All sights are fair to the recovered blind—  
 All sounds are music to the deaf restored—  
 The lame, made whole, leaps like the sporting hind ;  
 And the sad, bowed-down sinner, with his load  
 Of shame and sorrow, when he cuts the cord,  
 And drops the pack it bound, is free again  
 In the light yoke and burden of his LORD ;  
 Thus, with the birthright of his fellow man,  
 Sees, hears, and feels at once, the righted African.

'T is somewhat like the burst from death to life—  
 From the grave's cerements to the robes of heaven ;  
 From sin's dominion and from passion's strife,  
 To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven !



When all the bonds of death and hell are riven,  
 And mortals put on immortality ;  
 When fear, and care, and grief away are driven,  
 And Mercy's hand has turned the golden key,  
 And Mercy's voice has said, " Rejoice—thy soul is free!"

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LINES

To the memory of the Rev. LEVI PARSONS, who was associated with the  
 Rev. PLINY FISK, in the Palestine mission, and died at Alexandria,  
 February 18th, 1822.

Green as MACHPELAH's honored field  
 Where JACOB and where LEAH lie,  
 Where Sharon's shrubs their roses yield,  
 And Carmel's branches wave on high ;  
 So honored, so adorned, so green,  
 Young martyr ! shall thy grave be seen.

Oh ! how unlike the bloody bed  
 Where pride and passion seek to lie ;  
 Where faith is not, where hope can shed  
 No tear of holy sympathy !  
 There withering thoughts shall drop around,  
 In dampness on the lonely mound.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 On Jordan's weeping willow trees,  
 Another holy harp is hung ;  
 It murmurs in as soft a breeze,  
 As e'er from Gilead's balm was flung,  
 When Judah's tears, in Babel's stream  
 Dropped, and when " Zion was their theme."

So may the harp of GABRIEL sound  
 In the high heaven, to welcome thee,  
 When, rising from the holy ground  
 Of Nazareth and Galilee,  
 The saints of GOD shall take their flight,  
 In rapture, to the realms of light.

## GEORGE HILL.

[Born 1797.]

GEORGE HILL, like his friend HALLECK, is a native of Guilford, where he was born, we believe, in 1797. He entered Yale College before he had completed his fifteenth year, and, when he was graduated, received the "Berkeleyian" premium, as the best classical scholar of his class. After leaving college, he was for some time employed in one of the public offices at Washington, and in 1827 entered the Navy as Professor of Mathematics. In this capacity he visited the Mediterranean, and the countries adjacent, whose classic scenes and associations have not failed to inspire his muse. He left the Navy in 1831, and was appointed Librarian to the State Department at Washington. In 1839, he was appointed United States' Consul for the south-western portion of Asia Minor. His health being affected by the climate, he returned to Washington, and is now employed in the Department of State.

In 1839, Mr. HILL published, in Boston, "The Ruins of Athens; Titania's Banquet, a Mask; and other poems." His verse is often obscure and abrupt, but is vigorous, and at times expressive of strong feeling. It is rather bold and striking than flowing and easy; and his lighter effusions entitle him to an honorable place among our lyrical writers.

## ATHENS.\*

The stars recede in silence, till the gun,  
Far flashing, ere the vapors of the night  
Are scattered, thunders from the Parthenon.  
The mountains, as their summits catch the light,  
Withdraw their shadows, and from each old height  
Whose gods have fled, and of their dwelling place  
See cross or crescent mark the mouldered site,  
Send up their dewy incense! from their face,  
Light curling as they flee, the clouds melt into space.

\* From "The Ruins of Athens."

Alas! for her, the beautiful but lone,  
Dethronéd queen! all desolate she stands,  
Dropping her tears upon the time-worn stone,  
Whose legend dimly tells when her free bands  
Wrested from kings their sceptres, and with hands  
Red with the blood of Satraps, on her showered  
The spoils of conquered, gold of subject lands ;  
The isles their tributary tridents lowered  
In homage at her feet ; she spake, and monarchs cowered.

The bark flies on and shuns the lonely shore,  
The bay, whose wave seems never to have borne  
A keel, or rippled to the dip of oar ;  
But the shy sea-bird there has found a lorn  
And quiet home, and of the plover o'er  
The hills is heard the melancholy cry ;  
And where she sat, the city, she before  
Whose arms the East bent her imperial eye,  
A solitude ! a wreck ! whose relics grass-grown lie !

But so it is ! Earth from her old lap shakes  
Cities as dust ; the myriads of to-day  
To-morrow rot ; the harrow comes and rakes  
The soil ; they fertilize their kindred clay.  
And not for them the dews are wept away  
From boughs that, bright with dripping verdure, wave  
To winds with odors laden, as if they  
Were gathered from no flowers that strew the grave,  
Where sleep, alas for Greece ! the relics of her brave.

The Roman, the victorious, he whose pride  
It should have been her birth-right to reclaim,  
Nor crush and trample with colossal stride,  
The conqueror and the despoiler, came.  
Chained to whose triumph-car and taught to tame  
Her freeborn spirit to subjection, she,  
Whose sword had been her sceptre, and whose name  
A terror to imperial sway, her knee  
Bent, never more to rise a ruler of the free.

Not, till the Goth her monuments had laid  
 In dust and trod their ashes, and the West  
 Her cross-led but more savage host arrayed  
 In sight of the unconquered strait, whose breast  
 The Persian sepulchred, and of the crest  
 Of the proud isle,\* that seems a mountain-tomb,  
 By nature piled and consecrated, lest  
 Her fame should perish, till the Turk his drum  
 Had beat where arts, of old, arms, freedom, found a home.

But as the rain-drops that have disappeared,  
 Laden with life for other lands, return  
 And fertilize, though tempest-borne, the seared  
 Shorn soil whose harvest drains its thirsty urn;  
 So shall the spirit that in Greece had birth,  
 Though now, re-woke, a wasting flame it burn,  
 At length the plough, where hostile hoofs her earth  
 In conflict trample, see uproot the fern,  
 And arts revive, and War his idle weapon spurn.

"On!" is the cry, and other hordes may band  
 And build, like vultures, though the crescent wane,  
 In each old fastness of her mountain land,  
 Re-waste her earth and link her shattered chain:  
 But Leuctra, Salamis, Plataea's plain,  
 And wild Thermopylae's sepulchral pass,  
 The monuments of nature, these remain.  
 Perished the stone, but who the sighing grass  
 Wanders unheeded by where fell LEONIDAS!

From cliff and cape the temple, slowly bowed,  
 May fall, the tomb commingle with the clay  
 It rose to shelter, and the mighty shroud  
 Their memory in deeper gloom, as they  
 Had never been, her very name decay:  
 But from the spot where rose her song in fight,  
 Her shout, as on the memorable day  
 She put the armed Orient to flight,  
 A spirit breathes, a power no coming time shall blight.

\* Salamis.

Here stood the Greek, and there the Persian shrank,  
 Rider on rider thrown and shield on shield ;  
 Bristling with spears, an iron crop they sank,  
 As the ripe harvests to the sickle yield ;  
 Tombless to rot and fertilize the field  
 As weeds, they came as conquerors to reap.  
 Such be the lot of all that fear to wield  
 Arms 'gainst the tyrant in whose train they creep :  
 No tongue record their fall, nor tear their ashes steep !

These are her monuments ! to these, as turns  
 The plough some warlike relic from its mould,  
 Shall point the sire ; the stripling, as he learns  
 How the brave band, though nations were enrolled  
 To swell the Persian's, thinned his host of old,  
 Feel the wild spark, with stirring memories fraught,  
 Thrill his young breast, the closing ranks behold  
 Rush fearless on, the weapon grasp, in thought,  
 And follow where they trod, and conquer where they fought.

And many a scene, the Muse has pictured true,  
 And time has hallowed, greets the passer-by,  
 That, wild of shape, or beautiful of hue,  
 He gladly hails, nor quits without a sigh ;  
 For Nature here has shed o'er earth and sky  
 Her loveliest tints, and freely scattered round  
 The wonders of her hand. O ! hither fly,  
 Thou who wouldst see, as on enchanted ground,  
 Her mighty charms unveiled, and miracles abound.

\* \* \* \* \*

Land of the the free, of battle, and the Muse !  
 It grieves me that my first farewell to thee  
 Should be my last ; that, nurtured by the dews  
 Of thy pure fount, some blossoms from the tree,  
 Where many a lyre of ancient minstrelsy  
 Now silent hangs, I plucked, but failed to rear.  
 As 't is, a chance-borne pilgrim of the sea,  
 I lay them on thy broken altar here,  
 A passing worshipper, but humble and sincere.

## SONG OF THE ELFIN STEERSMAN.\*

One elf, I trow, is diving now  
 For the small pearl; and one,  
 The honey-bee for his bag he  
 Goes chasing in the sun;  
 And one, the knave, has pilfered from  
 The Nautilus his boat,  
 And takes his idle pastime where  
 The water-lilies float.

And some the mote, for the gold of his coat  
 By the light of the will-o'wisp follow;  
 And others they trip where the alders dip  
 Their leaves in the watery hollow;  
 And one is with the fire-fly's lamp  
 Lighting his love to bed:  
 Sprites, away! elf and fay,  
 And see them hither sped.

Haste! hither whip them with this end  
 Of spider's web—anon  
 The ghost will have fled to his grave-bed,  
 And the bat winked in the sun.  
 Haste! for the ship till the moon dip  
 Her horn I did but borrow;  
 And crowing cocks are fairy clocks,  
 That mind us of the morrow.

The summer moon will soon go down,  
 And the day-star dim her horn,  
 O blow, then, blow, till not a wave  
 Leap from the deep unshorn!  
 Blow, sweep their white tops into mist,  
 As merrily we roam,  
 Till the wide sea one bright sheet be,  
 One sheet of fire and foam.

Blow, till the sea a bubble be,  
 And toss it to the sky,

\* From "Titania's Banquet."

Till the sands we tread of the ocean-bed,  
 As the summer fountain's dry.  
 The upper shelves are ours, my elves,  
 Are ours, and soon the nether  
 With sea-flowers we shall sprinkled see,  
 And pearls like dew-drops gather.

The summer moon will soon go down,  
 And then our course is up ;  
 Our frigate then the cockle-shell,  
 Our boat the bean-flower cup.  
 Sprites away ! elf and fay,  
 From thicket, lake, and hollow ;  
 The blind bat, look ! flits to his nook,  
 And we must quickly follow.

Ha ! here they come, skimming the foam,  
 A gallant crew. But list !  
 I hear the crow of the cock—O blow,  
 Till the sea-foam drift like mist.  
 Fairies, haste ! flood and blast  
 Quickly bring, and stay  
 The moon's horn, look ! to his nook  
 The blind bat flits, away !

---

THE FALL OF THE OAK.

A glorious tree is the old gray oak :  
 He has stood for a thousand years,  
 He has stood and frowned on the trees around,  
 Like a king among his peers.  
 As round their king they stand, so now,  
 When the flowers their pale leaves fold,  
 The tall trees round him stand, arrayed  
 In their robes of purple and gold.

The autumn sun looks kindly down,  
 But the frost is on the lea,  
 And sprinkles the horn of the owl at morn,  
 As she hies to the old oak tree.

Not a leaf is stirred, not a sound is heard,  
But the thump of the thresher's flail,  
The low wind's sigh, or the distant cry  
Of the hound on the fox's trail.

The forester he has whistling plunged  
With his axe, in the deep wood's gloom,  
That shrouds the hill, where few and chill  
The sunbeams struggling come ;  
His brawny arm he has bared, and laid  
His axe at the root of the tree,  
The gray old oak, and, with lusty stroke,  
He wields it merrily,

With lusty stroke ; and the gray old oak,  
Through the folds of his gorgeous vest  
You may see him shake, and the night-owl break  
From her perch in his leafy crest.  
She will come but to find him gone from where  
He stood at the break of day ;  
Like a cloud that peals as it melts to air,  
He has passed, with a crash, away.

Though the spring in bloom, and the frost in gold,  
No more his limbs attire,  
On the stormy wave he shall float and brave  
The blast and the battle-fire !  
Shall spread his white wings to the wind,  
And thunder on the deep,  
As he thundered when his bough was green,  
On the high and stormy steep.

---

LEILA.

When first you look upon her face,  
You little note beside  
The timidness that still betrays  
The beauties it would hide :  
But one by one, they look out from  
Her blushes and her eyes ;  
And still the last the loveliest,  
Like stars from twilight skies.



And thoughts go sporting through her mind,  
 Like children among flowers ;  
 And deeds of gentle goodness are  
 The measure of her hours.  
 In soul or face, she bears no trace  
 Of one from Eden driven ;  
 But, like the rainbow, seems, though born  
 Of earth, a part of heaven.

---

LOVE AND REASON.

Said VENUS, "CUPID, your 're no more  
 A child, to be with HEBE fooling ;  
 A monkey were a fitter mate,  
 'Tis time you had a little schooling.  
 There 's GANYMEDE, a boy no bigger  
 Than you are—beat him if you can ;  
 He sings and fiddles, rhymes and riddles,  
 In short, is quite the gentleman.

"I 'm getting old ; lud, how these fogs  
 And bleak winds of Olympus rack us !  
 MARS ogles less than he was wont,  
 And VULCAN spends his nights with BACCHUS.  
 To leave you helpless to your kin,  
 Or stepdame, should he wed, were cruel ;  
 I 'm posed to think how you 'll contrive,  
 When I 'm defunct, to earn your gruel.

"I 'm told there dwells somewhere about  
 Parnass, a nymph, hight REASON, famed  
 For brats, like you, that better love  
 Their pastimes than their books, reclaimed ;  
 For fasting, single life and vigils ;  
 And, what will better serve, as you know,  
 To make you mind your Greek and morals,  
 She 's ugly as that vixen JUNO.

"We 'll put you with her for a month,  
 A week for prose, and three for rhyme ;

I learned to pen a billet-doux,  
 And thrum a lute, in half the time.  
 I'll straight despatch my dove to tell her  
 You'll make one of her bookish crew ;  
 So take your wing, but leave your quiver,  
 The sight of it might fright the 'blue.'

He went. The dame was busy with  
 Her wonted round of freakish fancies ;  
 At length, thought she, " I'll go and see  
 How CUPID with the nymph advances."  
 The night was rough. Said VENUS, " Sure  
 They'll not be out this stormy weather :  
 The door not fast ? within there, ho !"  
 REASON and LOVE had fled together.

---

#### THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

'T is done ! the sword is once more sheathed,  
 So nobly drawn in valor's cause ;  
 And Texas sees her soil bequeathed  
 To freeborn men and equal laws ;  
 Bequeathed by those, who, whether they  
 As victors or as vanquished fell,  
 Have left a deathless memory,  
 A spirit that no might may quell.

The monuments of freedom are  
 The names of such ; the scroll decays ;  
 Nor less will time the marble spare  
 Where fame records their deeds and praise :  
 The names of those whose swords have won—  
 Redeemed the green sod where they lie—  
 Transmitted still from sire to son,  
 From heart to heart, can never die.

And by their graves, in years to come,  
 Where firm they stood, or rushed to greet,  
 With shouts, the foeman's trump and drum,  
 He never more shall wind or beat,

Shall dwell a race, untaught to bow  
 To tyrant power, a race whose hands  
 Shall bear the flag, whose free folds now  
 In triumph float to other lands.

And there the sire, as the plough turns  
 Some warlike relic from the sod,  
 Whose mould the battle-ranks inurns,  
 That few, but fearless, "blood-shod strode,"  
 Shall from it shake the dust, and to-  
 The stripling turn and proudly say  
 "Here firm we stood, there fell the foe,  
 On Texas' independence day."

Shout for the yet surviving brave!  
 Weep for the brave who bled or fell,  
 Where Texas' green savannas wave,  
 Her hills and forests proudly swell;  
 For Houston and his gallant band,  
 The men whose blood was freely shed,  
 And him whose cry, as from his hand  
 The death-blade dropped, was "GO AHEAD!"

---

TO A COIN FOUND ON THE PLAINS OF TROY.

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape  
 That I will speak to thee. HAMLET.

And thou art here, about whose name and date  
 'T were idle e'en to hazard a conjecture;  
 Perhaps, when Troy was in her palmy state,  
 Struck to commemorate some feat of HECTOR;  
 Perhaps, coëval with the days of JUBAL,  
 Graved by that Cain whose cognomen was TUBAL.

Were thy impress and legend visible,  
 Thou might'st, 't is true, prove but, when all is said,  
 A button, by some bush from SPON or GELL\*  
 Filched, when in search of the Scamander's head:  
 As 't is, thou may'st have borne the monogram  
 Of some old Sheik anterior to HAM.

\* The travellers.

Time-eaten relic, within whose dim round  
The memories of by-gone ages dwell,  
Like shapes sepulchral, disinhumed, and bound  
Within the magic ring by wizard spell!  
Thou cabinet of shadowy portraits, glass  
Wherein the phantoms of dead empires pass!

Rome, Carthage, Tyre, those war-ships on the tide  
Of time, are now as they had never been;  
Their battle-ensigns, that had earth defied,  
Ages ago were struck, and piecemeal seen  
Into its dark, Lethean waves to drop;  
While thou, a bubble, floatest at their top.

Thy fellow-bubbles, Cæsars, Caliphs, Sophis,  
Kings, Consuls, Tribunes, Moguls, Magis, Sages,  
All who have left to dust their bones and trophies,  
And names—where not misspelt—to after ages,  
The lions, *ne plus ultras* of their day,  
The marvels, Trismegisti—where are they?

Where was thy birth-place, thy primeval bed?  
Did Kaff infold thee in his rocky vest?  
Or wast thou shaken by the thunder's tread  
From Gebel Tar,\* a jewel from his crest,  
Tried in some now extinct volcano's fire?  
Or brought from Ophir, in a ship of Tyre?

What transmigrations hast thou undergone,  
As coin, ring, bracelet, buckle, broach, or chalice?  
How oft been cheaply lost or dearly won:  
Yet still a welcome guest in hut or palace?  
For doubtless thou hast travelled long and far,  
Ere rags were cashed or promises at par.

Thou may'st, when Sodom was destroyed by fire,  
Have melted from the ear of some rich beauty;  
Or, as a string to Theban Memnon's lyre,  
Or royal NIMROD's hunting bow, done duty;  
Or, brought at AARON's bidding, helped to mould  
The statue of a god, the calf of gold.

\* Gibraltar.

Thou may'st, with CADMUS into Greece have come,  
 Or been a link in CECROP'S coat of mail ;  
 ULYSSES may have filched thee from his chum ;  
 Or HOMER pawned thee for a pot of ale,  
 Whose epic rhapsody too much of slaughter  
 Smacks, to have been a nurseling of cold water.

Or was Troy but, as some deem is proved fully,  
 A dream ? the tumulus before my eye,  
 Not heaped o'er AJAX, but some other bully ?  
 HELEN'S abduction, an egregious lie ?  
 The Iliad's hero, a fictitious person,  
 In short, the writer a mere Greek Macpherson ?

Would thou hadst ears, speech, intellect ! as 't is,  
 I lock thee in my scrutiore ; there to sleep  
 Till classed, a theme for erudite surmise  
 And sage research, beyond the western deep,  
 With skeletons of mammoths, mermaids, mummies,  
 Brickbats from Babylon, and other dummies.

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THE MARINER'S ADIEU.

Our pennant glitters in the breeze,  
 And merry men are we ;  
 Where wind may blow, or billow flow,  
 No limits to the free !  
 No limits to the free, my boys !  
 As now 'twixt sea and sky,  
 The white wave curling in her wake,  
 Our good ship seems to fly.

One mute farewell, one look, as, where  
 The blue sky meets the foam ;  
 Headland and isle fast fade the while,  
 Then proudly greet our home !  
 Then proudly greet our home, my boys !  
 My merry men and true !  
 Where wind may roam, or billow foam,  
 Our native land, adieu !

## EDWARD A. M'LAUGHLIN.

[Born 1798.]

EDWARD A. M'LAUGHLIN is a native of North Stamford, where he was born on the 9th of January, 1798. The pecuniary circumstances of his father limited his education; and from his early childhood his life has been a scene of almost constant vicissitude and adventure. After several changes of residence, his father having removed to the city of New York, he was placed under the charge of his grandfather, the Rev. AMZI LEWIS, pastor of the Congregational Church of North Stamford; and, after making a fruitless attempt at escaping from home to join the army, then engaged in the war with England, in the sixteenth year of his age, he was apprenticed to the printing business in the town of Bridgeport. On attaining his majority, in 1819, he enlisted in the 6th regiment of Infantry, which was ordered shortly afterward to proceed on the Missouri Expedition, a march of more than two thousand miles. On the reduction of the army, in 1821, he received his discharge at Belle Fontaine, and for some months worked at his trade at St. Louis. He returned to the east, but finding the atmosphere of a printing office little suited to unfortunate habits which an army residence had induced, in less than a year he enlisted in the marine corps. After serving about the period of two years, a discharge was obtained by his father, and for a time he was content to pursue, with various success, his former avocation.

In March, 1827, M'LAUGHLIN again resolved on a roving life, and shipped on board the La Plata frigate, bound for Carthage, in the Republic of Colombia. He reached that port in June, and shortly afterward was impressed in the Patriot service. Through the exertions of GEORGE WATTS, Esq., the British Consul for that Republic, he was released, and returned to the United States. For a while, he was connected with the navy yard at Norfolk, in the capacity of clerk, where his father was stationed as Chaplain, but in a short time he enlisted again in the marine service. At the expiration of two years he was sent home from the Hudson frigate, on the Brazil station, and was discharged at Washington, being incapacitated by ill health from any further immediate duty. Subsequently, Mr. M'LAUGHLIN pursued his trade at Cincinnati, in Ohio, for several years, and at present resides in the city of New York, engaged in the same occupation. His irregular habits have been happily reformed,

and the dictates of sober judgment—too long disregarded—are now conferring a late happiness, which the impulses of a wild and reckless fancy failed to impart.

The poetical writings of Mr. M'LAUGHLIN have been numerous. He published verses at sixteen years of age, and has persevered in his compositions through every discouragement, until the present time. During his residence at Cincinnati, he devoted his leisure to a long poem, and in 1841, appeared in that city "The Lovers of the Deep, together with several miscellaneous poems."

"The Lovers of the Deep" is in Spenserian verse, and consists of four cantos, comprising several thousand lines. It is founded on an incident connected with the wreck of the unfortunate steamer, *Pulaski*. The hero and heroine—the Lovers of the Deep—are no other than the twain whom the reader may remember to have outlived, upon that occasion, the perils of the sea, and to have united their fortunes, as a common affliction had already done their hearts, at the altar. The poem exhibits a good command of language, and good descriptive talent; and, viewed as the production of one who has been denied the usual advantages of even a common education, is deserving of much encomium.

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#### THE GALE.\*

The gale came slowly on, rippling the sea  
 With flickering winds, that veered the compass round,  
 Till at north-east it settled steadily,  
 And blew with murmuring and hollow sound,  
 Still gathering strength from all the circle round,  
 To scourge the ocean in its maniac rage,  
 And rouse the fury of the deep profound:  
 The war begins—the elements engage,  
 And all against the ship vindictive battle wage.  
 The captain gives command to shorten sail:  
 "Topmen, aloft! away there, no delay!  
 Clew up the courses, and the spanker brail,  
 Luff to the wind, and lower the yards away!  
 Close reef the topsails—hoist—sheet home—belay;  
 The royals and to'-gallants send below—  
 The head-sheets stow, within the booms convey—  
 Set the storm staysails fore and aft!"—The blow  
 Has struck the ship prepared:—"Up helm and let her go!"

\* From the first canto of "The Lovers of the Deep."

She sinks, she rises on the swelling surge,  
 Scenes of wild horror meet the landsman's view ;  
 The raging billows seem to roar her dirge,  
 She leaps, she flies—the flying winds pursue :  
 Sea following sea breaks over her—the crew,  
 Lashed to the rigging, scarce their hold sustain,  
 Yet only dread the vessel's broaching to :  
 Should the strained wheel-ropes part, all hope is vain,  
 Full well I know her fate—she founders on the main.

For I have rode upon the mountain wave,  
 Upreared by the tempestous howling blast,  
 When terror ruled the deep, and many a grave,  
 Dug by the warring elements, aghast  
 Yawned o'er the waters ; and the trembling mast  
 Bent to the charging winds—while to the roar  
 Of ocean in his wrath, like an outcast,  
 The frightened vessel reeled the billows o'er,  
 Drowned in the foaming surge, three hundred leagues from  
 shore.

Eight hours she struggled through the doubtful strife,  
 Laboring in very helplessness of wo :  
 Her living freight were anxious but for life,  
 For life would each the wealth of earth forego.  
 Fame, station, rank—all honors here below,  
 Men prize, were less than nothing in that hour,  
 When danger, triple-winged, rode to and fro—  
 When death was hovering, eager to devour,  
 And scarce one ray of hope was left the bosom's dower.

The clouds their watery burthens poured amain,  
 In rushing cataracts that deluged ocean ;  
 The whirlwinds rode upon the maddened main,  
 That heaved and struggled in the dread commotion :  
 Fire, water, air—three elements in motion,  
 In triple battle joined with onset dire ;  
 The forked lightnings charged the deep's proportion  
 From heaven's high battlements, and, flashing ire,  
 Tore up the groaning surge, and swathed the sea in fire.



And now men prayed that never prayed before,  
 Nor bent the knee to heaven's Almighty King,  
 Who bids the ocean hush, or bids it roar,  
 And binds the tempest, or unchains its wing.  
 Careless or mad, they throw away the spring  
 Of life, when innocence buds on the brow,  
 And the young heart is just prepared to cling  
 To truth or error, as the will doth bow :  
 They yield their strength to vice, and virtue disavow.

But when the sudden danger, downward sped,  
 Comes rushing like a thunderbolt to earth,  
 When the proud spirit faints, when hope is fled,  
 And groans and sighs becloud the soul of mirth ;  
 Then they can kneel, and pray, as prayer were worth  
 Ten thousand worlds in pristine beauty drest :  
 But will that prayer avail which is the birth  
 Of guilty fear ? Will God be thus confest,  
 Whose name they have blasphemed—his goodness never  
 blest ?

There is a path, which, taken in life's prime,  
 Leads to a valley of fair fruits and flowers ;  
 That path is narrow at the birth of Time,  
 But gently widens with increasing hours,  
 And lovelier grows, as we approach the bowers  
 That bloom perennial there, bright and serene,  
 Exhaling living fragrance beneath showers  
 Of grace, that fall from heaven : that path I ween,  
 Is Virtue ; and the vale, where Happiness is seen.

Who reaches those fair bowers, shall never feel  
 The sting of conscience—the upbraiding soul ;  
 But peace upon his heart shall set her seal,  
 And hold each wayward passion in control ;  
 Though lightnings flash, and bellowing thunders roll,  
 And warring elements meet in the shock  
 Of struggling nature, and convulse the pole ;  
 No guilty horrors at his breast shall knock,  
 Pure as the unclouded stone—the white unblemished rock.

Now hung the ship upon the mountain wave,  
 That heaved its apex midway to the sky ;  
 Now downward prone, sinks in a yawning grave,  
 And in the dark and deep abyss doth lie :  
 The surges rear their white-capped heads on high,  
 Above the topsail-yard ; while in her wake  
 Rolls a huge billow close astern—well nigh  
 Upon the decks its fearful force to break,  
 And ship, and crew, and all, whelm in the unfathomed lake.

Oh, for the blessed land once more to tread !  
 The veriest waste beneath the burning Line,  
 Zaharah's desert, where no shadows spread,  
 Nor ever falls the grateful shower benign—  
 The shores where Nova Zembla sleeps supine,  
 Locked in eternal Winter's cold embrace ;  
 Siberia's prison hills, where men resign  
 All hope—earth's most inhospitable place  
 Were paradise, compared with ocean's troubled space !

The spirit yearns in agony of thought,  
 Toward nature's vernal walks far o'er the sea,  
 With many a grateful recollection fraught  
 Of home's dear ties and pleasant scenery ;  
 The verdant lawn, the grove, the flowery lea,  
 The blooming vale, the sweet romantic dell,  
 The hills of green, the forest's panoply,  
 The murmuring rill, the friends beloved so well  
 Flash on the aching heart, and rouse the bosom's swell.

\* \* \* \* \*

'T is past—the elemental strife is o'er,  
 The broken clouds in fleecy volumes lay ;  
 The torrents cease, the winds impel no more,  
 The sea subsides in gentle swells away ;  
 Around the ship the gilded dolphins play,  
 The sea-born nautilus expands his sail,  
 Streams o'er the wave bright Sol's uncurtained ray,  
 Soft breezes from the western shores prevail,  
 And sky and ocean smile as dies the morning gale.

## THE WRECK.\*

Hark! From the sullen deep a fearful roar,  
 That dies away where Echo ne'er replies!  
 Hot, vapory clouds, wreath the tall vessel o'er,  
 And like a midnight fog obscure the skies!  
 The ship's a wreck!—In scattered fragments lies,  
 A total wreck upon the combing swell!  
 The red flues have collapsed—dread ruin flies,  
 Swift as the desolating bolt, that fell  
 On that ill-fated boat—the lost, the mourned Moselle!

A moment past, and the proud ship was gliding  
 Like a swift dolphin, through the yielding seas:  
 A moment past, and beauty, all confiding,  
 Smiling like HEBE, and intent to please,  
 Poured her sweet voice upon the passing breeze:  
 Where are they now—the beautiful, the brave,  
 The staid, the gay—so late in health and ease?  
 Some in their berths below have found a grave!  
 Some float upon the sea—some struggle down the wave!

Oh, what a cry of woe burst from the deep!  
 What shrieks of terror pierced the vaulted sky!  
 What icy chills around each heart did creep—  
 What black despair gleamed from each straining eye!  
 Some, flayed alive, upon the waters lie,  
 And writhe and groan in agony of pain!  
 Oh, it were mercy yielded them to die,  
 And sink at once beneath the troubled main;  
 For life is misery—death is the wretch's gain!

The ship's a wreck!—Dismantled to her hull,—  
 Her decks blown off, and drifting o'er the tide;  
 Around the sinking hulk the sea is full  
 Of shattered spar and plank, hurled far and wide;  
 The dying and the dead float side by side,  
 Upon the gloomy wave tossed to and fro!  
 The scalding cloud that did the ruin hide,  
 Condenses, mingling with the surge below,  
 And the heart-rending scene unveils in all its woe!

\* From the third canto of the same.

Some shriek, some pray, some grapple with the wreck,  
That, slowly sinking, tends the deep below ;  
Some tear their hair, and in life's sudden check  
Blaspheme their God, and every hope forego,  
Despairing, in the extremity of woe !  
A few, resigned, upon the waters lie,  
And gazing upward, with a dying throe,  
Await their dissolution drawing nigh—  
Their thoughts transferred to realms beyond the moon-lit sky !

Here struggle little ones upon the wave,  
And pass away with a low, dying moan !  
There is no arm the innocents to save—  
There is no ear to list their troubled groan ;  
But angels watch their gasping forms alone !  
Sweet cherubs ! early meeting nature's doom,  
A moment more, and endless bliss your own :  
Each spirit pure shall burst its watery tomb,  
To smile at God's right hand, in everlasting bloom !

Husband and wife upon each other call,  
In the warm accents of undying love :  
That hallowed love which has survived the Fall,  
In Eden blest, and sanctified above !  
Them, faithful unto death, HEAVEN shall approve,  
And in eternity the pair restore,  
Crowned with immortal amaranth ; to rove  
The heavenly fields, on Beulah's happy shore,  
Where hands and hearts shall re-unite, to part no more.

The drowning boy is screaming for his sire ;  
The dying girl is shrieking for her mother !  
Locked in each other's arms parents expire,  
And in the close embrace, sister and brother !  
Lovers and friends are calling on each other,  
Beauty imploring aid—but all in vain !  
The dashing seas the cry of anguish smother—  
Hearts cease to beat, and voices to complain,  
And Death sits paramount, triumphant on the main !

Silence is on the deep ! save the low moan  
Of the dirge-chanting wind and combing swell ;

The moon shines brightly from her silver zone,  
 Kissing the wave that owns her potent spell :  
 For the lone dead there tolls no funeral bell ;  
 Nor hearse, nor pall, nor mourning friends appear !  
 The affrighted sea-bird screams their passing knell,  
 Upon whose grave no flowers the spring shall rear,  
 But sea-weed float around, to deck their watery bier.

The winds shall waft this ruin o'er the wave,  
 To many an ear upon the Western shore :  
 Some hearts shall break, and find an early grave—  
 Some spirits mourn, and their sad loss deplore,  
 Till memory fail, or life's last sob is o'er !  
 The anxious sire—the trembling wife, shall wait  
 Vainly their coming, who are now no more !  
 Sire, husband, wife, are more than desolate—  
 No signal of the ship—no knowledge of her fate !

Hours, days, and weeks pass wearily away,  
 Serenely smile the skies—fair winds prevail :  
 Oh what detains the ship from day to day,  
 Urged by the double force of steam and sail !  
 The sad intelligence comes on the gale—  
 Or ever hope hath left the yearning breast—  
 Like a red thunderbolt! The cheek turns pale,  
 Life's purple stream retreats to its last rest,  
 And in the mighty woe the mourners sink oppressed !

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THE DELIVERANCE.\*

Rose the third morn on wings of orient light,  
 And heaven suffused with purple radiancy ;  
 The ethereal essence, showering down so bright,  
 Fell on the billows, and all gorgeously  
 Wreathed with bright amethyst the curling sea ;  
 The surf-crowned monarch smiled through all his realm,  
 And shook his hoary locks, that royally  
 Swept o'er a thousand shores : while many a helm  
 Steers through subsiding swells that rise no more to **whelm.**

\* From the fourth canto of the same.

Gently the wreck has neared the wished-for shore—  
A flowery Isle beneath the tropic sky ;  
And on a sea-green wave as gently bore,  
Upon the snowy beach doth safely lie ;  
With soothing note the billows murmur by,  
As they were fearful to awake the pair,  
Who slumber still ; rocked in the lullaby  
Of ocean to forgetfulness of care,  
And fanned to sleep profound by spirits of the air.

Fair was the isle, mantled in verdant green,  
And all diversified with hill and dale ;  
Grove, glen and sylvan dell adorned the scene,  
And tumbling cascades misting to the gale,  
In silver streams wound through each blooming vale ;  
A thousand flowers their painted cups expand,  
While Zephyr stoops the sweetness to inhale,  
And bears away at morning's bright command,  
To winnow fragrance round this seeming fairy land.

Unnumbered birds in brilliant plumage dressed,  
Carmine, and purple, azure, green and gold ;  
Some on the wing, some on the flowers at rest,  
Or in the grove disporting uncontrolled,  
Made vocal all the isle, with notes that rolled  
From living pipes of sweetest melody,  
And carolled to the morn ; while Echo told  
The music in a softer euphony,  
And sent the dulcet strain to die upon the sea.

Umbrageous groves of the tall spreading palm,  
Rose from the vales ; the sloping hills were crowned  
With lofty cocoa-nut, and flowering balm ;  
While the sweet-scented orange scattered round,  
Perfumed the flying winds ; shadowed the ground,  
The lemon-tree, pomegranate, fig, and vine,  
Whose fibrous arms the blushing date tree bound,  
Pendent with purple clusters ; PROSERPINE  
Blooms with VERTUMNUS here, and arm in arm they twine.

Arbor and grotto shaped by Nature's hand,  
 In grove, in glen, or base of verdant hills,  
 Where crystal springs, whose waters sweet and bland,  
 Serenely flowed, or fell in murmuring rills,  
 Formed cool retreats, where humid air distils  
 The unconscious shower, and blooming shrubbery  
 Invites with honeyed cups the slender bills  
 Of tuneful humming-birds ; whose plumery  
 Glitters upon the light, and sparkles o'er the lea.

Such was the isle, in blissful beauty dressed,  
 On which the Heavens my shipwrecked lovers threw ;  
 Where Hope sat throned upon the morning's crest,  
 And smiled beneath the veil that evening drew ;  
 O'er hill, through vale, delight for ever flew ;  
 Now kissed the flowers, now rustled through the grove,  
 Where wingéd pairs their callow nestlings view,  
 And warble melody through the alcove ;  
 While Zephyr fans the air, and all is peace and love.

Awake, fond pair ! The charming tropic dawn  
 Has kissed the islands of the hoary deep,  
 Lit up the pearly drops that strew the lawn,  
 And the unfolding flowers no longer sleep ;  
 Aurora wakes the morn—wake ye, and weep  
 With her the tears of joy, safe from the roar  
 Of the dread billows, where the mild winds sweep  
 Their crystal trains along the verdant shore,  
 That smiles within the reefs, at Ocean's rude uproar.

Awake ! and view the blooming fairy land,  
 The fragrant bowers of safety and delight,  
 The ardent wished-for shore ; where, hand in hand,  
 Full happy, ye may tread the hills so bright,  
 Secure from danger, suffering and affright ;  
 Where radiant flowers o'er verdant valleys glow,  
 And pendent fruits allure the ravished sight,  
 From clustering vine, and branches bending low,  
 Beneath whose shadows bland the limpid fountains flow.

## PROSPER MONTGOMERY WETMORE.

[Born 1799.]

PROSPER MONTGOMERY WETMORE was born at Stratford, in 1799. His parents removed, when he was quite young, to the city of New York, where he has since resided. His early instruction was confined to the simple rudiments of a common English education. At nine years of age he was placed as a clerk in a counting-room, where he remained until he attained his majority. Shortly afterward he engaged in mercantile business, in which he has continued until the present time.

In 1833, Mr. WETMORE was appointed by the Legislature of New York one of the Regents of the University, a Board to whom are confided the various interests of Education and Literature in the State. In 1834, he was elected to the Legislature, from the city of New York, and was re-elected in 1835. While a member of that body, he devoted himself ardently to the public interest. He introduced and warmly advocated the bill to establish the School District Libraries, and had the satisfaction to see it become a law; and distinguished himself also by the zealous promotion of various other measures of utility and importance.

For several years Mr. WETMORE has been a contributor to our periodical literature. In 1816, his verse first appeared in print, and some of his effusions have been exceedingly popular. In 1830, appeared in New York, a volume entitled "Lexington, and other Fugitive Poems." In 1832, he delivered, by invitation, before the "Phoenix Society," of Hamilton College, at Clinton, in New York, a poem in Spenserian verse, entitled "Ambition." Its publication was requested by the Society, but declined by the author, as he had not found opportunity to introduce all the illustrations he desired, nor has it since been given to the public. In 1838, he edited a remarkable volume of poems by JAMES NACK, a deaf and dumb person, to which he prefaced a brief biographical notice.

The poems of our author, while they evidently aim at no very elevated character, are not wanting in grace and beauty, and at times present passages highly spirited and stirring; "Lexington," aside from its patriotic character, which must commend it to all American readers, is a superior poem, which will not be easily forgotten.



## LEXINGTON.

'T was calm at eve as childhood's sleep,  
The seraph-rest that knows not care—  
Still as the slumbering summer-deep,  
When the blue heaven lies dream-like there ;  
Blending with thoughts of that azure steep,  
The bright, the beautiful and fair ;  
Like hopes that win from heaven their hue,  
As fair, as fleeting, and as few,  
Those tranquil Eden-moments flew :  
The morn beheld the battle strife—  
The blow for blow—the life for life—  
The deed of daring done—  
The Rubicon of doubt was past,  
An empire lost, a birth-right won ;  
When Freedom's banner braved the blast,  
Flashing its splendors far and fast  
From crimsoned Lexington !

There was a fearful gathering seen  
On that eventful day,  
And men were there who ne'er had been  
The movers in a fray ;  
The peaceful and the silent came  
With darkling brows, and flashing eyes ;  
And breasts that knew not glory's flame,  
Burned for the patriot-sacrifice !  
No pomp of march—no proud array—  
There spake no trumpet sound—  
But they pressed, when the morn broke dim and gray,  
Dauntless, that conflict-ground ;  
Sadly, as if some tie were broken,  
Firmly, with eye, and lip severe ;  
Dark glances passed, and words were spoken,  
As men will look and speak in fear ;  
Yet coursed no coward blood,  
Where that lone phalanx stood  
Rock-like, and spirit-wrought ;

A strange, unwonted feeling crept  
Through every breast; all memories slept,  
While passion there a vigil kept  
O'er one consuming thought:—  
To live a fettered slave,  
Or fill a freeman's grave!

Though many an arm hung weaponless,  
The clenched fingers spake full well  
The stern resolve, the fearlessness,  
That danger could not quell:  
Yet some, with hasty hand,  
The rust-encumbered brand  
Had snatched from its peaceful sleep,  
And held it now with a grasp that told,  
A freeman's life should be dearly sold—  
'T was courage stern and deep!

Proudly, as conquerors come  
From a field their arms have won,  
With bugle blast and beat of drum,  
The Briton host came on!  
Their banners unfurled, and gaily streaming,  
Their burnished arms in the sun-light gleaming:  
Fearless of peril, with valor high,  
And in reckless glee, they were idly dreaming  
Of a bloodless triumph nigh:  
The heavy tread of the war-horse prancing—  
The lightning-gleam of the bayonets glancing—  
Broke on the ear, and flashed on the eye,  
As the columned foe in their strength advancing,  
Pealed their war-notes to the echoing sky!

'T was a gallant band that marshalled there,  
With the dragon-flag upborne in air;  
For England gathered then her pride,  
The bravest of a warrior land—  
Names to heroic deeds allied,  
The strong of heart and hand.

They came in their panoplied might,  
In the pride of their chivalrous name ;  
For music to them were the sounds of the fight—  
On the red carnage-field was their altar of fame :  
They came, as the ocean-wave comes in its wrath,  
When the storm-spirit frowns on the deep ;  
They came, as the mountain-wind comes on its path,  
When the tempest hath roused it from sleep :  
They were met as the rock meets the wave,  
And dashes its fury to air ;  
They were met, as the foe should be met by the brave,  
With hearts for the conflict, but not for despair !

What power hath stayed that wild career ?  
Not Mercy's voice, nor a thrill of fear ;  
'T is the dread recoil of the dooming wave,  
Ere it sweeps the bark to its yawning grave ;  
'T is the fearful hour of the brooding storm,  
Ere the lightning-bolt hath sped ;  
The shock hath come ! and the life-blood warm,  
Congeals on the breasts of the dead !  
The strife—the taunt—the death-cry loud,  
Are pealing through the sulphurous cloud,  
As, hand to hand, each foe engages ;  
While hearts that ne'er to monarch bowed,  
And belted knights to the combat crowd—  
A fearless throng the contest wages ;  
And eye to eye, the meek—the proud,  
Meet darkly 'neath the battle shroud—  
'T is the feast of death where the conflict rages !

Woe ! to the land thou tramplest o'er,  
Death-dealing fiend of war !  
Thy battle hoofs are dyed in gore,  
Red havoc drives thy car ;  
Woe ! for the dark and desolate,  
Down crushed beneath thy tread ;  
Thy frown hath been as a withering fate,  
To the mourning and the dead !

Woe! for the pleasant cottage-home,  
The love-throng at the door;  
Vainly they think his step will come:  
Their cherished comes no more!  
Woe! for the broken-hearted,  
The lone-one by the hearth;  
Woe! for the bliss departed:  
The Pleiad gone from earth!

'Twas a day of changeful fate,  
For the foe of the bannered-line;  
And the host that came at morn in state,  
Were a broken throng ere the sun's decline;  
And many a warrior's heart was cold,  
And many a soaring spirit crushed,  
Where the crimson tide of battle rolled,  
And the avenging legions rushed.

Wreaths for the living conqueror,  
And glory's meed for the perished!  
No sculptor's art may their forms restore,  
But the hero-names are cherished;  
When voiced on the wind rose the patriot-call,  
They gave no thought to the gory pall,  
But pressed to the fight as a festival!  
They bared them to the sabre stroke,  
Nor quailed an eye when the fury broke;  
They fought like men who dared to die;  
For freedom! was their battle-cry,  
And loud it rang through the conflict smoke!

Up with a nation's banners! They fly  
With an eagle flight,  
To the far blue sky;  
'Tis a glorious sight,  
As they float abroad in the azure light,  
And their fame shall never die!

When nations search their brightest page  
For deeds that gild the olden age,  
Shining the meteor-lights of story:

England, with swelling pride, shall hear  
 Of Cressy's field, and old Poitiers,  
 And deathless Agincourt ;  
 Fair Gallia point with a kindling eye  
 To the days of her belted chivalry,  
 And her gallant Troubadour ;  
 Old Scotia, too, with joy shall turn  
 Where beams the fight of Bannockburn,  
 And Stirling's field of glory !  
 Land of the free ! though young in fame,  
 Earth may not boast a nobler name :  
 Plataea's splendor is not thine,  
 Leuctra, nor Marathon ;  
 Yet look where lives in glory's line,  
 The day of Lexington !

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GREECE.

The brave heart's Holy Land.

HALLECK.

Land of the pencil and the lyre,  
 The marble and the dome !  
 Whose name is to the Muse a fire,  
 Whose temples are a home :  
 Clime of a wealth' unbought !  
 Where genius long enshrined  
 His treasury of thought,  
 The Peru of the mind !

Land of that unforgotten few !  
 The breathing rampart-rock  
 That towered a Pelion to the view,  
 When burst the battle shock !  
 Clime of the fair and brave !  
 When will the tale be o'er,  
 Of warriors in their grave,  
 Of maidens in their gore !

Land of the fettered slave!  
 Thy bonds shall burst asunder;  
 Freedom is on the wave,  
 Hark to her echoing thunder!  
 The red-cross banner gleaming,  
 And Gallia's white field streaming,  
 And the black eagle screaming,  
 Sweep o'er the Ægean sea;  
 The Moslem horde is shrinking,  
 The Crescent's glory sinking,  
 And the land of song is free!

TWELVE YEARS HAVE FLOWN.

Twelve years have flown, since last I saw  
 My birth-place, and my home of youth;  
 How oft its scenes would memory draw  
 Her tints, the pencilings of truth!  
 Unto that spot I come once more,  
 The dearest life hath ever known,  
 And still it wears the look it wore,  
 Although twelve weary years have flown.

Twelve years have flown! those words are brief,  
 Yet in their sound what fancies dwell!  
 The hours of bliss, the days of grief,  
 The joys and woes remembered well;  
 The hopes that filled the youthful breast,  
 Alas, how many a one o'erthrown!  
 Deep thoughts, that long have been at rest,  
 Wake at the words, twelve years have gone!

The past, the past! a saddening thought,  
 A withering spell, is in the sound!  
 It comes with memories deeply fraught  
 Of youthful pleasure's giddy round,  
 Of forms that roved life's sunniest bowers,  
 The cherished few for ever gone,  
 Of dreams that filled life's morning hours;  
 Where are they now? Twelve years have flown!

A brief, but eloquent reply!  
 Where are youth's hopes, life's morning dream?  
 Seek for the flowers that floated by  
 Upon the rushing mountain-stream!  
 Yet gems beneath that wave may sleep,  
 Till after years shall make them known;  
 Thus golden thoughts the heart will keep,  
 That perish not, though years have flown.

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SONG.

Breathe no more the notes of sadness,  
 Give to Pleasure all thy strings,  
 Gentle harp, thy song of gladness  
 O'er our souls its magic flings.  
 Where's the breast with sorrow pining?  
 Bring the pilgrim to our shrine;  
 Where the spirit's light is shining,  
 There's the Mecca most divine!  
 Then breathe no more the notes of sadness,  
 Give to Pleasure all thy strings;  
 Gentle harp, thy song of gladness  
 O'er our soul its magic flings.

Here no brow by sorrow shaded,  
 Comes to mar our mirth with sighs;  
 Here no wreath whose flowers have faded,  
 Meets the glance of sparkling eyes.  
 Seek ye Love, the bosom's treasure?  
 Here he plumes his keenest dart:  
 When ye list the witching measure,  
 Then Love plies his potent art.  
 Oh! breathe no more the notes of sadness,  
 Give to Pleasure all thy strings;  
 Gentle harp, thy note of gladness  
 O'er our souls its magic flings.

## WILLIAM HENRY BRADLEY, M. D.

[Born 1802. Died 1825.]

WILLIAM HENRY BRADLEY, son of Dr. WILLIAM BRADLEY, now a resident of Philadelphia, was born in Hartford, on the 24th of July, 1802. He received his education principally in Hartford and Boston, and was also for several years a member of a select school, under the charge of GEORGE HALL, at Medford, near Boston. After completing his academic course, he studied medicine, for a time, at New Haven, with the late Dr. NATHAN SMITH, and afterward in Hartford, and in Providence, in Rhode Island. In the autumn of 1824, he received his diploma, and in January, 1825, removed to Havanna, in the island of Cuba, with a view to a permanent residence. Here he commenced the practice of his profession under flattering auspices, but, in the following spring, fell a victim to the Yellow Fever, so common in that climate, and so generally fatal to foreigners.

Dr. BRADLEY wrote "Giuseppino, an Occidental Story," which was published in 1822; and, while he resided in Providence, contributed many fugitive poems to the newspapers of that city. He was a young man of superior mind and accomplishments; and wrote with vigor and wit.

## STORY-TELLING.\*

To tell good stories is extremely pleasant;

To hear or read them, too, is quite agreeable;

And, from the courtier downward to the peasant,

Tales are retailed by all. You'll even see a belle

Or dandy thus employed: so I, at present,

If DAN APOLLO will but render me able,

Am much inclined to give you a short specimen

Of what occurred to one of the most dressy men.

Authorship now is an improving business,

If one can strike out matters that are novel.

Though authors' brains will often get a dizziness,

From too much labor, or be forced to grovel

\* From "Giuseppino."



In plagiarisms, undoubtedly it is an ease  
 To knock out rhyme or prose, whether a hovel  
 Or palace be the scene of the disturbance  
 Which we describe, among hats, caps, or turbans.

\* \* \* \* \*

I sate me down, good folk, to tell a story,  
 Of which, I own, the truth might be suspected,  
 Even by credulous people; and, what's more, I  
 Freely confess I cannot recollect it:  
 But yet it was a vision of such glory  
 I scarcely can suppose ye would reject it:  
 'T was all about a lady and a knight,  
 Who said and did—what I've forgotten quite.

In search of scenes and incidents I read  
 Near half the old romances, through and through,  
 Which SOUTHEY has brought forward from the dead,  
 With most galvanic labor; and anew,  
 With steel-clad wights, in peril was I led,  
 Till weary of their toils and mine I grew:  
 So the chief knowledge gathered from my reading  
 Is what I'll mention as we are proceeding.

I found that many a literary chieftain,  
 Had culled the gems from out this antique treasure;  
 That what they left was by each humbler thief ta'en,  
 To put in some new fiction at his leisure;  
 I found—but guess!—no, you can't guess my grief ta'en,  
 At finding—Oh, presumption beyond measure!—  
 That collar-makers—I can scarce get farther  
 Had actually collared poor king ARTHUR.

I next discovered, that the folk of quality  
 Had not, of yore, such numerous expedients  
 To kill time and themselves, as the plurality  
 Of modern genteel people. The ingredients  
 With which they sweetened up the cold reality  
 Were tourneys, and such savage kind of pageants,  
 Wherein legs, arms, and neck, oft got a fracture,  
 Although of the most giant manufacture.

Sad was the situation of the fair,  
Long, while a BOLINGBROKE, or a PLANTAGENET  
Was king in London, (a great lord elsewhere,)  
When one short week had stupor for an age in it,  
To "ladies gay," who spent the livelong year,  
Remote from town, and truly would imagine it  
Extravagant to give, in their own halls,  
During that livelong year, one dozen balls.

Then was the ton, indeed, a weighty matter,  
Which fancy moved but every hundred years  
To a new pressure! Then a lady, at her  
First coming out, wore the same woman's gears  
Which she wore on, (unless she grew much fatter,)  
Till she was going out; when lo, appears  
Her daughter, decked in the same antique millinery,  
With much manslaughter and intent to kill in her eye.

'T was better with them, as historians tell us,  
In bluff King HAL's reign, and some time before him;  
Though wives dared seldom flirt with civil fellows,  
In presence of their husbands, just to bore 'em.  
They feared to make the horrid creatures jealous,  
And females were taught notions of decorum,  
Stiff as their stomacher's tight elongation,  
Or neck-cloths of this stiff-necked generation.

Oh, could they have made books like lady M——N,  
What patch work had we seen of feudal foolery,  
Each lady's head, like that of lady GORGON,  
Had left us hard examples of their drollery,  
And we had known the centuries afore-gone,  
From banquet-hall quite downward to the scullery!  
Would that our dear ancestresses had been crazy,  
With some diverting kind of idiosyncrasy.

I bit my nails and pens, and then besprent all  
My paper o'er with ink, in thought oppressed;  
Next, I resolved to write an Oriental  
Tale, and set out in "Travels to the East,"

Driving away all notions Occidental.

I formed a plot, and laid the scene, at last,  
Somewhere between Calcutta and Aleppo,  
When I bethought me of my old friend BEPPO.

Then, as I opened wide the window-shutter,

A light broke in on me, as bright as sudden.  
Invention's wings began, at once, to flutter,  
(They had been once a goose's,) so, by WODEN,  
I sate down, to soar far from dust or gutter,

While my good Genius said, "Pray, where 's the good in  
Your knack at rhyming, if its versatility  
Can't afford matter for our risibility ?

"The Beppo has outdone the Epic style ;

Most modern Epics really are provoking  
To sleep—and therefore, in a little while,  
The pack hight *servum pecus* shall have broken  
Into full cry ;—leave your heroic toil,

And start before them, till you have your book in  
The gripe of printer's demons !"—on this hint  
I wrote,—and having written, came to print.

But how to make a story ?—there 's the puzzle !

Alack ! we have such multitudes to tell us  
Stories on stories, both of those that guzzle  
At Helicon, and plain prosaic fellows,  
That no one soon shall find a nook to nuzzle  
In fiction's storehouse :—fate will yet compel us  
To be mere readers. Oh ye geese and ganders,  
Your wings shall cease to soar where Fancy wanders !

And here I humbly hint to Dr. BREWSTER,

That if he 'd make us a kaleidoscope  
To strike new subjects out, at every new stir,  
'T would give poor authors a consoling hope ;  
For though the Muses, when we call them, do stir,  
They 're monstrous indolent, and apt to mope.  
The three times three, of late, are growing slatterns,  
As I suppose, for want of good new patterns.

I'll try to coax one of them now a little  
 For something queer, good people, to revive you.  
 Some tale of luckless love will not befit ill  
 Your present taste, and this which now I give you  
 Will, without question, suit you to a tittle,  
 If ye are young men, and intend to wive you.  
 Hear then the history, both sad and funny,  
 Of one who fell too much in love—with money.

This is the love which first inflames the bosom,  
 When for a penny some dear infant screeches ;  
 This is the love which constantly pursues 'em,  
 When fellows have got into coat and breeches,  
 And sigh for guineas,—then sigh for a new sum.

This lasting passion to all bosoms reaches,  
 Strengthened by age's weakness :—all love sham is,  
 Compared with this same "*auri sacra fames.*"

But hold :—I feel myself too serious now,  
 And must betake me once more to my bantering,  
 Telling a tale, according to my vow,  
 In brisk *ottava rima*, freely sauntering  
 After sweet speculations, high and low ;  
 Or, if I may, in a fine frenzy cantering  
 On reinless Pegasus, athwart whose saddle  
 So many Gilpins have now got a-straddle.

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NAPOLEON.

Say, did the stars desert the vault of heaven,  
 The sun fall rayless, or the cold round moon  
 Stand still o'er Ajalon, when Death struck down  
 That arm which awed the nations ? when he fell  
 Whose frown annihilated courts, whose smile  
 Upreared at once both kingdoms and their kings ?  
 He, who to thrones self-elevated, made  
 The monster god, Hereditary Power,  
 Grow pale, and tremble in his own domains ;  
 And England's king press closer to his brow  
 The round of royalty, and grasp more firm

His island-sceptre? Did the ocean move  
 Its multitude of waves, or sympathy  
 Stir up the deep volcanoes of the earth?  
 He died unmourned; and Nature, who had tasked  
 Her utmost energy for one great birth,  
 Had done her mightiest to outdo all names,  
 Eclipse all former brightness, and astound  
 The muse of History with heroic deeds,  
 Looked calmly on Death's proudest victory.

Mightiest of monarchs and of statesmen! thou,  
 Whose ashes kings may fear to tread upon,  
 Lest, Phœnix-like, that spirit should arise  
 From the cold scattering embers, and again  
 Resume the crown, the sceptre and the sword,  
 From the first rolling of thy chariot wheels  
 Even to their last revolving—wonderful!  
 When France grew faint in her fast-flowing blood,  
 And fierce Dissension with her thousand tongues  
 Was heard in every wind, thy fortune grew  
 Like a strong oak, and its deep-stricken roots  
 Were nourished with thy country's blood and tears;  
 Till grown to height majestic, and out-spread,  
 It shook the tempest from its vigorous arms,  
 And dared the lightning; but the lightning fell  
 With one explosive burst, and, scattered round,  
 Lay thy regalia; to the cardinal wind  
 Thy power departed for a time, and thou,  
 To the dominion of one narrow isle.

The shores of Elba and its iron hills  
 Became thy royal dwelling; but in vain  
 The waters heaved around thee, and in vain  
 The cross of England streamed upon the winds.  
 The chains that should confine thee were too large  
 For kingly hands to bend so readily;  
 Nor was it strength of these that brought thee low;  
 The power of man alone—the elements,  
 Which thou hadst braved, became thy vanquishers;  
 Frost, famine, fire, the cannon and the sword  
 Conspired against thee—and at length o'erthrew;

But not to dwell a sceptred prisoner,  
In mockery of thy once imperial state!  
No, in a moment that was thought not of,  
Secret as night, unseen and silently,  
Thine eagles swept the waters, and displayed  
Again o'er France their bright imperial plumes,  
And shook high triumph from their rushing wings.  
Armies were startled, and their monarchs, seized  
With wild amaze, clung trembling to their thrones,  
For still thine eagles, soaring into heaven,  
Looked down upon the nations, and foredoomed  
To bondage their resuscitated kings.  
But Fate withdrew the glittering thunderbolts,  
From their fast-clenching talons, and struck out  
The fire from their irradiated eyes;  
Dismay now fastened on their ruffled plumes,  
And they fell earthward—never to remount.

Thou self-delivered captive—self-betrayed!  
Hadst thou not ventured to the lion's den,  
Heedless, to tempt him with the very prey,  
Most apt to whet his angry appetite,  
Thou still hadst been alive—thyself a King!  
Let free Britannia plunge her face in earth,  
Or hide her shame behind the mountain-surge,  
For, with a devil's mockery, she slipped  
Her fetters on the proffered hand of peace,  
And snapped the lock; with agitated voice  
Heard far and wide upon the sea, she called  
To stern Captivity, where then he dwelt  
Among the islands, to prepare the rock  
With the fixed rivet of his heaviest chain,  
And fill his bitterest cup for royal lips.  
Then to the barren and surf-beaten isle  
She led her royal captive; not as once—  
Clothed in the splendor of Power's purple robe,  
But crownless, throneless, sceptreless, bereft  
Of every outward, princely attribute.

If mid the pomp of thine imperial power,  
In the proud flush of splendor and success,

Some unseen hand had written on the heavens—  
“Thy days are numbered; in a barren isle  
Bondage and death await thee”—say, had then  
That heart forgot its pride, that lip its scorn?  
But this hath fate both written and achieved;  
For not in palaces and halls of state,  
Not in thy crowned and sceptred royalty,  
Not in the hurry of the battle field,  
Thy spirit soared upon the viewless winds;  
But, dimmed and shaken on its throne of light,  
Ere the pulse ceased to vibrate on the couch,  
Th’ inglorious couch of natural disease—  
It lingered on each agonizing gasp,  
Called on thy young NAPOLEON, and on France,  
Then fled in frenzy from the reach of Time.  
Heroic spirit! when exulting Death  
Paused to contemplate o’er thy changing brow  
His mightiest victim—not one stifled groan,  
The natural voice of agony, was heard,  
And not one sigh for thy departed power.

But now the spell is broken, and the scourge  
Of HEAVEN’S high wrath is shivered; unto dust,  
Fast, fast he moulders unto dust away;  
And that which braved the elements to strife,  
Now must it to the elements be thrown!  
His last years were his enemies’; his corpse  
May honor still their urns with its decay;  
But what must challenge them, and Death, and Time,  
To chain it or annihilate—his name—  
Imperishable while the earth endures,  
Is left to history and the tragic pen.

## ASA MOORE BOLLES.

[Born 1802. Died 1832.]

ASA MOORE BOLLES was born at Ashford, on the 22d of September, 1802. He was fitted for College at the Plainfield Academy, and was graduated at Brown University, in 1823. He became a student at law in the town of Canterbury, in the office of the Hon. ANDREW T. JUDSON, along with his old friend and classmate, GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE. In August, 1826, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of his profession in the town of Killingworth. He was married to a niece of Dr. RICHARD MANSFIELD, and continued to reside in Killingworth until the year 1832. He then opened an office in the city of Middletown, and was about to remove thither, when he was seized with the Cholera, which terminated fatally. His death occurred at Killingworth, in September, 1832.

Mr. BOLLES published poetical articles, which were deemed to possess much merit, in the Providence periodicals, and was afterward a correspondent of the "New England Weekly Review." We regret that many of his best articles are lost, and that those which we are enabled to present possess too much similarity of subject and character. They are marked by pleasant thought and melodious versification.

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 TO "IL PENSEROSO."\*

"—— the brightest star  
In Retrospection's glowing sky.

Six years ago—six years ago,  
When life was in its vernal flower,  
Our feelings mingled like the flow  
Of music at the moon-lit hour,  
When earth and air and sky are sleeping,  
From harps the Summer winds are sweeping,  
And Mirth and Friendship wake the glow  
That warmed our hearts—six years ago.

\* "Il Penseroso" was the usual signature of GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE



Six years ago—we rose to hail  
The morn together on the mountain,  
Or wandered off through tangled dale  
By many a moss-grown rock and fountain;  
Too wise to let the thought of morrow  
Cloud o'er the present day with sorrow;  
Too rich in Frolic's store to owe  
One debt to Grief—six years ago.

Six years ago—the gems above,  
That lit the night-sky bending o'er us,  
Inspired no dreams of bliss and love  
Brighter than those that danced before us!  
Amid the chrystal throng of Even  
No eye could trace a lovelier heaven,  
Than that our fancies taught to glow  
Above our path—six years ago.

Six years ago! How these few words  
Wake all of Memory's sweetest numbers,  
Like the Spring-song of early birds  
That used to break my boyhood's slumbers!  
The Past!—oh could its hours return,  
Bright as they glow in Memory's urn,  
The fleeting moments should be told  
As misers count their hoarded gold.

Six years ago! The mists that rise  
Between us and the days that were,  
Throw not a shadow o'er the skies  
That hallow the deep sunlight there:  
Though Time from other years is stealing  
The freshness of their first revealing,  
Some mellowed pictures of the heart  
Defy the Spoiler's deadliest art.

And this is one?—or is the light  
Which lingers on that wreath of roses,  
Like the low sunbeam of the night  
That on the mountain-top reposes,

Bathing the peak in liquid gold,  
 Made brighter by the sable fold  
 Of Evening's wing—soon, soon to fade  
 And mingle with surrounding shade?

Six years!—through all of good or ill  
 I've traced thy eagle course with pride,  
 Strong as a brother's—and if still  
 From all the past I turn aside  
 To gaze once more upon this vision  
 Of happier days, and dreams Elysian—  
 'T is but to slake the spirit's thirst  
 At the bright fount we tasted first.

Well—if it *be* a dream—if all  
 Must fade like other youthful dreamings,  
 And it be mockery to recall  
 One beam of Friendship's former gleamings—  
 If cold Oblivion's wreath must wither  
 The wild flower wreaths we wove together—  
 'T is false!—it must—*can* not be so—  
 Not *thus* we pledged—six years ago.

#### NIGHT SCENE

On the Banks of the Potomac.

'T is midnight!—through the dusky pines  
 The night-wind faintly sighs—the dew  
 Just twinkles on the leaf, as shines  
 The starlight from its home of blue:  
 Around how calm!—above how clear!  
 No murmur wakes an echo here.

The broad deep river noiseless flows,  
 The ripple on the shore expires  
 Without a sound—its bosom glows  
 Another sky with all its fires,  
 And glasses purely, deeply down  
 Night's raven brow and starry crown.

Far down the winding silent bay  
Where wave and sky uniting sweep  
In darker lines—a trembling ray  
Comes gleaming o'er the mirrored deep;  
Bright, bright amid the horizon's gloom  
It glows like hope above the tomb!

Through many a wild and stormy night,  
Amid the tempest's gathering war  
And hissing wrath, that Cresset's light  
Above the surge has beamed—a star  
To cheer the seaman's eye—when dark  
And dashing billows smote his barque.

But thus—when heaven and earth are still,  
And e'en yon snowy wild swan's cry  
Is hushed—no echo from the hill—  
And winds are sleeping in the sky—  
How pure that midnight beacon glows,  
The brooding spirit of repose!

But see!—yon eastern blood-red streaks  
Deepening along night's starry band!  
Slow rising o'er the wood-crowned peaks,  
Whose shadows sweep the distant strand,  
Peers forth the queen of night—but now  
The crown is fading on her brow.

Her glance is on the deep—so dim  
And joyless o'er the blue wave bending,  
You scarce may mark on Ocean's brim  
Yon white sail with the sea mist blending;  
Away!—how pale its light wing flies,  
Like some pure spirit of the skies!

Lone lovely night!—in hours like this,  
To heaven first rose my raptured eye;  
And pictured forms in dreams of bliss  
Came floating through the shadowy sky;  
Gay dreams of youth!—they could not stay,  
But fled like yon lone sail away!

Pure placid night! with thee I deem  
 My spirit fresher! as thy dew  
 Awake the withering flowers, and gleam  
 Upon their fading leaflet's hues,  
 Thy starlight o'er my spirit's gloom  
 Sends down a beam of former bloom.

In vain! the flowers of earth may fade  
 And smile once more beneath thy dew,  
 But joy and hope and love decayed  
 No blushing tints of youth renew;  
 The drops of heaven descend in vain—  
 The withered heart ne'er blooms again.

---

TO JULIA.

Thy life is in its day-spring glow,  
 And hope and joy are round thee;  
 Young pleasure's dewy coronal  
 With light and love has crowned thee;  
 No stain upon the vernal sky  
 That smiles upon thy path—the air,  
 With kindest touch, breathes gently by  
 Thy cheek, and leaves its fragrance there.

The blossoms of an early Spring  
 Their rose-hues spread before thee,  
 And Love's warm morning-hour has thrown  
 Its sweetest witcheries o'er thee;  
 And thoughts as pure as yon blue skies  
 Are thine, in many a blissful dream,  
 And pictured forms, with fairy dyes,  
 Like star-light on the waveless stream.

May Innocence and Love, as now,  
 E'er crown thy days with gladness,  
 Nor blighted joys leave on thy brow  
 One stain of earthly sadness!

Be thine to pass through life, like those  
 Whose hearts, still fresh in Virtue's bloom,  
 Swell with new pleasure till its close,  
 And brighten onward to the tomb.

Sweet JULIA! thus, be ever thus  
 Thy promise of the morrow;  
 Thine be the day-spring of the heart  
 Without its night of sorrow;  
 And if a cloud of care should rest  
 One moment in the darkened air,  
 May Hope's bright sun but touch its breast,  
 And leave the rainbow glittering there!

TO ———.

Morn wakes, and waves her purple wing,  
 Bright-glancing over earth and sea,  
 And happy forms of beauty spring  
 To life, from rock, and stream, and tree.

Pure daughters of the Spring—the flowers  
 Are trembling with the drops of Even,  
 While sweetly from the dewy bowers  
 Glad music bursts away to heaven.

The sun-lit billow's glowing breast  
 Heaves like the bosom gushing o'er  
 With joy—and, shaking its proud crest,  
 Comes shouting onward to the shore.

Oh, at this hour—when, from above,  
 The light cloud o'er the mirrored deep,  
 Comes floating like a dream of Love  
 That hovers o'er the hour of sleep—

When the glad sounds of Nature's mirth  
 Are swelling o'er the deep blue sea,  
 My heart from all the bliss of earth,  
 "Exulting turns again to thee."

## GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

[Born 1802.]

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE, son of the late RUFUS PRENTICE, is a native of Preston, in New London County, where he was born on the 18th of December, 1802. He was graduated at Brown University, in 1823, and read law with Judge JUDSON, of Canterbury. He has never practised his profession, however, but devoted himself chiefly to editorial labors. In the spring of 1828, he established the "New England Weekly Review," in Hartford, which he conducted until the summer of 1830. He then resigned his editorial chair to JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, and removed to the west, being engaged in preparing his "Life of HENRY CLAY," which was afterward published. The Review, under the charge of Mr. PRENTICE, was one of the most popular periodicals of the day. Many of the poems of its editor appeared in its columns; and he succeeded in drawing around him a band of correspondents, whose united contributions gave it a degree of literary interest rarely attained by a weekly newspaper.

Soon after Mr. PRENTICE's removal to the west, he fixed his residence at Louisville, in Kentucky, and assumed the charge of the "Louisville Journal," which he still retains. It is one of the most popular gazettes of the country, and has but one rival in the department of sarcastic wit. Indeed, to such an extent has this talent for wit distinguished its editor, that it has been common for many of the newspapers to appropriate a regular corner to these amusing trifles, under the head of "PRENTICE'S LAST."

The poetical compositions of Mr. PRENTICE were written several years since, and many of them while he was a member of college. They were published in the "Review," and various other periodicals, but have never been collected. They have been very generally circulated, and have gained for their author, in its widest sense, a "newspaper reputation." They are characterized, at times, by great strength of thought and expression, and at others by tender feeling and delicate fancy. If their author would devote more of his time to such composition, he might win for himself a high name among the sons of song.

## LINES

On a distant view of the Ocean.

How beautiful ! from his blue throne on high,  
 The sun looks downward with a face of love  
 Upon the silent waters ! and a sky,  
 Lovelier than that which lifts its arch above,  
 Down the far depths of Ocean, like a sheet  
 Of flame, is trembling ! the wild tempests cease  
 To wave their cloudy pinions. Oh, 't is sweet  
 To gaze on Ocean in his hour of peace.

Years have gone by since first my infant eyes  
 Rested upon those waters. Once again,  
 As here I muse, the hours of childhood rise  
 Faint o'er my memory, like some witching strain  
 Of half-forgotten music. Yon blue wave  
 Still, still rolls on in beauty ; but the tide  
 Of years rolls darkling o'er the lonely grave  
 Of hopes that with my life's bright morning died.

Look ! look ! the 'clouds' light shadows from above,  
 Like fairy islands, o'er the waters sweep !  
 Oh, I have dreamed my spirit thus could love  
 To float for ever on the boundless deep,  
 Communing with the elements ; to hear,  
 At midnight hour, the death-winged tempest rave,  
 Or gaze, admiring, on each starry sphere,  
 Glassing its glories in the mirror-wave ;

To dream, deep-mingling with the shades of eve,  
 On Ocean's spirits, caves, and coral halls,  
 Where, cold and dark, the eternal billows heave,  
 No zephyr breathes, nor struggling sunbeam falls ;  
 As round some far isle of the burning zone,  
 Where tropic groves perfume the breath of morn,  
 List to the Ocean's melancholy tone,  
 Like a lone mourner's on the night winds borne ;

To see the infant wave on yon blue verge,  
 Like a young eagle, breast the sinking sun,  
 And twilight dying on the crimson surge,  
 Till, down the deep, dark zenith, one by one,

The lights of heaven were streaming ; or to weep  
 The lost, the beautiful, that calmly rest  
 Beneath the eternal wave : then sink to sleep,  
 Hushed by the beating of the Ocean's breast.

Oh, it were joy to wander wild and free  
 Where southern billows in the sunlight flash,  
 Or Night sits brooding o'er the northern sea,  
 And all is still, save the o'erwhelming dash  
 Of that dark world of waters ; there to view  
 The meteor hanging from its cloud on high,  
 Or see the northern fires, with blood-red hue,  
 Shake their wild tresses o'er the startled sky !

'T is sweet, 't is sweet to gaze upon the deep,  
 And muse upon its mysteries. There it rolled,  
 Ere yet that glorious sun had learned to sweep  
 The blue profound, and bathe the heavens in gold ;  
 The morning stars, as up the skies they came,  
 Heard their first music o'er the Ocean rung,  
 And saw the first flash of their new-born flame  
 Back from its depths in softer brightness flung !

And there it rolls ! Age after age has swept  
 Down, down the eternal cataract of Time ;  
 Men after men on earth's cold bosom slept ;  
 Still, there it rolls, unfading and sublime !  
 As bright those waves their sunny sparkles fling,  
 As sweetly now the bending heaven they kiss,  
 As when the HOLY SPIRIT'S brooding wing  
 Moved o'er the waters of the vast abyss !

There, there it rolls. I've seen the clouds unfurl  
 Their raven banner from the stormy west ;  
 I've seen the wrathful Tempest Spirit hurl  
 His blue-forked lightnings at the Ocean's breast ;  
 The storm-cloud passed, the sinking wave was hushed,  
 Those budding isles were glittering fresh and fair ;  
 Serenely bright the peaceful waters blushed,  
 And heaven seemed painting its own beauties there !

• • • • •



Ocean, farewell! Upon thy mighty shore,  
 I loved in childhood's fairy hours to dwell;  
 But I am wasting, life will soon be o'er,  
 And I shall cease to gaze on thee: farewell!  
 Thou still wilt glow as fair as now, the sky  
 Still arch as proudly o'er thee, evening steal  
 Along thy bosom with as soft a dye,  
 All be as now, but I shall cease to feel.

The evening mists are on their silent way,  
 And thou art fading; faint thy colors blend  
 With the last tinges of the dying day,  
 And deeper shadows up the skies ascend.  
 Farewell! farewell! the night is coming fast;  
 In deeper tones thy wild notes seem to swell  
 Upon the cold wings of the rising blast;  
 I go, I go; dear Ocean, fare thee well!

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#### THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now  
 Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er  
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds  
 The bell's deep tones are swelling: 't is the knell  
 Of the departed year. No funeral train  
 Is sweeping past, yet, on the stream and wood,  
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest  
 Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred  
 As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,  
 That floats so still and placidly through heaven,  
 The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—  
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,  
 And Winter, with his aged locks—and breathe,  
 In mournful cadences, that come abroad  
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,  
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year  
 Gone from the earth for ever.

'T is a time  
 For memory and for tears. Within the deep  
 Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,

Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,  
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold  
And solemn finger to the beautiful  
And holy visions, that have passed away,  
And left no shadow of their loveliness  
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts  
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,  
And, bending mournfully above the palé  
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers  
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year  
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng  
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,  
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course  
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful :  
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand  
Upon the strong man : and the haughty form  
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.  
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged  
The bright and joyous : and the tearful wail  
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song  
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er  
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield  
Flashed in the light of mid-day : and the strength  
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,  
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above  
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,  
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve ;  
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,  
It heralded its millions to their home  
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time !

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe ! what power  
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
His iron heart to pity ? On, still on  
He presses, and for ever. The proud bird,  
The condor of the Andes, that can soar  
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave  
The fury of the northern hurricane,  
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,  
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down

To rest upon his mountain-crag ; but Time  
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness ;  
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind  
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep  
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast  
Of dreaming sorrow ; cities rise and sink  
Like bubbles on the water ; fiery isles  
Spring blazing from the Ocean, and go back  
To their mysterious caverns ; mountains rear  
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow  
Their tall heads to the plain ; new empires rise,  
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,  
And rush down like the Alpine Avalanche,  
Startling the nations ; and the very stars,  
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,  
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,  
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,  
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away  
To darkle in the trackless void. Yet Time,  
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,  
Dark, stern, all-pitiless ; and pauses not,  
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,  
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,  
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

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LINES TO A LADY.

Lady, I love, at eventide,  
When stars, as now, are on the wave,  
To stray, in loneliness, and muse  
Upon the one dear form that gave  
Its sunlight to my boyhood ; oft  
That same sweet look sinks, still and soft,  
Upon my spirit, and appears  
As lovely as in by-gone years.

Eve's low, faint wind is breathing now,  
With deep and soul-like murmuring,  
Through the dark pines ; and thy sweet words  
Seem borne on its mysterious wing ;

And oft, mid musings sad and lone,  
At night's deep noon, that thrilling tone  
Swells in the wind, low, wild, and clear,  
Like music in the dreaming air.

When Sleep's calm wing is on my brow,  
And dreams of peace my spirit lull,  
Before me, like a misty star,  
That form floats dim and beautiful ;  
And, when the gentle moonbeam smiles  
On the blue streams and dark-green isles,  
In every ray poured down the sky,  
That same light form seems stealing by.

It is a blessed picture, shrined  
In Memory's urn ; the wing of years  
Can change it not, for there it glows,  
Undimmed by "weaknesses and tears ;"  
Deep-hidden in its still recess,  
It beams with love and holiness,  
O'er hours of being, dark and dull,  
Till life seems almost beautiful.

The vision cannot fade away ;  
'T is in the stillness of my heart ;  
And o'er its brightness I have mused  
In solitude ; it is a part  
Of my existence ; a dear flower  
Breathed on by heaven ; morn's earliest hour  
That flower bedews, and its blue eye  
At eve still rests upon the sky.

Lady, like thine, my visions cling  
To the dear shrine of buried years ;  
The past, the past ! it is too bright,  
Too deeply beautiful for tears ;  
We have been blessed ; though life is made  
A tear, a silence, and a shade ;  
And years have left the vacant breast  
To loneliness—we have been blessed !

Those still, those soft, those summer eves,  
When by our favorite stream we stood,  
And watched our mingling shadows there,  
Soft-pictured in the deep-blue flood,  
Seemed one enchantment. Oh! we felt,  
As there, at love's pure shrine, we knelt,  
That life was sweet, and all its hours  
A glorious dream of love and flowers.

And still 't is sweet. Our hopes went by  
Like sounds upon the unbroken sea ;  
Yet Memory wings the spirit back  
To deep, undying melody ;  
And still, around her early shrine,  
Fresh flowers their dewy chaplets twine,  
Young Love his brightest garland wreathes,  
And Eden's richest incense breathes.

Our hopes are flown—yet parted hours  
Still in the depths of Memory lie,  
Like night-gems in the silent blue  
Of Summer's deep and brilliant sky ;  
And Love's bright flashes seem again  
To fall upon the glowing chain .  
Of our existence. Can it be  
That all is but a mockery ?

Lady, adieu! to other climes  
I go, from joy, and hope, and thee ;  
A weed on Time's dark waters thrown,  
A wreck on life's wild-heaving sea ;  
I go ; but oh, the past, the past !  
Its spell is o'er my being cast ;  
And still, to Love's remembered eves,  
With all but hope, my spirit cleaves.

Adieu! adieu! My farewell words  
Are on my lyre, and their wild flow  
Is faintly dying on the chords,  
Broken and tuneless. Be it so!

Thy name—Oh, may it never swell  
My strain again—yet long 't will dwell  
Shrined in my heart, unbreathed, unspoken—  
A treasured word—a cherished token.

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A NIGHT IN JUNE.

Night steals upon the world; the shades  
With silent flight, are sweeping down  
To steep, as day's last glory fades,  
In tints of blue the landscape brown;  
The wave breaks not; deep slumber holds  
The dewy leaves; the night-wind folds  
Her melancholy wing; and sleep  
Is forth upon the pulseless deep.

The willows, mid the silent rocks,  
Are brooding o'er the waters mild,  
Like a fond mother's pendent locks,  
Hung sweetly o'er her sleeping child;  
The flowers that fringe the purple stream,  
Are sinking to their evening dream;  
And earth appears a lovely spot,  
Where Sorrow's voice awakens not.

But see! such pure, such beautiful,  
And burning scenes awake to birth  
In yon bright depths, they render dull  
The loveliest tints that mantle earth!  
The heavens are rolling blue and fair,  
And the soft night-gems clustering there  
Seem, as on high they breathe and burn,  
Bright blossoms o'er day's shadowy urn.

At this still hour, when starry songs  
Are floating through night's glowing noon,  
How sweet to view those radiant throngs  
Glitter around the throne of June!  
To see them, in their watch of love,  
Gaze from the holy heavens above,

And in their robes of brightness roam  
Like angels o'er the eternal dome!

Their light is on the ocean isles,  
'T is trembling on the mountain stream;  
And the far hills, beneath their smiles,  
Seem creatures of a blessed dream!  
Upon the deep their glory lies,  
As if untreasured from the skies,  
And comes soft flashing from its waves,  
Like sea-gems from their sparry caves!

Why gaze I thus! 't is worse than vain!

'T was here I gazed in years gone by,  
Ere life's cold winds had breathed one stain  
On Fancy's rich and mellow sky.  
I feel, I feel those early years  
Deep thrilling through the fount of tears,  
And hurrying brightly, wildly back  
O'er Memory's deep and burning track!

'T was here I gazed! the night-bird still  
Pours its sweet song; the starlight beams  
Still tinge the flower and forest hill;  
And music gushes from the streams;  
But I am changed! I feel no more  
The sinless joys that charmed before;  
And the dear years, so far departed,  
Come but to "mock the broken hearted!"

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SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun!  
Yet twilight lingers still;  
And beautiful as dreams of heaven  
It slumbers on the hill;  
Earth sleeps, with all her glorious things,  
Beneath the HOLY SPIRIT'S wings,  
And, rendering back the hues above,  
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Round yonder rocks the forest-trees  
In shadowy groups recline,  
Like saints at evening bowed in prayer  
Around their holy shrine ;  
And through their leaves the night-winds blow,  
So calm and still, their music low  
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,  
Soft echoed on the evening air.

And yonder western throng of clouds,  
Retiring from the sky,  
So calmly move, so softly glow,  
They seem to Fancy's eye  
Bright creatures of a better sphere,  
Come down at noon to worship here,  
And, from their sacrifice of love,  
Returning to their home above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,  
The night-arch floating high,  
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,  
The bright streams leaping by,  
Are living with religion—deep  
On earth and sea its glories sleep,  
And mingle with the starlight rays,  
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve  
Comes through the silent air  
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes  
A gush of music there !  
And the far depths of ether beam  
So passing fair, we almost dream  
That we can rise, and wander through  
Their open paths of trackless blue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,  
Each pulse is beating wild ;  
And thought is soaring to the shrine  
Of glory undefiled !



And holy aspirations start,  
 Like blessed angels, from the heart,  
 And bind—for earth's dark ties are riven—  
 Our spirits to the gates of heaven.

THE DEAD MARINER.

Sleep on, sleep on! above thy corpse  
 The winds their Sabbath keep;  
 The waves are round thee, and thy breast  
 Heaves with the heaving deep.

O'er thee mild eve her beauty flings  
 And there the white gull lifts her wings;  
 And the blue halcyon loves to lave  
 Her plumage in the deep blue wave.

Sleep on; no willow o'er thee bends  
 With melancholy air,

No violet springs, nor dewy rose  
 Its soul of love lays bare;  
 But there the sea-flower, bright and young,  
 Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung;  
 And, like a weeping mourner fair,  
 The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on, sleep on; the glittering depths  
 Of Ocean's coral caves

Are thy bright urn—thy requiem  
 The music of its waves;  
 The purple gems for ever burn  
 In fadeless beauty round thy urn;  
 And pure and deep as infant love,  
 The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on, sleep on; the fearful wrath  
 Of mingling cloud and deep

May leave its wild and stormy track  
 Above thy place of sleep;  
 But, when the wave has sunk to rest,  
 As now, 't will murmur o'er thy breast;  
 And the bright victims of the sea  
 Perchance will make their home with thee.

- Sleep on ; thy corse is far away,  
 But love bewails thee yet ;  
 For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,  
 And lovely eyes are wet ;  
 And she, thy young and beauteous bride,  
 Her thoughts are hovering by thy side,  
 As oft she turns to view, with tears,  
 The Eden of departed years.

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WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The trembling dew-drops fall  
 Upon the shutting flowers ; like souls at rest  
 The stars shine gloriously : and all  
 Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave !  
 The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,  
 Waves o'er thy head ; when shall it wave  
 Above thy child !

'T is a sweet flower, yet must  
 Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow ;  
 Dear mother, 't is thine emblem ; dust  
 Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die :  
 To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams—  
 By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
 And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,  
 To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
 And mourn the hopes to childhood dear  
 With bitter tears ?

Ay, must I linger here,  
 A lonely branch upon a withered tree,  
 Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,  
 Went down with thee ?

Oft, from life's withered bower,  
 In still communion with the past, I turn,  
 And muse on thee, the only flower  
 In Memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale,  
 Bows, like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave,  
 I stray to hear the night-winds wail  
 Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown ?  
 I gaze above—thy look is imaged there ;  
 I listen—and thy gentle tone  
 Is on the air.

Oh, come, while here I press  
 My brow upon thy grave ; and, in those mild  
 And thrilling notes of tenderness,  
 Bless, bless thy child !

Yes, bless thy weeping child ;  
 And o'er thine urn—Religion's holiest shrine—  
 Oh, give his spirit, undefiled,  
 To blend with thine.

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I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee when Morning springs  
 From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,  
 And, like a young bird, lifts her wings  
 Of gladness on the welkin blue.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,  
 The Evening spreads her robes of light,  
 And, like a young and timid bride,  
 Sits blushing in the arms of Night.

And when the Moon's sweet cresset springs  
 In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,  
 And stars are forth, like blessed things,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

## REV. NORMAN PINNEY.

[Born 1804.]

THE REV. NORMAN PINNEY was born at Simsbury, in Hartford County, on the 21st of October, 1804. He was graduated at Yale College, in 1823; and, after a course of theological study, was admitted to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop BROWNELL. For several years he was connected with Washington College, in Hartford, first as Tutor of Mathematics, and afterward as Professor of Ancient Languages. Subsequently, he removed to the city of Mobile, where he relinquished the ministry, and devoted himself exclusively to the instruction of youth. He still resides in Mobile, in charge of an institution for classical education.

The poetical writings of Mr. PINNEY are of a pleasing character. But few of them have been committed to the press, and our selections are, therefore, necessarily limited. They were mostly contributed, several years since, to the columns of the "New England Weekly Review," and the "Episcopal Watchman," at that time published in Hartford.

## SABBATH MORNING.

How calm comes on this holy day!

- Morning unfolds the eastern sky,  
And upward takes her lofty way

Triumphant to her throne on high.

Earth glorious wakes, as o'er her breast

The morning flings her rosy ray,

And blushing from her dreamless rest

Unveils her to the gaze of day:

So still the scene, each wakeful sound,

Seems hallowed music breathing round.

The night-winds to their mountain caves,

The morning mists to heaven's blue steep,

And to their ocean depths the waves

Are gone, their holy rest to keep.

T is tranquil all, around, above,  
 The forests far which bound the scene  
 Are peaceful as their Maker's love,  
 Like hills of everlasting green.  
 And clouds like earthly barriers stand,  
 Or bulwarks of some viewless land.

Each tree that lifts its arms in air,  
 Or hangs its pensive head from high,  
 Seems bending at its morning prayer,  
 Or whispering with the hours gone by;  
 This holy morning, LORD, is thine!  
 Let silence sanctify thy praise;  
 Let heaven and earth in love combine,  
 And morning stars their music raise!  
 For 't is the day—joy, joy, ye dead!  
 When death and hell were captive led!

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MIDSUMMER MOONLIGHT.

This moonlight hour!—this moonlight hour!  
 'T is nature's holiest, happiest time,  
 When beauty claims supremest power,  
 And feeling speaks with voice sublime.  
 Earth pauses now as in delight,  
 And stillness rests o'er field and flower,  
 And heaven hangs tranquil o'er the night,  
 Charmed by this lovely moonlight hour. ●

Each form that decks the landscape round,  
 Or rises is the crystal air,  
 Darkening with giant shades the ground,  
 Or trembling in the moon-beams fair,  
 The waveless tide, each tree, that rears  
 In new-born green, its leafy bower,  
 With tenfold deeper grace appears,  
 Veiled by this lovely moonlight hour.

Oh! lives there one whose joyless breast  
 Is now with earthly passions fired,  
 When ocean-surges are at rest,  
 And whirlwinds to their caves retired?

On barren mountains let him roam,  
 Where wintry rocks congenial tower,  
 And seek with desert tribes his home,  
 Who thus profanes this moonlight hour.

## SONNET.

Calm Twilight! in thy wild and stilly time,  
 When summer flowers their perfumes shed around,  
 And nought, save the deep, solitary sound  
 Of some far bell, is heard, with solemn chime  
 Tolling for Vespers—or the evening bird,  
 Carolling music in the shady grove,  
 Sweet as the pure outpourings of first love,  
 While not a leaf by Zephyr's breath is stirred—  
 Bright thoughts of those beloved and dearest come,  
 Like sunset rays upon the azure wave,  
 And joys which blossomed in the bower of home  
 The dews of memory with freshness lave.  
 Oh! that my last day-beams of life would shine,  
 As mildly beautiful, calm hour, as thine.

## SONNET TO ———.

Still unto thee, my brightest, fairest, best,  
 The wandering heart returns as the pure dove  
 Seeking in vain the olive-branch of love.  
 Nor finding peace save in its ark of rest.  
 My flight has been wide, o'er the tossing wave,  
 Nor bower, nor tree, nor mantling vine were there;  
 And like rich pearls deep in their ocean-cave,  
 Were hidden all things beautiful and fair.  
 Send me not forth again, though the fair sky  
 Smile o'er the green enamelling of earth;  
 Bright joys again be clustered round the hearth,  
 And the air rife with breathing melody;  
 Still to its resting-place the dove would flee—  
 Angel of beauty, shall it dwell with thee?

TO —.

How calm is Innocence! Its glow  
 Is resting on that cheek's bright hue,  
 That forehead fair of stainless snow,  
 And that full eye of cloudless blue,  
 Like morning on some sleeping sea,  
 Or hope on dreams of ecstasy.

So full and clear its rising beams  
 Through that soft veil of Beauty shine,  
 A pictured soul the vision seems  
 In purity and peace divine;  
 And thoughts sink lovelier there to rest,  
 Like day-beams on the rainbow's breast.

Thine is the smile, whose splendors pour  
 O'er all those lineaments their dyes,  
 And tell how deep the boundless store  
 Of treasured joys from whence they rise,  
 As the blue tints of ocean show  
 How deep its bosom heaves below.

The rays, which palace in the sky,  
 Or gild the glittering gems of night,  
 Are wandering in that clear full eye,  
 Or lingering on that living light,  
 As if from heaven they came to bear  
 Those thoughts like holy treasures there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou art to me the loveliest glow,  
 That mantles o'er life's chequered sky,  
 A living spring whose stream shall flow  
 Along the track of years gone by,  
 And with far murmurings deep and clear,  
 Make music still on memory's ear.

Farewell—I go to foreign skies,  
 To distant lands, to scenes afar,  
 Yet there, that one dear form shall rise  
 Unfading as the morning star,  
 And smile upon that desert still,  
 The same as on my native hill.

## REV. JOSEPH HULBERT NICHOLS.

[Born 1805.]

THE REV. JOSEPH HULBERT NICHOLS was born on the 20th of August, 1805, at Newtown, in Fairfield County, where his early boyhood was passed. When he was about ten years of age, his parents removed to the city of New York. He was fitted for college by the Rev. Dr. BRONSON, at the Episcopal Academy, of Cheshire, and was graduated at Yale College, in 1825. After leaving college, Mr. NICHOLS commenced the study of the law, in the office of SETH P. STAPLES, Esq., of New York, and was also for some time a member of the Law School at Litchfield, under Judge GOULD. He was admitted to the bar at Albany, in October, 1828. In the spring of the following year he became a student in divinity, and in the ensuing autumn entered the Middle Class of the General Episcopal Theological Seminary, in the city of New York. In July, 1831, he completed his theological course of study, and immediately after was ordained by the Right Rev. Bishop BENJAMIN TREADWELL ONDERDONK.

During the first year of his ministry, Mr. NICHOLS was associated with the late venerable Bishop MOORE, in the charge of the Monumental Church, at Richmond, in Virginia. He was subsequently, for several years, Rector of Christ Church, at Greenwich, in Connecticut; and is now an Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, in New Haven.

The greater part of the published poetical writings of Mr. NICHOLS consists of fugitive compositions, communicated some years since to various periodicals of the day. In August, 1841, he delivered a poem entitled "The Future," before the Associate Alumni of Washington College, at Hartford, which was published at their request. Mr. NICHOLS evidently paints from nature, and his poems are pervaded by the sentiments of a warm and affectionate heart. In his occasional allusions to characters and events, and his descriptions of familiar scenes, the reader will recognize some of the qualities of a very high order of poetry.



## JOSEPHINE.\*

'T is evening, on a purple southern sea :  
 The large thick stars, in tropic purity,  
 Are flashing from the blue, low-bending skies,  
 On a lone isle, that green beneath them lies.  
 Out in full blossom shine the orange groves,  
 And lo ! amid their bowers a maiden roves—  
 A fair, West Indian girl ; then takes her seat  
 To breathe the fragrance of those flowers so sweet.  
 She touches her guitar, and with a strain  
 Of superhuman softness, doth enchain  
 The winds in silence : smiling in their sleep,  
 Repose the murmuring billows of the deep.  
 To join her, soon comes forth a virgin band  
 Of her companions, tripping hand in hand.  
 A slave strikes up the tambourine, and she  
 Floats in the dance to some wild island glee ;  
 In peerless elegance that maid moves on,  
 Of all her sex, in grace, the paragon.  
 Her dark eye kindles with imperial light,  
 A golden crown is glittering in her sight,  
 For some gray prophetess foretold, ere now,  
 A diadem should decorate her brow.

Again, broad day-light shèds its sunny smile  
 Within a tall cathedral's ancient pile ;  
 Along the aisles, brave men, line after line,  
 Beneath their banners in bright armor shine ;  
 The galleries gleam with beauty's jewelled forms,  
 And warlike music every bosom warms.  
 It ceases : all direct their anxious gaze  
 To the high altar, where, amid the blaze  
 Of princesses and princes, stand alone  
 A man and woman, each before a throne :  
 He, the stern chief, whose footsteps shook the globe ;  
 She, in that long and royal crimson robe,  
 Is that same fair West Indian. One rich crown  
 He puts on his own brow ; then, she kneels down,

\* From the "Future."

And modestly, from his small hand, receives  
 Another crown—a wreath of golden leaves,  
 Upon her forehead; while his eagle glance,  
 Reflecting her's, proclaims her Queen of France.  
 The trumpet peals it forth in joyous swells,  
 And far as her green isle the tidings tells.

Again, in Malmaison, that lady's seen,  
 A wife, yet no wife; queen, yet not a queen.  
 If nature's charms could ever banish grief,  
 The heaviest bosom there might find relief:  
 The garden blooms, the fountain flows in vain;  
 Not Eden's scenery could assuage her pain.  
 He, who his greatness owed to her alone,  
 Has called another bride to share his throne!  
 Discarded, she loves still, and woman's tears  
 She sheds, when of her hero's fall she hears.  
 Too sharp the trial! Pensive, day by day,  
 She sits, and pines, at last, her life away.  
 Now cold, and closed in death's meek sleep her eyes,  
 Pale on her bier, the lovely Empress lies!  
 White as her shroud, her crossed hands calmly rest  
 Upon that generous and confiding breast.  
 There, her lone orphans love's last vigil keep,  
 And earth's great kings pass by, and muse and weep.  
 Oh, what young maiden here would be a queen,  
 Who thinks of thy sad fate, poor JOSEPHINE!  
 Who would not rather, than of courts the pride,  
 Be gathering berries on the mountain side?

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A CONNECTICUT CHRISTMAS EVE.

Slow twilight veils the landscape's robe of white;  
 The little snow-bird shuts its downy wing;  
 The cottage tapers twinkle red and bright,  
 Through azure mists from frozen brook and spring;  
 And the wood-cutter, his thatched home in sight,  
 Makes the still air with his clear whistle ring;  
 And hark! methinks I hear the village bell,  
 O'er all the country its glad summons swell.

Sweet talisman of heaven, how each farm roof  
 Stirs at thy call! The black, huge, blazing hearth  
 Is quenched, itself a room full large enough;  
 The household, tiptoe with the season's mirth,  
 Put on neat garments, their own cunning woof;  
 And boys and girls to tinkling sleighs rush forth;  
 While sire and spouse upon the old steed haste,  
 She snug behind, fast holding by his waist.

O'er crusted drifts they glide, fleet as the wind,  
 Cutting with grating crush the virgin snow—  
 Their eyes with sparkling splendor almost blind  
 Of the pure atmosphere's strange scarlet glow;  
 And merry music animates the mind  
 From ceaseless bells, all chiming in a row,  
 Till, dashing proudly through the village street,  
 Around the Church, from far and wide they meet.

Meanwhile the well-clad town's-folk thither stream,  
 And face, with breaths that smoke, the flaky breeze,  
 Admiring oft the scintillating gleam  
 And diamond vista of ice-jewelled trees,  
 That, like celestial groves, in blossom seem;  
 How do their hues the sportive children please,  
 Who little think that, like their brilliant ray,  
 Is youth's fond dream, illusive though so gay!

How beautiful upon the hill-top shines  
 The white illuminated house of God!  
 A thousand lights, that burn in graceful lines,  
 Rich lustre pour from each arched window broad;  
 And crystal icicles, like gems in mines,  
 Flash on the eaves, and a soft halo flood  
 Gilds the tall steeple, which, at this bright hour,  
 Points to the skies like some fair ivory tower.

They enter, and oh! what a lovely scene  
 Dazzles the vision! Garlands of ground-pine,  
 Festoons of ivy, stars of evergreen,  
 Adorn the walls and round the pillars twine!  
 Faces on faces piled, with smiles serene,  
 Watch the wreathed chancel and bright altar-shrine,

Where, meek, with linen robe and silver hair,  
The patriarch priest turns o'er the Book of Prayer.

He speaks. At once, with solemn rush, all stand,  
Then, kneeling, his mild accents loud repeat,  
Or listen, while, with countenance so bland,  
He reads how once a radiant angel, sweet  
Of voice, escorted by a harping band,  
Judea's shepherds came by night to greet  
With tidings, as he shook his wings impearled,  
Of MARY's babe, the Saviour of the world!

The village maids, in spotless raiment dressed,  
Then strike the anthem of enchanting praise;  
When closed, the pastor, now in sable vest,  
Ascends the pulpit, and, discoursing, sways  
With tender words the soul-fixed hearer's breast;  
And as the gorgeous candlestick's clear blaze  
Beams on his face, his up-raised eyes oft swell  
With tears of love for good EMMANUEL.

The parting hymn and parting benison  
Soon follow, and the holy duties close.  
How pour the people out! again the tune  
Of bells resounds as each one homeward goes,  
Led by the spangled sky's late risen moon,  
That now, methinks, unusual lustre throws  
Toward the East, as if it saw the Star  
Of Bethlehem, through the purple depths afar.

Once more the hearth-stone brightens. Seated round  
With hand up to the cheek, the faggot fire,  
They quaff the festal bowl with spices crowned,  
And, after joining the gray pious sire  
In prayer and hymn of spiritual sound,  
To balmy rest the family retire,  
And sleep the Christian's slumber, calm and mute,  
Save to the dream-note of some seraph's lute.

How many hearts to-night, the wide world o'er,  
Are happy with the old returning glee!  
Exiles for Heaven on India's palmy shore,  
The sailor tossing on the foam-lit sea,

Lone emigrants where inland oceans roar,  
 And island girls beneath the orange tree—  
 All share the bliss with which thy children heave,  
 Hills of my fathers! this glad Christmas Eve.

And ye, descendants of the men who knew  
 And loved the good and great of other days—  
 Accomplished JOHNSON; BEACH, the bold and true;  
 And mitred SEABURY, scorning human praise  
 Or censure; champions who their brave swords drew  
 For Zion, and her ancient rites and ways;  
 Oh, keep their hallowed customs, keep this night,  
 Long as your mountains stand, or streams roll bright!

#### A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

There stand the holy spires of prayer,  
 Devoutly pointing to the skies,  
 As if from every earthly care  
 The soul of man should heaven-ward rise;  
 And as the sun-gilt windows gleam,  
 In their unstained transparency,  
 Chaste thoughts come o'er me as I dream  
 Of that soft hour when, tenderly,  
 The gray-haired pastor crossed my brow  
 With water from the font of snow.

How sweetly every mansion lifts  
 Its clear white front among the trees,  
 While the blue smoke, in curly drifts,  
 Sails off before the healthy breeze.  
 Behind each roof long meadows slope  
 In swards that blush with clover blossoms;  
 And new-washed clothes swing on the rope,  
 Just hung by maids with buoyant bosoms;  
 And there the yellow street is seen  
 Ribbioned both sides with virgin green.

With what a gay and tidy air  
 The tavern shows its painted sign,  
 Causing each traveller to stare  
 And cypher out the gold-leaf line.

And yonder is the merchant's stand,  
Where, on the benches round the door,  
Gather the story-telling band,  
And all burst out in hearty roar  
As some wild wag, at his tongue's rote  
Deals the convulsive anecdote.

Why is the dust in such a rage?  
It is the yearly caravan  
Of pedlars, on their pilgrimage  
To southern marts; full of japan,  
And tin, and wooden furniture,  
That try to charm the passing eye;  
And spices which, I'm very sure,  
Ne'er saw the shores of Araby;  
Well skilled in that smooth eloquence  
Are they, which steals away your pence.

Close in the hollow of yon hill  
The district school-house wins the view,  
Where jabbering urchins 'gainst their will  
In swinging rows their tasks pursue.  
And there 's the turf on which they play,  
And tan their open-collared necks;  
And there's the brook, where, every day,  
Their paper barks meet sad shipwrecks  
Of little hopes, that now endure  
The coming world in miniature.

These scenes are pleasant, but there's one  
More precious to the heart than all:  
It is when on the ear the tune  
Of mellow bells, with gentle fall,  
Proclaims that Sunday morn has come.  
Then every road and path's alive  
With young and old—none stay at home,  
But, clad in best attire, all strive  
To fill their places, lest they hear  
In private from the minister.

And there, on yonder rising ground,  
The grave-yard lies, retired and lone;

And o'er each green and narrow mound  
Stands a white monumental stone.  
Pastors and people here repose,  
Husband and wife, too, side by side ;  
And children rest in household rows,  
Asleep in HIM who for them died.  
There, from the world thy footstep turn,  
And sweetly sad, a lesson learn.

And when, from some wood-waving height,  
Upon the moss at leisure thrown,  
I view the sylvan shade and light,  
And know the landscape is my own  
Dear native earth! when I behold  
The orchard-lawn, the auburn wheat,  
The mill, the foaming fall of gold,  
And hear the pastoral song and bleat,  
Oh, how I bless, with streaming eyes,  
That HEAVEN which gave the paradise!

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#### THE FALLS OF THE HOUSATONIC.

Wild cataract of the woods, how bright  
Thy sheet of liquid silver gleams  
Through the green cedars, on my sight,  
Like a tall angel's spear, in dreams.  
And see! the snowy wreath of spray,  
Meet for a spotless virgin's shroud,  
Curl up the clear blue vault away  
To form the future tempest-cloud.

Through mountain shores, with red and gold  
Leaves at this autumn hour arrayed,  
Winds the swift river, dark and bold,  
O'er rocks in many a white cascade,  
Till, sweeping past, mid froth and surge,  
The rocky islets strewn around,  
To where the willows kiss the verge,  
Thou tumblest off, bound after bound!

Here as we gaze, I and my friend,  
(Two youths with roses on our cheeks,)  
'T is sweet, but awful, thus to bend  
Over the wonder, as it speaks  
Like a young earthquake, and to feel  
A nameless grandeur swell the soul  
With joy that makes the senses reel,  
Half wishing in the flood to roll.

Yes, thou art fair; and fain would I,  
Were mine no love, no kindred true,  
Alone here live, alone here die,  
Were I but worthy, too, of you.  
For, oh, were mortals half so fair  
And beautiful as their abodes,  
Woman an angel's face would wear,  
And man the majesty of gods.

Each morning sun a rainbow builds  
Of pink, across thy sparkling foam,  
That every tossing billow gilds  
With pearls to deck its ocean-home.  
Too soon it fades, unseen by all,  
Save the rude woodman of the hill,  
Or when, for water to the fall,  
Trips the glad damsel of the mill.

And oft, with a peculiar awe,  
Thou com'st the moss-green rocks to lash:  
When the soft vernal breezes thaw  
The long chained river, at one crash  
Of thunder, it breaks up and roars,  
Till echoing caverns wake from sleep,  
As at a mammoth's voice, and pours  
An ice-piled deluge down thy steep.

Fall of the forest! on a wild  
Romantic pilgrimage I come  
To see thy face, for, from a child,  
My footsteps ever loved to roam



Places untrod ; yet, why hast thou  
In sylvan beauty rolled so long,  
And not a poet's tongue, ere now,  
Has told his lyre thy praise in song ?

The scarlet and the yellow groves,  
Like radiant seraphim in arms ;  
The ever-green and laurel coves,  
The twilight grotto, and the swarms  
Of humming wood-bees, with the strain  
Of the last robin's mellow flute,  
Are, round thy flood, as sweet again  
As the Arcadian shade and lute.

Here, may the young bard sing and learn  
Nature's own lofty minstrelsy ;  
Here, may his blooming genius earn  
A name too glorious to die.  
And should he sigh, thus all apart,  
For woman's voice his soul to thrill,  
(Since there 's in every youthful heart  
A void which she alone can fill ;)

Dark spirit of an Indian maid !  
Rise, with thy basket filled with flowers,  
And lead thy dappled fawn's meek shade,  
(The fawn thou fed'st in mortal hours ;)  
Or, make the rainbow thy canoe,  
And glide along thy native river,  
And warble forth some ditty true  
Of those who wore the bow and quiver.

Wild cataract of the woods, adieu !  
Our names we carved upon the tree  
Whose token-leaf I bear unto  
My own fair city by the sea.  
Pale it may grow, but thou in green  
Remembrance ever fresh shalt dwell ;  
For to so picturesque a scene,  
Before, I never sang farewell !

## HUGH PETERS.

[Born 1807. Died 1831.]

HUGH PETERS was born at Hebron, in Tolland County, on the 30th of January, 1807. He was a son of the late Hon. JOHN T. PETERS, for many years a Judge of the Superior Court in Connecticut. In 1817, Judge PETERS removed to Hartford, and there the subject of our sketch pursued his preparatory studies at the "Grammar School." He entered Yale College, where he was graduated in 1826, and afterward became a student at law in the office of his father, in Hartford. In 1828, he was admitted to the bar, and early in the following year removed to Cincinnati, in Ohio. The laws of Ohio requiring a longer term of legal study than those of Connecticut, PETERS became again a student, for the requisite period, and, in 1830, commenced the practice of his profession. He seemed peculiarly fitted for the bar, and his prospects were highly flattering, when, during the following summer, his friends were shocked at news of his sudden death. The circumstances of his decease were of a painful character, and not wholly devoid of mystery. His body was found in the Ohio river, on the morning of the ninth day of June. It is supposed that, disturbed and harassed by business, he arose in his sleep, as he had done the night before, and in this state of unconsciousness wandered to the river, where he met his melancholy fate. The event was deeply deplored, not only by his friends in Connecticut, but by the citizens of his adopted home, to many of whom he had become especially endeared. A meeting was held of the members of the bar of Cincinnati, and resolutions were passed, expressive of the highest respect for the worth of their deceased friend and associate, and of the sincerest sorrow for his early departure. The character of Mr. PETERS was in every way calculated to endear him to his acquaintances. He possessed an amiable temper, and his manners, while they were dignified, were also conciliatory. He was ardent and firm in his attachments, and his friends cherished in return an enthusiastic regard for him, which now embalms his name in their memory.

Mr. PETERS commenced writing verse for the press while he was in college, but was afterward principally known as a correspondent of the "New England Weekly Review." He wrote many articles for this journal; but perhaps a series of "Yankee Lyrics," remarkable for humorous conceit and drollery of versification, attracted

more attention than any others, while he resided in Hartford. His farewell to Connecticut, "My Native Land," written on Long Island Sound, is decidedly the best poem which he ever wrote. It breathes the noblest sentiments of patriotic devotion, and is pervaded by a tone of feeling which commends it to all hearts.

MY NATIVE LAND.

"My native land, good night."—BYRON.

The boat swings from the pebbled shore,  
And proudly drives her prow ;  
The crested waves roll up before,  
Yon dark gray land I see no more,  
How sweet thou seemest now !  
Thou dark gray land, my native land,  
Thou land of rock and pine,  
I 'm speeding from thy golden sand ;  
But can I wave a farewell hand  
To such a shore as thine ?

I 've gazed upon the golden cloud  
Which shades thine emerald sod ;  
Thy hills, which Freedom's share hath ploughed,  
Which nurse a race that have not bowed  
Their knee to aught but GOD ;  
Thy mountain floods which proudly fling  
Their waters to the fall,  
Thy birds, which cut with rushing wing  
The sky that greets thy coming spring,  
And thought thy glories small.

But now ye 've shrunk to yon blue line  
Between the sky and sea,  
I feel, sweet home, that thou art mine,  
I feel my bosom cling to thine,  
That I am part of thee.  
I see thee blended with the wave,  
As children see the earth  
Close up a sainted mother's grave ;  
They weep for her they cannot save,  
And feel her holy worth.

Thou mountain land, thou land of rock,  
I'm proud to call thee free ;  
Thy sons are of the pilgrim stock,  
And nerved like those who stood the shock  
At old Thermopylæ.  
The laurel wreaths their fathers won,  
The children wear them still ;  
Proud deeds those iron men have done ;  
They fought and won at Bennington,  
And bled at Bunker Hill.

There's grandeur in the lightning stroke  
That rives thy mountain ash ;  
There's glory in thy giant oak,  
And rainbow beauty in the smoke  
Where crystal waters dash :  
There's music in thy winter blast  
That sweeps the hollow glen ;  
Less sturdy sons would shrink aghast  
From piercing winds like those thou hast  
To nurse thine iron men.

And thou hast gems—aye, living pearls,  
And flowers of Eden hue :  
Thy loveliest are thy bright-eyed girls,  
Of fairy forms and elfin curls,  
And smiles like Hermon's dew :  
They've hearts like those they're born to wed,  
Too proud to nurse a slave ;  
They'd scorn to share a monarch's bed,  
And sooner lay their angel head  
Deep in their humble grave.

And I have left thee, home, alone,  
A pilgrim from thy shore ;  
The wind goes by with hollow moan,  
I hear it sigh a warning tone,  
" You see your home no more."  
I'm cast upon the world's wide sea,  
Torn like an ocean-weed ;

I'm cast away, far, far from thee ;  
I feel a thing I cannot be,  
A bruised and broken reed.

Farewell, my native land, farewell !  
That wave has hid thee now ;  
My heart is bowed as with a spell ;  
This rending pang !—would I could tell  
What ails my throbbing brow !  
One look upon that fading streak  
Which bounds yon eastern sky ;  
One tear to cool my burning cheek ;  
And then a word I cannot speak—  
“ My native land, Good bye ! ”

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#### THE PARTING.

Their bark is out upon the sea,  
She leaps across the tide :  
The flashing waves dash joyously  
Their spray upon her side :  
As if a bird, before the breeze  
She spreads her snowy wings ;  
And, breaking through the crested seas,  
How beautiful she springs !

The deep blue sky above her path  
Is cloudless, and the air  
That pure and spicy fragrance hath  
Which Ceylon's breezes bear ;  
And though she seems a shadowless  
And phantom thing, in sport,  
Her freight I ween is Happiness,  
And heaven her far-off port.

Mild, tearful eyes are gazing now  
Upon that fleeting ship,  
And here, perhaps an ashy brow,  
And there a trembling lip,

Are tokens of the agony,  
The pangs it costs to sever  
A mother from her first born child,  
To say—farewell, for ever.

And they who sail yon fading bark  
Have turned a yearning eye  
To the far land which seems a line  
Between the sea and sky.  
And as that land blends with the sea,  
Like clouds in sunset light,  
A soft, low voice breathes on the wind,  
“My native land, good night.”

And they who stand upon the shore,  
And bend them o'er the sea,  
To catch the 'last, faint shadow of  
The shrouds' dim tracery,  
I ween if one could hear the sigh,  
Could catch the mother's tone,  
He 'd hear it say, “Good night, good night,  
My beautiful, my own.”

That ship is gone—lost to the eye ;  
But still a freshening breeze  
Is o'er her wake, and drives her on  
Through smooth and pleasant seas.  
Right onward thus, she will dash on,  
Though tempests shake the air,  
For hearts that fear not Ocean's wrath  
I ween will aye be there.

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That sea is Life : that bark is but  
The Hopes of wedded Love :  
The wind which fills its swelling sails  
I trust is from above.  
And ever may its progress be  
Through summer seas right on,  
Till blended with Eternity's  
Broad ocean's horizon.

## A YANKEE LYRIC.

There is, in famous Yankee land,  
A class of men ycleped tin-pedlars,  
A shrewd, sarcastic band  
Of busy meddlers :

They scour the country through and through,  
Vending their wares, tin pots, tin pans,  
Tin ovens, dippers, wash-bowls, cans,  
Tin whistles, kettles, or to boil or stew,  
Tin cullenders, tin nutmeg-graters,  
Tin warming platters for your fish and 'taters!

In short,  
If you will look within  
His cart,  
And gaze upon the tin  
Which glitters there,  
So bright and fair,  
There is no danger in defying  
You to go off without buying.

One of these cunning, keen-eyed gentry  
Stopped at a tavern in the country,  
Just before night,  
And called for bitters for himself, of course,  
And fodder for his horse :  
This done, our worthy wight  
Informed the landlord that his purse was low,  
Quite empty, I assure you, sir, and so  
I wish you 'd take your pay  
In something in my way.

Now Boniface supposed himself a wag—  
And when he saw that he was sucked,  
Was not dispirited, but plucked  
Up courage and his trowsers too!  
Quoth he t' himself, I am not apt to brag,  
'T is true,

But I can stick a feather in my cap  
By making fun of this same Yankee chap.  
" Well, my good friend,  
That we may end

This troublesome affair,  
 I'll take my pay in ware,  
 Provided that you've got what suits  
 My inclination."  
 "No doubt of that," the pedlar cried,  
 Sans hesitation :  
 "Well, bring us in a pair of good tin boots!"  
 "Tin boots!" Our Jonathan espied  
 His landlord's spindle shanks,  
 And giving his good Genius thanks  
 For the suggestion,  
 Ran out, returned, and then—"by goles!  
 Yes, here's a pair of candle-moulds!  
 They'll fit you without question!"

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 ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Great OWEN, of Lanark, good night!  
 Is the pride of thy hopes all defeated?  
 Hast thou gone to recover thy might?  
 Or, stripped of thy laurels, retreated?  
 Has the strength of thy spirit been broken  
 By CAMPBELL, the doughty, in fight?  
 We bid thee farewell, by this token—  
 Great OWEN, of Lanark, good night!  
 Great OWEN, of Lanark! you came  
 Across the great sea to enlighten  
 Our land, and to gather a fame  
 For Futurity's fingers to brighten.  
 Great OWEN, of Lanark, thy wealth,  
 In the dark cause of Evil expended,  
 Has gained neither pleasure nor health,  
 But the whole in a bubble has ended.  
 Alas! all thy visions have vanished;  
 Thy glories have taken their flight;  
 To thy own native rocks thou art banished;  
 Great OWEN, of Lanark, good night!



## SONNET AD POETAS.

"Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres,  
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

Ye are a wise and goodly company ;  
A very worthy, noble brotherhood ;  
Nectar your drink, Ambrosia your food ;  
Ye cannot fail of immortality !  
When ye would sleep, sweet will your slumbering be,  
For Musa 'neath you spreads a couch of down,  
Or airy gossamer, with rose leaves strown,  
Fit hovering place for dreams of fantasy ;  
And when ye wake, if ye would music have,  
For you APOLLO wakes his echoing strings ;  
Or would ye ride, Pegasus spreads his wings,  
And off ye fly through air, o'er earth and wave !  
Oh happy band ! I 'll " give you honor due,"  
If ye will deign admit me of your crew !

## TO THE MOON.

Hail, " great Diana," " virgin Queen of night !"  
" Pale, silent orb," " mild Luna," new or full,  
Crescent or gibbous ! if thought not too dull,  
List to the prayer of a poor rhyming wight !  
Behold thy servant in a piteous plight !  
My soul is sad, my coat is growing old ;  
My heart is heavy, and my heels are cold ;  
Both in and out I am a sorry sight ;  
Ideas and ink are gone—I cannot write—  
And when I could, they said I was a loon  
For offering incense at thy shrine, Oh Moon !  
They call me mad, and that unmans me quite :  
Regina, hear me ! if I 'm not a dunce,  
Moonstrike my brain, and make me so at once !

## JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL.

[Born 1807. Died 1831.]

JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL, son of DANIEL ROCKWELL, was born at Lebanon, in the year 1807. His parents were in humble circumstances, and his advantages for education very much restricted. While quite young, he resided for some time at Patterson, in New Jersey, if we have been rightly informed, where he was employed in a cotton manufactory. When he had reached his fourteenth or fifteenth year, upon the removal of his family to the vicinity of Manlius, in New York, ROCKWELL was apprenticed to MERRELL & HASTINGS, Printers, at Utica. It was here, amid congenial pursuits, that his mind began to expand, and his poetical talents to develop themselves. He very soon commenced writing for the press, and the reception which his articles met served to incite still more his ambition.

At eighteen years of age, ROCKWELL left Utica, having acquired a degree of reputation by his poetical writings, and, after a temporary residence in New York, removed to Boston. Here he worked for a time as a printer, and was subsequently employed as an assistant editor of the "Boston Statesman." In the autumn of 1829, he removed to Providence, in Rhode Island, and assumed the charge of the "Providence Patriot." He continued his editorial labors until the summer of 1831, when a "Card Apologetic" announced to the readers of the "Patriot," that its editor had been "accused of ill health—tried—found guilty—and condemned over to the physicians for punishment." The following number was arrayed in tokens of mourning for his death. The sad event was deeply deplored, and there was a general expression of sorrow by the periodicals of the day, without regard to partizan partialities. With many of their editors ROCKWELL had been personally acquainted, and to all he was known through the medium of his verse. Many poetical tributes to his memory appeared in the newspapers, and, from a beautiful one written by his friend WHITTIER, then editor of the "New England Weekly Review," we present an extract :

The turf is smooth above him! and this rain  
Will moisten the rent roots, and summon back  
The perishing life of its green-bladed grass;  
And the crushed flower will lift its head again  
Smilingly unto heaven, as if it kept

No vigil with the dead! Well! it is meet  
 That the green grass should tremble, and the flowers  
 Blow wild about his resting-place. His mind  
 Was in itself a flower, but half disclosed—  
 A bud of blessed promise, which the storm  
 Visited rudely, and the passer by  
 Smote down in wantonness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor died he unlamented! To his grave  
 The beautiful and gifted shall go up,  
 And muse upon the sleeper; and young lips  
 Shall murmur, in the broken tones of grief,  
 His own sweet melodies. And if the ear  
 Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath  
 The brightness of its new inheritance,  
 It may be joyful to the parted one  
 To feel that earth remembers him in love!

The poems of ROCKWELL are highly original, and discover a lively imagination. They sometimes lack definiteness, and fail to convey a distinct image to the mind of the reader. They betray, moreover, a want of finish and care. But they are striking and melodious compositions, and, despite their occasional faults, are interesting proofs of talents of a high order, whose riper developments might have guided to eminence.

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#### THE ICEBERG.

'Twas night; our anchored vessel slept  
 Out on the glassy sea;  
 And still as heaven the waters kept,  
 And golden bright, as he,  
 The setting sun, went sinking slow  
 Beneath the eternal wave;  
 And the Ocean seemed a pall to throw  
 Over the monarch's grave!

There was no motion on the air  
 To raise the sleeper's tress,  
 And no wave-building winds were there,  
 On Ocean's loveliness;  
 But Ocean mingled with the sky  
 With such an equal hue,  
 That vainly strove the 'wilder'd eye  
 To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea  
Came on our steady gaze,  
Save when some timorous fish stole out  
To bathe in the golden blaze ;  
When, floating in the light that played  
All over the resting main,  
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart  
To his deep blue home again.

Yet, while we gazed that sunny eve,  
Across the twinkling deep,  
A form came ploughing the golden wave,  
And rending his holy sleep :  
It blushed bright red, while growing on  
Our fixed, half-fearful gaze ;  
But it wandered down, with its golden crown,  
And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown  
Together in floating flame ;  
And as we looked, we named it then,  
The fount whence colors came.  
There were rainbows, furred with a careless grace,  
And the brightest red that glows ;  
The purple amethyst there had place,  
And the hues of the full-blown rose ;

And the vivid green, as the sunlit grass,  
Where the pleasant rain had been,  
And the ideal hues that, thought-like, pass  
Through the minds of fanciful men :  
They beamed full clear ; and that form moved on,  
Like one from a burning grave ;  
And we dared not think it a real thing,  
But for the rustling wave.

The sun just lingered in our view  
From the burning edge of Ocean,  
When by our bark that bright one passed,  
With a deep-disturbing motion ;

The far-down waters shrank away,  
 With a gurgling rush upheaving,  
 And the lifted waves grew wildly pale,  
 The Ocean's bosom leaving.

Yet, as it passed our bending stern,  
 In its throne-like glory going,  
 It crushed on a hidden rock, and turned,  
 Like an empire's overthrowing!  
 The uptorn waves rolled hoar, and huge  
 The far-thrown undulations  
 Swelled out in the sun's last, lingering smile,  
 And fell like battling nations!

---

THE LOST AT SEA.

Wife, who, in thy deep devotion,  
 Puttest up a prayer for one  
 Sailing on the stormy Ocean,  
 Hope no more—his course is done.  
 Dream not, when upon thy pillow  
 That he slumbers by thy side;  
 For his corse, beneath the billow,  
 Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,  
 Laugh amid the sorrowing rains,  
 Know ye not that clouds are throwing  
 Shadows on your sire's remains?  
 Where the hoarse gray surge is rolling  
 With a mountain's motion on,  
 Dream ye that its voice is tolling  
 For your father, lost and gone?

When the sun looked on the water,  
 As a hero on his grave,  
 Tinging with the hue of slaughter  
 Every blue and leaping wave,

Under the majestic Ocean,  
 Where the giant currents rolled,  
 Slept thy sire, without emotion,  
 Sweetly by a beam of gold.

And the violet sunbeams slanted,  
 Wavering through the crystal deep,  
 'Till their wonted splendors haunted  
 Those shut eyelids in their sleep :  
 Sands, like crumbled silver, gleaming,  
 Sparkled in his raven hair—  
 But the sleep that knows no dreaming,  
 Bound him in its silence there !

Children, whose meek eyes, inquiring,  
 Linger on your mother's face,  
 Know ye that she is expiring,  
 That ye are an orphan race ?  
 God be with you on the morrow,  
 Father, mother, both no more !  
 One within a grave of sorrow,  
 One upon the Ocean's floor !

---

THE INTEMPERATE.

Pray, Mr. Dramdrinker, how do you do ?  
 What in perdition's the matter with you ?  
 How did you come by that bruise on the head ?  
 Why are your eyes so infernally red ?  
 Why do you mutter that infidel hymn ?  
 Why do you tremble in every limb ?  
 Who has done this ? let the reason be shown,  
 And let the offender be pelted with stone !  
 And the Dramdrinker said—If you listen to me,  
 You shall hear what you hear, and shall see what you see.

I had a father : the grave is his bed ;  
 I had a mother : she sleeps with the dead.  
 Freely I wept, when they left me alone,  
 But I shed all my tears on their grave and their stone ;

I planted a willow, I planted a yew,  
And left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew!  
Fortune was mine, and I mounted her car,  
Pleasure from virtue had beckoned me far;  
Onward I went, like an avalanche down,  
And the sunshine of fortune was changed to a frown.

Fortune was gone, and I took to my side  
A young, and a lovely, and beautiful bride!  
Her I entreated with coldness and scorn,  
Tarrying back till the break of the morn,  
Slighting her kindness, and mocking her fears,  
Casting a blight on her tenderest years:  
Sad, and neglected, and weary I left her;  
Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her,  
Till, like a star, when it falls from its pride,  
She sunk on the bosom of Misery, and died!

I had a child, and it grew like a vine;  
Fair as the rose of Damascus was mine;  
Fair, and I watched o'er her innocent youth,  
As an angel from heaven would watch over truth.  
She grew like her mother in feature and form:  
Her blue eye was languid, her cheek was too warm:  
Seventeen Summers had shone on her brow,  
The seventeenth Winter beheld her laid low!  
Yonder they sleep in their graves, side by side,  
A father, a mother, a daughter, a bride!

When they had left me I stood here alone;  
None of my race or my kindred were known!  
Friends all forsaken, and hope all departed,  
Sad, and despairing, and desolate-hearted,  
Feeling no kindness for aught that was human,  
Hated by man, and detested by woman,  
Bankrupt in fortune, and ruined in name—  
Onward I kept in the pathway of shame;  
And till this hour, since my father went down,  
My brow has but known a continual frown!

Go to your children, and tell them the tale:  
Tell them his cheek, too, was lividly pale;

Tell them his eye was all blood-shot and cold ;  
 Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold ;  
 Tell them he passed through the world they are in  
 The victim of sorrow and misery and sin ;  
 Tell them when life's shameful conflicts were past,  
 In horror and anguish he perished at last !

---

THE SUM OF LIFE.

Searcher of gold ! whose days and nights  
 All waste away in anxious care,  
 Estranged from all of life's delights,  
 Unlearned in all that is most fair ;  
 Who sailest not with easy glide,  
 But delvest in the depths of tide,  
 And strugglest in the foam ;  
 Oh, come and view this land of graves,  
 Death's northern sea of frozen waves,  
 And mark thee out thy home.

Lover of woman ! whose sad heart  
 Wastes like a fountain in the sun,  
 Clings most where most its pain does start,  
 Dies by the light it lives upon,  
 Come to the land of graves ; for here  
 Are beauty's smile, and beauty's tear,  
 Gathered in holy trust ;  
 Here slumber forms as fair as those  
 Whose cheeks, now living, shame the rose,  
 Their glory turned to dust.

Lover of fame ! whose foolish thought  
 Steals onward from the wave of time,  
 Tell me, what goodness hath it brought,  
 Atoning for that restless crime ?  
 The spirit-mansion desolate,  
 And open to the storms of fate,  
 The absent soul in fear—  
 Bring home thy thoughts, and come with me,  
 And see where all thy pride must be :  
 Searcher of fame ! look here !



And warrior! thou with snowy plume,  
That goest to the bugle's call,  
Come and look down—this lonely tomb  
Shall hold thee and thy glories all;  
The haughty brow, the manly frame,  
The daring deeds, the sounding fame,  
Are trophies but for death!  
And millions, who have toiled like thee,  
Are stayed, and here they sleep; and see,  
Does glory lend them breath?

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TO THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

Grave of waters gone to rest!  
Jewel, dazzling all the main!  
Father of the silver crest!  
Wandering on the trackless plain,  
Sleeping mid the wavy roar,  
Sailing mid the angry storm,  
Ploughing Ocean's oozy floor,  
Piling to the clouds thy form!

Wandering monument of rain,  
Prisoned by the sullen north!  
But to melt thy hated chain,  
Is it that thou comest forth?  
Wend thee to the sunny south,  
To the glassy summer sea;  
And the breathings of her mouth  
Shall unchain and gladden thee!

Roamer in the hidden path,  
'Neath the green and clouded wave!  
Trampling, in thy reckless wrath,  
On the lost but cherished brave;  
Parting love's death-linked embrace,  
Crushing beauty's skeleton—  
Tell us what the hidden race  
With our mournéd lost have done!

Floating sleep! who in the sun  
 Art an icy coronal,  
 And, beneath the viewless dun,  
 Throw'st o'er barks a wavy pall!  
 Shining death upon the sea!  
 Wend thee to the southern main:  
 Bend to God thy melting knee—  
 Mingle with the wave again!

---

TO A WAVE.

List, thou child of wind and sea!  
 Tell me of the far-off deep,  
 Where the tempest's wind is free,  
 And the waters never sleep!  
 Thou perchance the storm hast aided,  
 In its work of stern despair,  
 Or perchance thy hand hath braided,  
 In deep caves, the mermaid's hair.

Wave! now on the golden sands,  
 Silent as thou art, and broken,  
 Bear'st thou not from distant strands  
 To my heart some pleasant token?  
 Tales of mountains of the south,  
 Spangles of the ore of silver;  
 Which, with playful singing mouth,  
 Thou hast leaped on high to pilfer?

Mournful wave! I deemed thy song  
 Was telling of a mournful prison,  
 Which, when tempests swept along,  
 And the mighty winds were risen,  
 Foundered in the Ocean's grasp:  
 While the brave and fair were dying,  
 Wave! didst mark a white hand clasp  
 In thy folds as thou wert flying?

• • • • •

Faded wave ! a joy to thee,  
Now thy flight and toil are over !  
Oh, may my départure be  
Calm as thine, thou ocean rover !  
When this soul's last joy or mirth  
On the shore of time is driven,  
Be its lot like thine on earth,  
To be lost away in heaven !

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THE DEATH-BED OF BEAUTY.

She sleeps in beauty, like the dying rose  
By the warm skies and winds of June forsaken ;  
Or like the sun, when, dimmed with clouds, it goes  
To its clear ocean-bed, by light winds shaken ;  
Or like the moon, when through its robes of snow  
It smiles with angel meekness ; or like sorrow,  
When it is soothed by resignation's glow ;  
Or like herself : she will be dead to-morrow !

How still she sleeps ! The young and beautiful girl !  
And the faint breath upon her red lips trembles !  
Waving, almost in death, the raven curl  
That floats around her ; and she most resembles  
The fall of night upon the ocean foam,  
Wherefrom the sun-light hath not yet departed,  
And where the winds are faint. She stealth home,  
Unsullied girl, an angel broken-hearted !

Oh, bitter world ! that hadst so cold an eye  
To look upon so fair a type of heaven ;  
She could not dwell beneath a winter sky,  
And her heart-strings were frozen here and riven,  
And now she lies in ruins—look and weep !  
How lightly leans her cheek upon the pillow !  
And how the bloom of her fair face doth keep  
Changed, like a stricken dolphin on the billow !

## ROSWELL PARK.

[Born 1807.]

ROSWELL PARK was born at Lebanon, on the 1st of October, 1807. His parents soon afterward removed to Burlington, in Otsego County, in New York, and the early years of their son were passed partly at their residence and partly at that of his grandfather, at Preston, in Connecticut. He entered the Sophomore Class of Hamilton College, at Clinton, in New York, but, receiving an appointment as a cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point, in the spring of 1827 he repaired to that institution. In 1831, he was graduated, having held the appointment of an Assistant Professor during the last two years of his course. He then received a Lieutenant's commission in the United States Engineer Corps, but, during the summer's furlough, studied at Union College, and there received his first degree in the Arts. Subsequently, for nearly two years, he was stationed at Newport, in Rhode Island, and afterward, for three years, at Boston Harbor and city, assisting Cols. TOTTEN and THAYER in constructing the fortifications then in progress in those places. In the summer of 1836, Mr. PARK was ordered to the immediate charge of the Delaware Breakwater; and in the same year received and accepted the appointment of Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania. He resided in Philadelphia until July, 1842, when he resigned his professorship, and soon afterward removed to Burlington, in New Jersey, where he is now devoting himself to a course of theological study, with a view to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Mr. PARK has published a brief "History of West Point and the United States Military Academy," and a large work entitled "Pan-tology, or a Systematic Survey of Human Knowledge." His poetical writings are chiefly comprised in a volume of "Selections of Juvenile and Miscellaneous Poems, Written or Translated," published at Philadelphia, in 1836. They embrace a variety of subjects—the gravest and gayest—melodious in their structure, and pervaded by a tone of true feeling, and, at times, by a vein of lively and pleasant humor.

## COOPERSTOWN.

In remembrance of a visit to Cooperstown, and Party on the Otsego  
Lake, August 19, 1831.

Vale of Otsego, ever dear,  
Bright are thy scenes to fancy's eye ;  
And noble bosoms throb sincere,  
Beneath thy mellow, radiant sky.  
Peace to thy village walks and spires ;  
Peace to thy waters and thy shades ;  
Bliss to thy matrons and thy sires ;  
And bliss to thy unrivalled maids !

Bright is Geneva's lake of blue ;  
Grand is Niagara's awful roar ;  
Wild is the Catskill's rugged view ;  
And sweet Lake George's placid shore.  
But bright, and grand, and wild, and sweet,  
Thy lake of blue, and hills of green,  
Where thousand mingled beauties meet,  
To shed a halo o'er the scene.

Nor art thou doomed to waste unknown,  
Nor fades thy loveliness untold ;  
For he, thou claimest as thine own,  
High on the list of fame enrolled,  
Hath pictured in the glowing page  
Each scene where Memory loves to dwell ;  
And Gallic youth, and German sage,  
In other climes thy beauties tell.

They stand beside the precipice,  
And mark the falling of the deer ;  
They linger o'er the steep abyss,  
And tremble for the *Pioneer*.  
They rove the mansion's lordly halls,  
Where every object brings its charm ;  
Where, ominous, the pictured walls  
Display Britannia's severed arm.\*

\* This alludes to the papering of the mansion at Cooperstown, as described in the "*Pioneers*," which the writer observed to compare with the description.

They wander through the pathless wood,  
Where Spring renews her leafy bower,  
Where Nature, in her solitude,  
Exerts her wonder-working power.  
They view her now, as, in her prime,  
She sat in Eden's calm recess ;  
Majestic, simple and sublime,  
The spirit of the wilderness.

They leap on board the light canoe ;  
They skim across the crystal lake,  
With not a breeze the deep to woo,  
With not a ripple in their wake ;  
Or silent spread the knotted twine,  
At evening, from the distant strand ;  
Then, gathering in the fatal line,  
Bring countless victims to the land.

Thus Fancy's wand, the magic pen,  
Thy forest charms hath well expressed ;  
And mirrored thee, as thou wast then,  
The model of the rising West.  
Happy the author who can claim  
A vale so lovely as his own ;  
Happy the village that can name  
So worthy and so famed a son.

And thou art changed ;—yet sweetly changed ;  
In thy maturer garb arrayed ;  
More bright, more fair, but not estranged  
From those who roamed thy forest glade.  
The lofty spires and clustered town,  
The meadows wet with early dew,  
Add lustre to the mountain's brown,  
And yield the wave a softer hue.

The figure of the papering represents Britannia, personified as a female figure, resting upon an urn ; but, owing to a fault in the pasting, the arm, which comes on a separate roll, was severed from the body.

I marked thee thus, one blissful morn,  
When Summer breathed its balmy sighs ;  
When music's cheerful notes were borne  
In echoes to the shining skies ;  
When, gliding o'er the ruffled sea,  
Our bark pursued its rapid way,  
And maiden's smile, and manhood's glee,  
Gave promise of that happy day.

We wandered through the verdant bowers,  
We listened to the murmuring rill,  
Or on the lawn, bestrewed with flowers,  
We met to dance the light quadrille.  
We rowed beneath the pendent grove,  
And cast abroad the tiny hook ;  
While many a lovely angler strove  
To ensnare the rover of the brook.

We gathered, in the sportive ring,  
The merry sylvan games to share ;  
We cooled our wine beneath the spring,  
And spread our rural banquet there.  
We parted when the moonbeam shone  
Upon the water's misty breast ;  
When twilight music's dying tone  
Composed the willing soul to rest.

'T was thus, as poets tell the tale,  
Arcadian shepherds passed the day ;  
And thus in Tempé's rivalled vale,  
The happy moments flew away.  
And Memory oft on scenes like this  
Shall bid enraptured Fancy dwell ;  
Or whisper, waked from dreams of bliss ;  
Vale of Otsego, fare thee well !

## THE COMMUNION.

“Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
 And enter while there's room!  
 While thousands make a wretched choice,  
 And rather starve than come.” WATTS.

While the sons of earth, retiring,  
 From the sacred temple roam;  
 LORD, thy light and love desiring,  
 To thine altar fain we come.  
 Children of a Heavenly Father,  
 Friends and brethren would we be;  
 While we round thy table gather,  
 May our hearts be one in thee.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,  
 Cheers our famished souls with food;  
 He the banquet spreads before us  
 Of his mystic flesh and blood.  
 Precious banquet! bread of heaven!  
 Wine of gladness flowing free!  
 May we taste it, kindly given,  
 In remembrance, LORD of thee.

In thy holy Incarnation,  
 When the angels sung thy birth,  
 In thy fasting and temptation,  
 In thy labors on the earth;  
 In thy trial and rejection,  
 In thy sufferings on the tree,  
 In thy glorious resurrection,  
 May we, LORD, remember thee!

All thy love and mercy feeling,  
 All our weakness would we feel;  
 Humbly at thine altar kneeling,  
 For thy pardon would we kneel.  
 All our passions sacrificing,  
 As thy sacrifice we see,  
 May we, from thine altar rising,  
 Consecrate our lives to thee.



By thy HOLY SPIRIT leading,  
 Gently draw us on the road ;  
 By thy boundless merit pleading,  
 Reconcile us to our God.  
 Tossed on life's eventful ocean,  
 Changing though our life may be,  
 When its billows cease their motion  
 May we find our rest in thee !

When the heaven shall be shaken,  
 As thou comest from on high ;  
 When the dead from death awaken,  
 To attend thee in the sky ;  
 When the mighty seals are broken,  
 And the mountains, trembling, flee ;  
 When the final doom is spoken,  
 May we refuge find in thee !

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MORNING.

"Hues of the rich unfolding morn,  
 That, ere the glorious Sun be born,  
 By some soft touch invisible  
 Around his path are taught to swell."

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Morn's orient beams appear, and one by one,  
 The weary stars, retiring from their watch,  
 Quench their bright lamps, and dimly sink to rest.  
 Blushing Aurora hides before the Sun,  
 Who yonder comes, upon his fiery car,  
 To ride his daily circuit through the sky,  
 Dispensing to the nations life and light.  
 A flood of glory showers upon the peaks  
 Of lofty mountains ; bursts upon the plains ;  
 Tinges with burnished gold the distant clouds,  
 That seem his shady canopy ; and lights  
 His pathway up the heavens. Nature awakes  
 From drowsy slumber, active and refreshed ;  
 And air and earth are filled with animation.

The lowing herd disperse upon the mead ;  
 The insect myriads murmur forth their joy ;  
 And thousand songsters warble in the grove  
 Their notes melodious. A brighter green  
 Enrobes the foliage, glittering with dew,  
 And lightens up the landscape. Risen with the sun,  
 The cheerful ploughman yokes his patient team ;  
 And, while the fresh-turned furrow stripes the soil,  
 Thinks of his distant harvest. Loudest now  
 Rings the gay anvil with redoubled blows ;  
 Not amid gloom, as when, in Etna's caves,  
 The giant CYCLOPS forged the living thunder.

How glorious thus at morn to walk abroad,  
 Inhaling perfume, breathing the fresh air,  
 Listening to melody ; while, all around,  
 We view, delighted, Nature's lovely works,  
 In mountain, plain or stream, in earth and sky !  
 Still more delightful, when, with beauty's self,  
 Creation's last, and best, and fairest work,  
 We hold sweet converse on our heedless walk !

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#### NEW YEAR'S ODE.

Written for the Phœnician Society of Hamilton College.

Hail to the lovers of music and mystery !  
 Hail, fellow-students, both sober and gay !  
 Science and Politics, Grammar and History,  
 Reason and Logic are crazy to-day :  
 My rhyme is ill-chosen, my ink is all frozen,  
 And blots by the dozen around me appear ;  
 But still in the issue, before they dismiss you,  
 Permit me to wish you a happy New Year.

Now in the time of the festival holidays,  
 Christmas, Thanksgiving, and New Years, and all,  
 When Freshmen and Seniors together keep jolly days,  
 Down Clinton Street or up Hamilton hall ;

When books are neglected, and study rejected,  
And pleasure expected by all ranks of men ;  
In this merry season, it cannot be treason  
That rhyme without reason should govern the pen.

Sing then of peace and continued prosperity,  
Raise the glad anthem abroad and at home ;  
Trumpet our nation's renown to posterity,  
Tell of her glory in ages to come :  
Our internal ditches, the wonder of witches,  
Will add to our riches and cherish our trade ;  
While steam and canal boats, and large ships and sail-boats,  
And packets and mail boats our commerce will aid.

Sing of our Congress and President's message,  
Talk upon politics much as you will ;  
May every good law have a speedier passage,  
And every dull speech-making member be still ;  
May truth be regarded, and merit rewarded,  
And error retarded, while vices are few ;  
That every vile faction, or wicked transaction,  
May meet with detection and punishment due.

Sing of uncommon escapes and recoveries,  
Steam-boilers bursting, or stages upset ;  
Sing of inventions and noted discoveries,  
Since the last visit of General FAYETTE ;  
Of REYNOLDS's lectures, and MITCHELL's conjectures,  
With spider-web textures of arguments thin,  
On Captain SYMMES' notions of internal oceans,  
And wonderful motions of regions within.

Sing of our maidens, so lively and pretty,  
With cheeks of the rose and the lily combined,  
With red lips and bright eyes and ringlets so jetty,  
Adorned with all graces of person and mind.  
Still may they inherit the beauty and merit,  
And well-tempered spirit, which lovers revere ;  
And each be surrounded with pleasure unbounded,  
While joy's trump is sounded, this happy New Year !

## JESSE ERSKINE DOW.

[Born 1809.]

JESSE ERSKINE DOW was born at Thompson, in Windham County, on the 21st of January, 1809. He is a son of the Rev. DANIEL DOW, one of the oldest Congregational ministers in Connecticut—having preached for fifty years in the parish of Thompson, where he still continues his pastoral labors. The health of his son, during some of the years of childhood, was such as seriously to retard his education, and finally to withdraw him entirely from his studies. Having regained his health, he was placed in the counting-room of Messrs. WILLIAM BLODGETT & Co., of Providence, in Rhode Island, to learn the mercantile business. In 1827, he became private secretary to Commodore MORRIS, and was stationed at the Navy Yard, near Boston, in Massachusetts. In 1835 he went to sea with Commodore ELLIOTT, as Professor of Mathematics, and, in 1836, became secretary to the Commander of the Mediterranean squadron. After visiting the classic shores of the Mediterranean, he returned as bearer of despatches from our *Charge des Affaires* at Lisbon to the Secretary of State at Washington. Here he obtained a clerkship in the Patent Office, and was subsequently employed, in a similar capacity, in various departments, until 1841, when he was removed for political causes. He still resides at Washington, engaged as an Agent for Public Claimants.

Mr. Dow is well known as a correspondent of the "Democratic Review," the "Lady's Book," and various other periodicals. His verse is often unequal in character—the same article exhibiting passages of decided beauty and others of careless versification. He is peculiarly happy in his political poems. He is evidently a warm politician, and when his theme is one in which his feelings are deeply interested, his verse glows with ardor, and is highly spirited. Although we have endeavored to exclude all articles of a partizan character from our volume, we cannot forbear to select one or two of Mr. Dow's finest political effusions.

## TADMOR OF THE WILDERNESS.

Beneath the arch of eastern skies,  
On Syria's barren wild,  
Where oft the scowling sand-storm flies,  
And hides the desert child,  
How beautiful to catch the sight  
Of Tadmor's mountain's purple height!

And while the flush of evening glows  
Upon the western sky,  
Unequaled by the blushing rose  
Where Sharon's zephyrs sigh,  
How sweet to hear the camel-train  
Come tinkling home across the plain!

Gigantic loom the "desert ships,"  
As steadily they come;  
While joyfully the Kabyl skips  
Along his houseless home,  
And shakes his spear with child-like glee,  
And cries,—"the boundless waste for me!"

The boundless waste, the fruitless sea,  
Where scorching rays are cast,  
The steed that with the wind can flee,  
When danger gathers fast,  
The scanty tent, the brackish spring,  
And Night, that comes with jewelled wing:

The solitude where foot-prints die,  
And prowling lions tread,  
Where caravans of wealth sweep by,  
In watchfulness and dread:  
And sink to sleep, and wake to know  
That Ishmael is still their foe.

And now, behold, from towering hill  
The howling city stand,  
In silver moonlight sleeping still,  
So beautiful and grand;  
No sadder sight has earth than this:  
'T is Tadmor of the Wilderness.

Half-buried in the flowerless sand  
Whirled by the edying blast,  
Behold her marble columns stand,  
Huge relicts of the past ;  
And o'er her gates of solid stone  
The sculptured eagle fronts the sun.

Palmyra ! thou wert great indeed,  
When, through thy portals, passed  
The Persian on his weary steed,  
And found a rest at last,  
From Samiel's breath, and war's alarms,  
Beneath thy tall and waving palms.

ZENOBIA, mistress of the East,  
In glory rested here ;  
'Neath yonder porch she held her feast,  
While Satraps bowed in fear ;  
And oft the silver strain came up,  
While BACCHUS filled her golden cup.

And here she oped her portals wide,  
And called the wise around ;  
And hither, in her days of pride,  
The sage a refuge found ;  
And Arab chief and Rabbin hung  
On gray-haired wisdom's silver tongue.

When Rome's fierce thousands hither came,  
O'er yonder sands she fled,  
And here returned in grief and shame,  
A sovereign captive led ;  
While loud her people's wail arose  
Above the shouts of conquering foes.

And when the gleaming cohorts flung  
Their banners o'er thy head,  
And cymbals clashed and clarions rung,  
Before AURELIAN'S tread,  
Then died thy race, and sank thy towers,  
And desert lightnings seared thy flowers.

Emesa! When thy bowers of green  
Received the Roman horde,  
The legions called for Tadmor's queen,  
And bared the glittering sword;  
And she, to shun that cruel death,  
With bloody roses soiled her wreath.

Yes, he, Athena's wisest one,  
By royalty betrayed,  
Bowed down beneath the Syrian sun,  
And felt the tyrant's blade;  
And now upon the plain he sleeps,  
While Science, bending o'er him, weeps!

ZENOBI! when thy name shall die,  
And Tadmor sink in gloom,  
When fierce AURELIAN's dust shall lie  
Forgotten in the tomb,  
Still History's pen shall trace his fame,  
And glory gild LONGINUS' name.

In ancient times thy walls were laid  
By Israel's wisest King,  
And hither came the sons of trade  
Their richest gifts to bring;  
With Nineveh and Babylon  
Thy regal state thou didst put on.

On the bleak hill now stand thy tombs,  
As silent as thy towers;  
And there the owl his gray wing plumes,  
And there the jackall cowers;  
And west wind's sigh, and Simoom's wail,  
Through thy tall pillars tell thy tale.

Sleep on, thou Oriental queen,  
The slumber of the dead!  
No palm majestic waves its green  
Above thy marble head;  
Amid thy courts the cricket sings,  
And startled Echo wildly rings.

The Arab saunters down thy aisles,  
 Or careless turns away ;  
 The earthquake rocks thy giant piles,  
 And lightnings round thee play ;  
 But morning's dawn and evening's close,  
 Awaken not thy dread repose.

LINES

On seeing General McNEIL knocking at the door of the President's House

Has Liberty no heart to feel,  
 No hand to help, no voice to cheer,  
 When he who waved his flashing steel  
 In glory's glittering rank, draws near ?  
 The sordid race that scorn the brave,  
 Shall exiled mourn in early youth ;  
 Their rest shall be dishonor's grave,  
 Their damning epitaph the truth.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Summer day was near its close,  
 When thousands caught the wild huzzah,  
 And rushed upon their crimson foes  
 At Lundy's Lane and Chippewa.  
 When SCOTT and BROWN their laurels gained,  
 McNEIL, as bright a wreath was thine ;  
 Thy form was where destruction reigned  
 The fiercest on that bloody line.  
 Around was death in every form ;  
 But, like the oak, thou brav'dst the storm.

Can man forget the stalwart arm  
 That shielded his despairing hearth ?  
 That kept his dearest ones from harm,  
 And saved the shelter of their birth ?  
 Can mothers ere forget to bless  
 The heart that cheered their hours of woe,  
 When Rapine, in its ruffian dress,  
 Trod the red footsteps of the foe ?  
 Ay, when the world shall scorn the bold,  
 And knights forget their spurs of gold !



Yet, gallant one, they pass thee by,  
 Unnoticed mid a servile throng;  
 They read no merit in thine eye,  
 No valor in thy martial form:  
 Thy limbs are stiff, for thou didst feel  
 The British iron deep and sore;  
 And though there's temper in thy steel,  
 They need its master's hand no more:  
 The men of yesterday have claims  
 O'er battle scars, and glorious names.

Away, proud soldier of the free!  
 Back to thy everlasting hills!  
 Their granite peaks shall nurture thee  
 When power grows rank and friendship chills.  
 And when the thrilling blast of war  
 Shall ring again o'er land and wave,  
 Remembrance shall enhance each scar  
 That mars the beauty of the brave.  
 Kin of the Scottish BRUCE, away!  
 No Bannockburn is here to-day!

In the pure mountain's calm retreat,  
 Thy glorious name shall never fade;  
 And countless hearts shall proudly beat  
 Around thy sleeping battle-blade.  
 And aged men shall tell again,  
 Around the Winter evening's fire,  
 How flashed that steel at Lundy's Lane,  
 Above the waves of blood and fire.  
 Forget thee? when men cease to feel,  
 Shall patriots know thee not, McNEIL.

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 LINES

Occasioned by the debate in the United States' Senate on the Oregon Bill.

Shall freemen in their halls be told  
 That peace inglorious saves their gold?  
 That freedom's soil is better lost,  
 Than e'er maintained at treasure's cost?

That sovereignty is but a name,  
 Where mountains plume their heads with flame,  
 And lonely valleys stretch in pride  
 To meet the green Pacific's tide?  
 Strange language this for those to hold,  
 Who would be free, and dare be bold.

Has southern chivalry, though gray,  
 No voice to cheer the wanderer's way,  
 Where wild Oregon rolls his flood,  
 Through valleys drenched with freemen's blood?  
 Has JASPER's spirit left his spring?  
 Has SUMPTER's rifle ceased its ring?  
 Has MOULTRIE's lion-heart grown cold  
 Beside his bastions green and old?  
 Oh! answer not in shame again,  
 Ye boasting sons of MARION's men!

When the stern Puritan threw back  
 The snow-drift from his glittering track;  
 And, armed with basket, hilt, and grace,  
 Watched the rude cradle of his race;  
 Who scouted Plymouth's barren shore,  
 Or mocked her breakers' sullen roar?  
 Or added up the mighty cost  
 Of planting Edens mid the frost?  
 No voice from barren hill and fen,  
 By agues rent, found utterance then!

Down, impious thought! 't was not the bold  
 Who prized their freedom less than gold;  
 'T was not those lion-hearted men,  
 Whose fathers fought for brake and fen,  
 Or woke thy echoes, old Santee,  
 With the wild hymn of chivalry.  
 No! no! 't was but the echoing strain  
 Of W\*\*\*\*\* and his venal train,  
 Caught, by a patriot's ear, for truth,  
 And uttered with the fire of youth.

## THE LAST REVOLUTIONARY.

Oh! where are they, those iron men,  
Who braved the battle's storm of fire,  
When war's wild halo filled the glen,  
And lit each humble village spire?  
When hill sent back the sound to hill,  
And might was right, and law was will?

Oh! where are they, whose manly breasts  
Beat back the pride of England's might?  
Whose stalwart arm, laid low the crests  
Of many an old and valiant knight?  
When evening came with murderous flame,  
And liberty was but a name?

I see them in the distance, form  
Like spectres on a misty shore;  
Before them rolls the dreadful storm,  
And hills send forth their rills of gore;  
Around them death, with lightning breath,  
Is twining an immortal wreath.

They conquer! God of glory, thanks!  
They conquer! Freedom's banner waves  
Above oppression's broken ranks,  
And withers o'er her children's graves;  
And loud and long the pealing song  
Of jubilee is borne along.

'T is evening, and December's sun  
Goes swiftly down behind the wave;  
And there I see a gray-haired one,  
A special courier to the grave;  
He looks around on vale and mound,  
Then falls upon his battle ground.

Beneath him rests the hallowed earth,  
Now changed like him, and still and cold;  
The blood that gave young freedom birth,  
No longer warms the warrior old;  
He waves his hand with stern command,  
Then dies, the last of glory's band.

## MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Born 1811.]

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS was born at Derby, in 1811. She is a daughter of JOHN WINTERBOTHAM, Esq., formerly associated with the late Gen. DAVID HUMPHREYS, in the well-known Woolen Manufactory at Humphreysville, and now residing in the State of Ohio. He furnished his daughter with good advantages for education, and has been more than rewarded by the success of her literary career. In 1831, she was married to EDWARD STEPHENS, one of the present editors of the "Brother Jonathan," and soon afterward removed to Portland, in Maine, where Mr. STEPHENS was for some time engaged in mercantile business. In 1835, he established "The Portland Magazine," of which his wife assumed the editorial charge, and conducted with much success for two years, when she relinquished it in consequence of ill health. While she resided in Portland, Mrs. STEPHENS also edited "The Portland Sketch Book," composed of contributions of the various authors of that city.

In 1837, Mrs. STEPHENS removed to the city of New York, where she has since been constantly employed in literary labors, and where she still resides. For four years she conducted "The Ladies' Companion," which became, under her charge, a well-known and popular periodical. In 1842, she became editorially connected with "Graham's Magazine," published at Philadelphia, for which she is still a regular contributor, and, during the present year, has become the editor of "The Ladies' World." She is a spirited and vigorous prose writer, and has published, also, many well-known and graceful poems through the medium of the various magazines with which she has been so long and so honorably associated.

## THE MOTHER.\*

The mother sprang with gesture wild,  
And to her bosom snatched the child ;  
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,  
Shouted with fearful energy,  
"Back, ruffians, back ! nor dare to tread  
Too near the body of my dead,

\* From "The Polish Boy."

Nor touch the living boy. I stand  
Between him and your lawless band.  
No traitor he. But listen! I  
Have cursed your master's tyranny.  
I cheered my lord to join the band  
Of those who swore to free our land,  
Or, fighting, die; and, when he pressed  
Me for the last time to his breast,  
I knew that soon his form would be  
Low as it is, or Poland free.  
He went and grappled with the foe,  
Laid many a haughty Russian low;  
But he is dead, the good, the brave,  
And I, his wife, am worse—a slave!  
Take me and bind these arms, these hands,  
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,  
And drag me to Siberia's wild  
To perish, if 't will save my child."

"Mad woman, stop!" the leader cried,  
Tearing the pale boy from her side;  
And in his ruffian grasp he bore  
His victim to the temple door.  
"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "one!  
Can land or gold redeem my son?  
If so, I bend my Polish knee,  
And, Russian! ask this boon of thee.  
Take palaces, take land, take all;  
But leave him free from Russian thrall.  
Take these!" And her white arms and hands  
She stripped of rings and diamond bands;  
And tore from braids of long black hair  
The gems that gleamed like starlight there;  
Unclasped the brilliant coronal,  
And carcanet of orient pearl;  
Her cross of blazing rubies last  
Down to the Russian's feet she cast.  
He stooped to seize the glittering store:  
Upspringing from the marble floor,  
The mother, with a cry of joy,  
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!

## THE OLD APPLE TREE.

I am thinking of the homestead,  
With its low and sloping roof,  
And the maple boughs that shadowed it,  
With a green and leafy woof ;  
I am thinking of the lilac trees,  
That shook their purple plumes,  
And, when the sash was open,  
Shed fragrance through our rooms.

I am thinking of the rivulet,  
With its cool and silvery flow,  
Of the old gray rock that shadowed it,  
And the pepper-mint below.  
I am not sad nor sorrowful ;  
But memories will come ;  
So leave me to my solitude,  
And let me think of home.

There was not around my birth-place,  
A thicket or a flower,  
But childish game or friendly face  
Has given it a power,  
To haunt me in my after life,  
And be with me again,  
A sweet and pleasant memory,  
Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and knotted apple tree,  
That stood beneath the hill,  
My heart can never turn to it,  
But with a pleasant thrill.  
Oh, what a dreamy life I led,  
Beneath its old green shade,  
Where the daisies and the butter-cups  
A pleasant carpet made !

'T was a rough old tree, in Spring-time,  
When, with a blustering sound,  
The wind came hoarsely sweeping  
Along the frosty ground.

But when there rose a rivalry,  
'Tween clouds and pleasant weather,  
Till the sunshine and the rain-drops  
Came laughing down together ;

That patriarch old apple tree  
Enjoyed the lovely strife ;  
The sap sprang lightly through its veins,  
And circled into life ;  
A cloud of pale and tender buds  
Burst o'er each rugged bough ;  
And amid the starting verdure,  
The robins made their vow.

That tree was very beautiful  
When all the leaves were green,  
And rosy buds lay opening  
Amid their tender sheen ;  
When the bright translucent dew-drops  
Shed blossoms as they fell,  
And melted in their fragrance,  
Like music in a shell.

It was greenest in the Summer-time,  
When cheerful sunlight wove,  
Amid its thrifty leafiness,  
A warm and glowing love ;  
When swelling fruit blushed ruddily,  
To Summer's balmy breath,  
And the laden boughs drooped heavily,  
To the greensward underneath.

'T was brightest in a rainy day,  
When all the purple West  
Was piled with fleecy storm-clouds,  
That never seemed at rest ;  
When a cool and lulling melody,  
Fell from the dripping eaves,  
And soft, warm drops came pattering  
Upon the restless leaves.

But, oh, the scene was glorious,  
When clouds were lightly riven,  
And there, above my valley home,  
Came out the bow of heaven ;  
And, in its fitful brilliancy,  
Hung quivering on high,  
Like a jewelled arch of paradise,  
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath,  
My constant visits made,  
Between the dear old homestead,  
And that leafy apple shade ;  
Where the flow of distant waters  
Came with a tinkling sound,  
Like the revels of a fairy band,  
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I haunted it at even-tide,  
And dreamily would lie,  
And watch the crimson twilight  
Come stealing o'er the sky ;  
'T was sweet to see its dying gold  
Wake up the dusky leaves,  
To hear the swallows twittering  
Beneath the distant eaves.

I have listened to the music,  
A low, sweet minstrelsy,  
Breathed by a lonely night-bird,  
That haunted that old tree,  
Till my heart has swelled with feelings  
For which it had no name,  
A yearning love of poesy,  
A thirsting after fame.

I have gazed up through the foliage,  
With dim and tearful eyes,  
And with a holy reverence,  
Dwelt on the changing skies,



Till the burning stars were peopled  
With forms of spirit birth,  
And I 've almost heard their harp-strings  
Reverberate on earth.

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## FAME.

Oh, tell me not that lofty minds may bow  
In pleasant homage to a thought of mine—  
That laurels yet may greenly deck this brow,  
Or that my silent grave may be a shrine  
In after years, where men may idly crowd,  
To mark how low my humble dust is bowed.

Oh, ask me not to toil for empty fame,  
Or, sordid, coin my heart for yellow gold,  
That careless lips may whisper o'er my name,  
When this frail form is lying still and cold.  
Let the wild flowers that spring around my tomb,  
Shed over me their sweet and silent bloom.  
I would not that a stranger's foot should tread  
The long dank grass that thrills above me dead.

It were no recompense for wasted life,  
That men should breathe my name, an empty sound ;  
And, when this heart is broken with the strife  
Of thoughts that kill, the green and solemn mound  
That pillows me, be haunted by the throng  
That knew me not, save in my broken song.  
The enfranchised soul should seek a higher aim,  
Nor droop its pinions down to earthly fame.

Oh, fame is not for woman ; she must yield  
The very essence of her being up ;  
Bare her full heart, fling off its golden shield,  
And drain its very life to fill the cup,  
Which, like a brimming goblet rich with wine,  
She poureth out upon the world's broad shrine.  
Upon its golden rim they grave her name,  
Fling back the empty bowl—and this is fame !

I would not toil for gold, nor swerve my heart  
 From its sweet impulses, that men may say  
 She made a barter of her sacred art,  
 And coined her music, till it paved the way  
 To the lone grave, or that she meanly bowed  
 Her spirit down, to win a finer shroud,  
 Than wraps her sister-women, and so died,  
 Her heart all hardened with its earthly pride.  
 Woman may toil for gold, and but to find  
 That, for base earth, she hath debased a mind.

And yet methinks if sometimes lingered one,  
 Whose noble presence unto me hath been  
 As music to the harp—around the home  
 Which death hath given me, though all unseen,  
 The sweet, mysterious sympathies which drew  
 My love to his, as blossoms drink the dew,  
 Would once again arouse a spirit strife,  
 And wake my marble heart once more to life.  
 Ask me not, then, to toil for wealth and fame,  
 But touch my heart with sweet affection's name!

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SONG OF THE SPRING BREEZE.

Oh, give me welcome ; I come, I come  
 From a sweet and balmy land ;  
 With the tropic rose I have made my home ;  
 Mid ripening fruits I have loved to roam ;  
 Where the sea-shells lie in their golden sand,  
 I have played with the foam of a southern strand.

Oh, give me welcome ! I bring, I bring  
 A gift for the coming May ;  
 The sunshine falls from my restless wing ;  
 It touches the ice of the mountain spring ;  
 But I laugh, I laugh as it melts away,  
 And my voice is heard in the leaping spray.

Oh, give me welcome, a welcome now !  
 The Winter was stern and cold ;

But I sung him to sleep, and I kissed his brow,  
While I lifted his robe of spotless snow :  
And that crusty fellow, so chill and old,  
Awoke in a mantle of green and gold.

A welcome now! while the south wind weaves  
His breath with the morning dew,  
As he fans the moss on the cottage eaves,  
And drives from the hollow the sear dry leaves ;  
Where the violet hides its eye of blue,  
And the pale young grass peeps faintly through.

Oh, welcome me, while I have a rout  
With the pleasant April rain ;  
The birds that sing with a silvery shout,  
And the fragrant buds that are breaking out,  
Like drops of light with a rosy stain,  
Mid the delicate leaves that are green again !

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SONG.

Let me perish in the early Spring,  
When thickets all are green ;  
When rosy buds are blossoming  
Amid their tender sheen ;  
When the rain-drops and the sunshine,  
Lie sleeping in the leaves ;  
And swallows haunt the thrifty vine  
That drapes the cottage eaves.

Let me perish in the early Spring,  
The childhood of the year !  
I would not have a gloomy thing  
Pass o'er my humble bier ;  
For when a broken heart gives way,  
In such a world as ours,  
'T is well to let the humble clay  
Pass gently with the flowers.

## WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

[Born 1812.]

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH was born at Woodstock, on the 2d of February, 1812. In his infancy, his parents removed to Plainfield, where his father was for several years Principal of an Academy, until, from the loss of sight, he was compelled to relinquish the business of instruction, and to retire upon a farm. The subject of our sketch, therefore, passed the principal years of his boyhood in agricultural labors, with no other means of education than those which a district school afforded, till he reached his seventeenth year, when he was apprenticed to the printing business. Since that period, his life, like that of most of his occupation, has been singularly varied—his time having been divided between the duties of a printer, an editor, and a public lecturer. He conducted, at one time, "The Literary Journal," published at Schenectady, in New York. Afterward, for more than two years, he edited "The Christian Witness," at Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, and resigned it to take charge of "The Washington Banner," published at Allegheny, in the same state. He resides at present at Plainfield, where he is devoting most of his time, we believe, to the study of the law.

Mr. BURLEIGH has been a valuable contributor to our periodical literature for several years. Perhaps his happiest effort was a series of articles, composed of prose and verse, under the signature of "V. G. ALLYN," written some years since, for the columns of "The New Yorker," formerly published by HORACE GREELEY. In 1841, he published a volume of "Poems," from a Philadelphia press. They display a lively imagination, and a cultivated taste; and are amongst the manlier contributions to the poetic literature of our country.

## AGATHA.

"OUR AGATHA IS DEAD!" A silvery voice,  
Made tremulous with sorrow, in my ear  
Murmured the mournful message, while a hand  
Pressed soft on mine, in the sweet confidence  
Of love which grief had hallowed. From the page  
That had beguiled me to forgetfulness

Of all earth's miseries, with sudden pang  
I lifted up my eyes, and sought to read  
In the pale face bent o'er me—sought, yet feared—  
Sad confirmation of her sad report.

Oh, with what rapid tracery Sorrow writes  
Its record on the brow, serene erewhile,  
Then shadowed suddenly, and wearing long  
The impress of deep suffering! All was there:  
Knit brow and humid eye, and quivering lip,  
Gave sad response—"OUR AGATHA IS DEAD!"

Then fell upon my heart a crushing weight,  
Heavy and cold; and earth, and sea and sky  
Their brightness lost for me, and over all  
A pall of darkness lay. Nor odorous air,  
Nor flowers fresh-blooming, nor the song of birds,  
Nor Nature's wondrous music, from the wood,  
And running stream and dashing waterfall,  
Flung out continuous, nor the sweeter voice  
Of children at their play, nor the soft gleam  
Of eyes that spoke of Love, nor words of hope  
Breathed from Affection's lips, nor kind appeals  
To look to HIM whose chastening hand is laid  
In tenderest pity on His little ones,  
Could bring me peace, or from my crushed heart lift  
The icy weight of sorrow. To myself  
I seemed forlornest of Earth's multitudes,  
And hugged my selfish grief, by day and night,  
Feeding my hungry soul with bitter thoughts,  
And holding dark companionship with woe!  
Oh, impious! thus God's goodness to impeach,  
And war insanely with the love divine!

Years have gone by, and I—who long have been  
Over the earth a wanderer, seeing oft  
The grief I could not heal, and hearing oft  
"The still, sad music of humanity,"  
Thus haply taught how holy in its power  
To soothe the sorrowing heart is sympathy—  
Still unforgetting, but with calm regret  
Remembering the lost, as one whose light  
Was early quenched on earth, to be in heaven

Kindled with brighter lustre—stand once more  
O'er all the grave could claim of AGATHA!

How, through a thousand changes that have passed  
Over my life, through toils and wanderings,  
Temptations, conflicts, triumphs, griefs and joys,  
Has Memory turned to this thrice-hallowed spot!  
And here my thoughts have clustered—here have dwelt  
Serene affections; for, when Time, at length,  
Mellowed the sorrow that had been despair  
To tenderest regret, new feelings sprung  
To life within my soul; and love for her  
Whose smile had been my sunshine, thus became  
Widened to love for wide humanity!

Oh, blessed is the ministry of Grief,  
When, with meek spirit, to its discipline  
We bow, and know its baptism!—for the heart  
Is thus made pure, with larger sympathies,  
With holier hopes, and sanctified desires!

Here, then, dear AGATHA! with chastened soul,  
While solemn memories of the past throng back,  
Filling my eye with tears, upon thy grave,  
Reverent I kneel, and on the cold, white stone  
That bears thy name, and tells the passer-by  
How brief thy life—how pure, it cannot tell—  
Trace with a tremulous hand my last adieu!

Henceforth the grave is blest!

Oh, call it dark no more, since she is laid  
In its still depths, whose life a sunshine made  
Mid darkness manifest,  
Cheering the gloom of sorrow and despair,  
And pouring blessings round her every where!

She taught us how to live:  
With blameless life girt round with sanctity,  
Lowly in heart, in soul and purpose high,  
Sweet lessons did she give  
Of Faith, of Love, of Hope: for all that shone  
Brightest in Christian lives, she made her own.

She taught us how to die :  
 With what a holy joy aside she flung  
 This mortal bondage, and exulting sprung  
 To Immortality !  
 Oh, who could fear to tread, as she hath trod,  
 The path through death that leadeth unto God ?

Oh, Grave ! a sacred trust  
 To thee is given ! no common ashes sleep  
 Within thy guardian arms ; securely keep  
 This consecrated dust,  
 Till, quickened with new life, it shall arise,  
 A glorious body, fitted for the skies !

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A NEW YEAR'S FANCY.

Written at the close of the year 1837.

An old man stood on a precipice-verge—  
 A gray old man was he ;  
 And a saddened light was in his eye,  
 As the mourner wind went sighing by,  
 And his glance was on the sea :  
 Below his feet was the warring surge,  
 Where the crested waves each other urge  
 In fury and wrath to the ragged rocks,  
 That quiver not to their mighty shocks,  
 However fierce they be.

Bowed with age was the old man's form,  
 And his cheek was deeply ploughed  
 With the share of Time—or haply, Thought  
 On the old man's face those furrows wrought,  
 While his bearing yet was proud ;  
 For the blood of Youth may still be warm,  
 While the brow bears record of many a storm  
 That the tortured thought has known within,  
 When the quickened spirit fought with sin,  
 Or the woes that on it crowd.

Quaint was the dress that the old man wore,  
 For a queer old man was he ;

His bony legs were crowded in  
To tight small breeks of a white bear's skin,  
All buckled at the knee :  
A blanket was flung his shoulders o'er,  
And pinned with icicles up before ;  
Like a thin snow-wreath, above them all,  
Gleaming and bright, was a shadowy pall :  
'T was a solemn sight to see !

With a troubled mind, the old man thought  
On the waves that foamed below ;  
He tottered along to the farthest verge  
Of the slippery rock, and viewed the surge  
With an aspect full of wo :  
What in the deep the old man sought,  
Legend or lay revealeth not ;  
But his gaze was long, and his eye grew dim,  
Till in blinding tears it seemed to swim :  
Why wept the old man so ?

Over his head was a broken tree,  
Killed by the lightning-stroke ;  
And an owl sat there with half-closed eye,  
And poured on the air his boding cry,  
Till the mountain echoes woke :  
And floating over the solemn sea,  
A mournful dirge it seemed to be—  
A mournful dirge for the buried dead ;  
And sadly the old man raised his head,  
And feebly, faintly spoke :

“ The death-song of the Year !  
It tells me that my errand here is done,  
That I have gazed upon my latest sun—  
What further do I here ?  
Trembling above the ocean of the Past,  
Yet feebly clinging while my moments last—

“ Clinging to Life—in vain !  
The deep sea yawns before me—'t is the grave  
Of vanished Years. Oblivion's turbid wave  
Flings not to light again



The buried treasures of the olden time,  
Rolling alike o'er Innocence and Crime!

"I go—and as I die,  
The gay will laugh, forgetful of their doom,  
Frolicking on the borders of the tomb  
In thoughtless revelry :  
Let them sport on beneath their sunny sky ;  
Too soon, alas, the storm will hurtle by !

"In the lone closet now,  
Clasping the hallowed Book, the good man kneels,  
Communing with the Past, while faintly steals  
Across his placid brow  
The mournful light of memory, soft and dim :  
Oh, holy treasures hath this hour for him !

"With love that cannot tire,  
The mourning mother by the cradle-bed  
Watches her wailing infant, while its head  
Burns with the fever-fire !  
The cold gray morn will come and find her there,  
The living with the dead—Death and Despair !

"The giddy world wheels on,  
Unmindful of the lessons of the Past ;  
Yet one more warning—it will be my last—  
The Old Year's dying tone ;  
Mortal ! we meet again : so live, while here,  
That you may call your last your happiest year."

The old man paused—for the icy rock  
Quivered beneath his tread ;  
An angry scowl came over the sky,  
And a sudden earthquake thundered by—  
"T was an hour of fear and dread !  
The tall old mountains felt the shock,  
And the sea heaved up, as if to mock  
The old man's terror and despair,  
As he gurgled out his dying prayer—  
And THIRTY-SEVEN was dead !

Trembling, quivering on the air,  
 Like the solemn voice of prayer  
 Heard amid the forests dim,  
 Rose a low and mournful hymn ;  
 Faintly now, as if its tones  
 Trembled into dying moans,  
 Or were almost hushed to peace,  
 Waiting for the soul's release ;  
 Then again in triumph swelling  
 Upward to the spirit's dwelling,  
 Ringing through the clear blue sky  
 With a sudden melody !

'T was the requiem of the Year,  
 Chanted in another sphere !  
 Fairy harps were faintly ringing,  
 Elfin voices low were singing,  
 While the spirits of the air  
 Poured their willing music there ;  
 And, if rendered not amiss,  
 Something was their song like this :

“ Oh, weep for the Earth and the children of men !  
 Awake the sad music of mountain and glen !  
 Pour out the deep voice of lament on the blast,  
 For a Year hath gone down to the grave of the Past !

“ A Year !—and the Earth waxeth old in its sin,  
 Though the fires of destruction burn hotly within ;  
 Though her end draweth near, and the time will not wait  
 When the voice of the Spoiler shall sound at her gate !

“ Lament ! for the Year, with its promise of bliss,  
 Hath gone from a world full of mourning like this ;  
 And the hopes that it brought have been trampled in dust,  
 And its paths have been paved with the hearts of the just !

“ Rejoice ! for the day of redemption draws nigh !  
 Let loud hallelujahs resound through the sky !  
 Let the Years roll away, and the darkness shall flee :  
 Rejoice and exult, for THE EARTH SHALL BE FREE !”

## JUNE.

June, with its roses—June!  
The gladdest month of our capricious year,  
With its thick foliage, and its sunlight clear;  
And with the drowsy tune  
Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass  
Laughingly on amid the springing grass!

Earth, at her joyous coming,  
Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on;  
And Nature greets her with a benison  
While myriad voices, humming  
Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round,  
Till seems the air an element of sound.

The over-arching sky  
Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue,  
As if the light of heaven were melting through  
Its sapphire home on high;  
Hiding the sunshine in their vapory breast,  
The clouds float on, like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody,  
Poured by the birds, as o'er their callow young  
Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung,  
Gladsome, yet not of glee—  
Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing  
Above their cradled infants slumbering.

On the warm hill-side, where  
The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass  
Peepeth the luscious strawberry! As they pass,  
Young children gambol there,  
Crushing the gathered fruit in playful mood,  
And staining their bright faces with its blood

A deeper blush is given  
To the half-ripened cherry, as the sun  
Day after day pours warmth the trees upon,  
Till the rich pulp is riven;  
The truant school-boy looks with longing eyes,  
And perils limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,  
 Draws the rich mould around the tender maize ;  
 While Hope, bright-pinioned, points to coming days,  
 When all his toil shall yield  
 An ample harvest, and around his hearth  
 There shall be laughing eyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow wing,  
 The butterfly, whose life is but an hour,  
 Hovers coquettishly from flower to flower,  
 A gay and happy thing ;  
 Born for the sunshine and the summer day,  
 Soon passing, like the beautiful, away !

These are thy pictures, June !  
 Brightest of summer months—thou month of flowers !  
 First-born of Beauty, whose swift-footed hours  
 Dance to the merry tune  
 Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout  
 Of Childhood on the sunny hills pealed out.

I feel it were not wrong  
 To deem thou art a type of heaven's clime,  
 Only that there the clouds and storms of Time  
 Sweep not the sky along ;  
 The flowers, air, beauty, music, all are thine,  
 But brighter, purer, lovelier, more divine !

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#### WE ARE SCATTERED.

Written on visiting my birth-place after years of absence.

We are scattered—we are scattered—  
 Though a jolly band were we !  
 Some sleep beneath the grave-sod,  
 And some are o'er the sea ;  
 And Time hath wrought his changes  
 On the few who yet remain ;  
 'The joyous band that once we were  
 We cannot be again !

We are scattered—we are scattered  
Upon the village green,  
Where we played in boyish recklessness,  
How few of us are seen!  
And the hearts that beat so lightly  
In the joyousness of youth;  
Some are crumbled in the sepulchre,  
And some have lost their truth.

The Beautiful—the Beautiful  
Are faded from our track!  
We miss them and we mourn them,  
But we cannot lure them back;  
For an iron sleep hath bound them  
In its passionless embrace;  
We may weep—but cannot win them  
From their dreary resting-place.

How mournfully—how mournfully  
The memory doth come  
Of the thousand scenes of happiness  
Around our Childhood's home!  
A salutary sadness  
Is brooding o'er the heart,  
As it dwells upon remembrances  
From which it will not part.

The memory—the memory!  
How fondly doth it gaze  
Upon the magic loveliness  
Of Childhood's fleeting days!  
The sparkling eye—the thrilling tone—  
The smile upon its lips—  
They all have gone!—but left a light  
Which Time cannot eclipse.

The happiness—the happiness  
Of boyhood must depart;  
Then comes the sense of loneliness  
Upon the stricken heart!

We will not, or we cannot fling  
 Its sadness from our breast;  
 We cling to it instinctively,  
 We pant for its unrest!

We are scattered—we are scattered!  
 Yet may we meet again  
 In a brighter and a purer sphere,  
 Beyond the reach of pain!  
 Where the shadows of this lower world  
 Can never cloud the eye—  
 Where the mortal hath put brightly on  
 Its IMMORTALITY!

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SONG.

Believe not the slander, my dearest KATRINE!  
 For the ice of the world hath not frozen my heart;  
 In my innermost spirit there still is a shrine  
 Where thou art remembered, all pure as thou art.  
 The dark tide of years, as it bears us along,  
 Though it sweep away Hope in its turbulent flow,  
 Cannot drown the low voice of Love's eloquent song,  
 Nor chill with its waters my faith's early glow.

True, the world hath its snares, and the soul may grow faint  
 In its strifes with the follies and falsehoods of earth;  
 And amidst the dark whirl of corruption, a taint  
 May poison the thoughts that are purest at birth.  
 Temptations and trials, without and within,  
 From the pathway of Virtue the spirit may lure;  
 But the soul shall grow strong in its triumphs o'er Sin,  
 And the heart shall preserve its integrity pure.

The finger of Love, on my innermost heart,  
 Wrote thy name, oh adored! when my feelings were young;  
 And the record shall 'bide till my soul shall depart,  
 And the darkness of Death o'er my being be flung.

Then believe not the slander that says I forget,  
In the whirl of excitement, the love that was thine ;  
Thou wert dear in my boyhood—art dear to me yet—  
For my sunlight of life is the smile of KATRINE !

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MORNING.

Up, Sluggard, from thy pallet! Lo, the East  
Heralds the coming of another day!  
The burning Sun advanceth, like a God,  
To fling his wealth of light upon the world ;  
And the gray mists that in the vale have slept  
Through all the solemn night, are curling up,  
Slowly and sileatly, as if to steal  
The golden splendor from the fount of day,  
And weave it in their undulating folds !  
The conscious Earth is blushing in the light,  
As a coy maiden, when she meets the glance  
Of an impassioned lover—and the streams,  
Leaping and sparkling in the morning ray,  
Send gaily forth their gurgling melody,  
As if they knew another day was born.  
The breezes, fragrance-laden, have awaked  
From their brief slumber, and are flitting now  
On their light pinions over hill and plain,  
Wooing the perfume from the opening flowers,  
And dallying with the leaflets. Every tree  
Is vocal with the melody of birds ;  
And the awakening herbage flings abroad  
Its dewy incense on the odorous air,  
As conscious that its Maker will accept  
The grateful offering—and many a voice  
From vale, and mountain, and from shady grove,  
Joins in the general anthem.

## MRS. LAURA M. THURSTON.

[Born 1812. Died 1842.]

MRS. LAURA M. THURSTON was a daughter of EARL P. HAWLEY, of Norfolk, where she was born in December, 1812. Her opportunities for instruction in childhood were limited to the common schools of her native town; but she afterward became a pupil of the "Hartford Female Seminary," under the charge of JOHN P. BRACE, and pursued its complete course of study, with great credit for attainments in learning. After leaving the Seminary, Miss HAWLEY was engaged for some time as a teacher in New Milford, in Connecticut, and afterward in the city of Philadelphia. She was subsequently employed as an assistant-teacher in the institution where she was educated, at Hartford, until, through the recommendation of Mr. BRACE, she was invited to take charge of a female school at New Albany, in Indiana. She accepted the invitation, and removed to her new home, where she commenced her school, and continued it with much success. In September, 1839, she was married to FRANKLIN THURSTON, at that time a merchant of New Albany, where she continued to reside until the time of her death, which occurred on the 21st of July, 1842.

Mrs. THURSTON was a talented writer. She contributed a number of poetical articles to the periodicals, under the signature of "Viola," some of which obtained an extensive circulation. We have been unable to procure as many of them as we could desire, or should gladly give a larger space to her effusions. They are of a high order of merit, and "The Green Hills of my Father-Land" would alone entitle her to a place among the poets of the clime which she loved so well. This song of exile has been justly said to form a fit counterpart to the beautiful and prophetic "Good Night" of the lamented PETERS.

## ON CROSSING THE ALLEGANIES.

The broad, the bright, the glorious West,  
Is spread before me now!  
Where the gray mists of morning rest  
Beneath yon mountain's brow!  
The bound is past, the goal is won;  
The region of the setting sun



Is open to my view :  
Land of the valiant and the free—  
My own Green Mountain land—to thee,  
And thine, a long adieu !

I hail thee, Valley of the West,  
For what thou yet shalt be !  
I hail thee for the hopes that rest  
Upon thy destiny !  
Here, from this mountain height, I see  
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,  
Thine emerald fields outspread ;  
And feel that, in the book of fame,  
Proudly shall thy recorded name,  
In later days, be read.

Yet, while I gaze upon thee now  
All glorious as thou art,  
A cloud is resting on my brow,  
A weight upon my heart.  
To me, in all thy youthful pride,  
Thou art a land of cares untried,  
Of untold hopes and fears ;  
Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve ;  
But, for the far-off land I leave,  
I look on thee with tears.

Oh ! brightly, brightly, glow thy skies  
In Summer's sunny hours !  
The green earth seems a paradise  
Arrayed in Summer flowers !  
But oh ! there is a land afar,  
Whose skies to me are brighter far,  
Along the Atlantic shore !  
For eyes beneath their radiant shrine,  
In kindlier glances answered mine :  
Can these their light restore ?

Upon the lofty bound I stand,  
That parts the East and West ;

Before me, lies a fairy land ;  
 Behind, a home of rest !  
 Here, Hope her wild enchantment flings,  
 Portrays all bright and lovely things  
 My footsteps to allure ;  
 But there, in Memory's light, I see  
 All that was once most dear to me—  
 My young heart's cynosure !

### THE PATHS OF LIFE.

An Address to a Class of Girls, about leaving School, in Indiana.

Go forth ! the world is very wide,  
 And many paths before ye lie,  
 Devious, and dangerous, and untried ;  
 Go forth with wary eye !  
 Go ! with a heart by grief unbowed !  
 Go ! ere a shadow, or a cloud,  
 Hath dimmed the laughing sky !  
 But, lest your wandering footsteps stray,  
 Choose ye the straight, the narrow way.

Go forth ! the world is very fair,  
 Through the dim distance as ye gaze ;  
 And mark, in long perspective, there,  
 The scenes of coming days.  
 Orbs of bright radiance gem the sky,  
 And fields of glorious beauty lie  
 Beneath their orient rays ;  
 Yet, ere their altered light grow dim,  
 Seek ye the Star of Bethlehem !

Go forth ! within your distant homes  
 There are fond hearts that mourn your stay ;  
 There are sweet voices bid ye come ;  
 Go ! ye must hence, away !  
 No more within the woodland bowers  
 Your hands may wreath the Summer flowers,  
 No more your footsteps stray ;  
 To hail the hearth, and grove, and glen,  
 Oh, when will ye return again !

Not when the Summer leaves shall fade,  
As now they fade from shrub and tree,  
When Autumn winds, through grove and glade,  
Make mournful melody ;  
The long, bright, silent, Autumn days,  
The sunset, with its glorious blaze,  
These shall return—but ye,  
Though Time may all beside restore,  
Ye may come back to us no more.

Go! ye have dreamed a fairy dream,  
Of cloudless skies and fadeless flowers,  
Of days whose sunny lapse shall seem  
A fete mid festal bowers !  
But of the change, the fear, the strife,  
The gathering clouds, the storms of life,  
The blight of Autumn showers,  
Ye have no vision—these must be  
Unveiled by stern reality !

Ye yet must wake, (for Time and Care  
Have ever wandered side by side,)  
To find earth false, as well as fair,  
And weary too, as wide.  
Ye yet must wake, to find the glow  
Hath faded from the things below,  
The glory and the pride !  
To bind the willow on the brow,  
Wreathed with the laurel garland now.

But wherefore shall I break the spell  
That makes the Future seem so bright ?  
Why to the young glad spirit tell  
Of withering and blight ?  
'T were better, when the meteor dies,  
A steadier, holier light shall rise,  
Cheering the gloomy night :  
A light, when others fade away,  
Still shining on to perfect day.

Go, then! and when no more are seen,  
The faces that ye now behold,  
When years, long years, shall intervene,  
Sadly and darkly told;  
When Time, with stealthy hand, shall trace  
His mystic lines on every face,  
Oh, may his touch unfold  
The promise of that better part,  
The unfading Spring-time of the heart!

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## THE GREEN HILLS OF MY FATHER-LAND.

The green hills of my Father-land  
In dreams still greet my view;  
I see once more the wave-girt strand,  
The ocean-depth of blue,  
The sky, the glorious sky, outspread  
Above their calm repose,  
The river, o'er its rocky bed  
Still singing as it flows,  
The stillness of the Sabbath hours,  
When men go up to pray,  
The sun-light resting on the flowers,  
The birds that sing among the bowers,  
Through all the Summer day.

Land of my birth! mine early love!  
Once more thine airs I breathe!  
I see thy proud hills tower above,  
Thy green vales sleep beneath.  
Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring rills,  
All rise before mine eyes,  
The dawn of morning on thy hills,  
Thy gorgeous sunset skies;  
Thy forests, from whose deep recess  
A thousand streams have birth,  
Gladdening the lonely wilderness,  
And filling the green silentness  
With melody and mirth.

I wonder if my home would seem  
As lovely as of yore !  
I wonder if the mountain stream  
Goes singing by the door !  
And if the flowers still bloom as fair,  
And if the woodbines clime,  
As when I used to train them there,  
In the dear olden time !  
I wonder if the birds still sing  
Upon the garden tree,  
As sweetly as in that sweet Spring  
Whose golden memories gently bring  
So many dreams to me !

I know that there hath been a change,  
A change o'er hall and hearth !  
Faces and footsteps new and strange,  
About my place of birth !  
The heavens above are still as bright  
As in the days gone by ;  
But vanished is the beacon light  
That cheered my morning sky !  
And hill, and vale, and wooded glen,  
And rock, and murmuring stream,  
That wore such glorious beauty then,  
Would seem, should I return again,  
The record of a dream !

I mourn not for my Childhood's hours,  
Since, in the far-off West,  
'Neath sunnier skies, in greener bowers,  
My heart hath found its rest.  
I mourn not for the hills and streams  
That chained my steps so long,  
Yet still I see them in my dreams,  
And hail them in my song ;  
And often, by the hearth-fire's blaze,  
When Winter eves shall come,  
We 'll sit and talk of other days,  
And sing the well-remembered lays  
Of my Green Mountain home !

## PARTING HYMN.

Sung at the close of the Anniversary Exercises of the New Albany Theological Seminary.

Brethren, we are parting now,  
Here perchance to meet no more :  
Well may sorrow cloud each brow,  
That another dream is o'er.  
Life is fraught with changeful dreams,  
Ne'er to-morrow as to day ;  
Scarce we catch their transient gleams,  
Ere they melt and fade away.

But, upon the brow of night,  
See the Morning Star arise ;  
With unchanging, holy light  
Gilding all the Eastern skies.  
Bethlehem's Star ! of yore it blazed,  
Gleaming on Judea's brow,  
While the wondering Magi gazed ;  
Brethren, let it guide us now.

Guide us over land and sea,  
Where the tribes in darkness mourn,  
Where no Gospel jubilee  
Bids the ransomed ones return ;  
Or, beneath our own blue skies,  
Where our green savannahs spread,  
Let us bid that Star arise,  
And its beams of healing shed.

Shall we shrink from pain and strife  
While our Captain leads the way ?  
Shall we, for the love of life,  
Cast a Saviour's love away ?  
Rather gird his armor on,  
Fight the battles of the LORD,  
'Till the victory be won,  
And we gain our long reward.

Oh ! may many a radiant gem,  
Souls redeemed by us from woe,

Sparkle in the diadem  
That our Leader shall bestow.  
Change and trial here may come ;  
But no grief may haunt the breast,  
When we reach our heavenly home,  
Find our everlasting rest.

Broken is our household band,  
Hushed awhile our evening hymn ;  
But there is a better land,  
Where no tears the eye shall dim :  
There is heard no farewell tone,  
On that bright and peaceful shore ;  
There no parting grief is known,  
For they meet to part no more.

---

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

She sleepeth : and the Summer breezes, sighing,  
Shedding the green leaves on the fountain's breast,  
And the soft murmur of the stream, replying  
Unto their melody, break not her rest.

I know thy hearth is lonely : that thy dwelling  
No more may echo to that loved one's tread ;  
I know too well thy widowed heart is swelling  
With silent grief : yet weep not for the dead.

She yet shall waken : on that morning glorious  
When day shall evermore displace the night ;  
O'er time, and care, and change, and death victorious,  
A holy seraph in the land of light.

Yes, she shall waken : not to earthly sorrow,  
Not to the blight of care, the thrill of pain ;  
Wake to the day that ne'er shall know a morrow,  
To life that may not yield to Death again.

She rests in peace : for her forbear thy weeping :  
Thou soon shalt meet her in the world on high :  
The care-worn form in yonder grave is sleeping,  
But the freed spirit lives beyond the sky.

## MARTHA DAY.

[Born 1813. Died 1833.]

MARTHA DAY was the eldest daughter of JEREMIAH DAY, LL. D., President of Yale College, and was born at New Haven, on the 13th of February, 1813. She was furnished by her parents with every advantage for an excellent education, and developed talents of an uncommon order, and especially a talent for poetical composition. For several years she was a member of a female school in New Haven, under the care of the Rev. CLAUDIUS HERRICK. She was afterward connected, in the two-fold capacity of pupil and assistant-teacher, with a boarding-school at Greenfield, in Massachusetts, under the charge of the Rev. HENRY JONES, and was subsequently a pupil for one year in the "Young Ladies Institute," in New Haven. She maintained in school a high rank in scholarship, and became conspicuous for fine talent in composition. "The Comet's Flight," one of her best poetical pieces, was read at one of the examinations of the last mentioned seminary.

After leaving school, Miss DAY continued her studies; and at the time of her early and sudden death, which occurred on the 2d of December, 1833, was accomplished beyond the usual attainments of her sex. She was versed in Mathematics and Mental Philosophy, possessed a good knowledge of the Latin and French languages, and had made no inconsiderable progress in the Greek and German. She devoted much of her time to the study of the standard authors of her native tongue, and had acquired a good knowledge of English literature. A small volume of her "Literary Remains," accompanied by memorials of her life and character, was published in New Haven, in 1834. It contains, with other writings, all her poetical articles which had been preserved. They were hasty effusions, prompted by ardent feeling, and were viewed with but little favor by their author. They are, however, the work of a vigorous imagination, and exhibit an elevation of thought and expression which cannot be regarded, in connection with the early age at which their authoress was removed, without a sentiment of admiration rising almost to wonder.



## THE DOVE.\*

The window is open, the bird is free,  
 And away she flies, o'er the shoreless sea;  
 Hope swells high in her panting breast:  
 Soon shall she find her balmy nest,  
 And the young that there so sweetly rest.  
 Upward she soars, through the ether blue;  
 'T is Ocean all, beneath her view.  
 The sun, as he rises, the waters lave,  
 And the wan moon dips in the western wave.  
 Have the waters wrapped her valley fair,  
 With its twilight shades, and its scented air,  
 And the melody ringing the livelong day?  
 The young she has nourished, oh, where are they?  
 Far, far she darts her piercing eye;  
 Billow on billow is heaving high;  
 Palaces, towers, in sunder riven,  
 Are restlessly over the waters driven;  
 Rocks and hills from their roots uprent,  
 Are dashed on high to the firmament;  
 Then down, with a heavy plunge, they go,  
 To the awful gulfs that boil below.

• • • • •  
 'T is evening: on her weary wing,  
 The chill night-damps are gathering;  
 From her breast, the last, faint hope has fled;  
 Nought is left there but woe and dread;  
 Yet some kind spirit doth sustain  
 Her trembling form, and swimming brain.  
 The billows have died on the weary sea—  
 It glitters brightly, quiveringly,  
 To the pale, cold stars, that shine on high,  
 Down from the depths of a violet sky,  
 And the moon, soft shining in the east,  
 With a veil of spray on her frozen breast.  
 On speeds the dove, on her errand lone;  
 All forms of death are beneath her strown.  
 A ghastly head comes floating by,  
 Despair and rage in its glassy eye;

\* Genesis viii: 8, 9.

A graceful bird, with her plumage torn;  
A gem-bright robe, that a king hath worn;  
Into its folds hath a serpent crept,  
And fearless, and harmless, there hath slept.  
High, in the midst of the ruin wide,  
A mountain heaves his rocky side;  
Far within, is a cavern deep,  
Where the winds and the waters in quiet sleep;  
Oh, in the calm of its peaceful breast,  
Cannot the weary bird find rest!  
The waters ceaseless ebb and flow,  
With a soft, low wail, as they come and go;  
And the moonbeam plays, with a rainbow-light,  
Through the lofty vaults, with crystals bright.  
On a rock, that juts from the craggy side,  
Lifting its head from the swelling tide,  
Is a fair maid, resting, like one in sleep,  
Oh, but her slumber is all too deep!  
Yet bright is her form, in the gorgeous ray,  
That, with changeful softness, doth o'er her play;  
Still lies the rose on her rounded cheek,  
And her lips are parted, as if to speak;  
The waters heave, her form beneath,  
And her bosom rises, but not to breathe;  
A bright sea-spirit is hovering there,  
Watching the swell on that breast so fair:  
"Oh, doth she not live!" will he trembling say,  
Till the tide sinks down, from her limbs away.  
He hath dried and parted her raven curls,  
And wreathed them thick, with his richest pearls;  
He hath laid on her bosom each opened hand,  
And filled it with flowers of her own sweet land,  
And wrapped her in the embalming air,  
That flows from the sea-flowers, pale and fair.  
Ages on ages have rolled away,  
Since first that maid in the cavern lay;  
And still she lies in her gorgeous tomb,  
And still on her cheek is the life-like bloom;  
And the tide yet heaves her limbs beneath,  
And her breast yet rises, but not to breathe;

And still the spirit is hovering there,  
Watching the swell on that bosom fair.  
So faded is he, with the wasting woe,  
His form, like a thin, white cloud, doth show ;  
-All power, but the fire of his eyes, hath fled,  
Yet still will he love the thankless dead.  
Oh, sad is the heart of the water sprite,  
As he watcheth her there, in the long, cold night ;  
For the sharks come up to the silent cave,  
And the tempests wake, and around him rave ;  
He looketh forth, with his sad, bright eye,  
And the sharks behold, and in terror fly,  
And the billows bow their heads, and die.  
But when the darkness away hath rolled,  
And the ripples dance in, with their crests of gold,  
The sea-maids up through the brightening deep,  
From the halls, where their revels they nightly keep,  
In glittering groups, to the cavern-tomb,  
With clouds, and odors, and music, come ;  
And they lull the sprite, with a sad, wild song,  
And his dreams are sweet, and his rest is long.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her flight is over, her errand done ;  
Rest to thy pinions, weary one !  
A brighter day for thee shall come,  
When Earth shall burst her billowy tomb ;  
And the green hill-tops, and the dewy trees  
Shall meet the sun and the soothing breeze.  
And happier still shall be the day,  
When Ocean hath fled from the lands away ;  
When verdure and flowers shall deck the shore,  
Then shalt thou go and return no more ;  
Thou shalt find thee a greener and shadier vale,  
Where, fresher and sweeter, shall flow the gale ;  
Thou shalt find thee a tree, with a thick, dark breast,  
There shalt thou build thee another nest ;  
And dovelets there, for thy loved ones slain,  
Shall nestle beneath thy breast again.

## THE COMET'S FLIGHT.

It happened once, that a straggling ray  
From the solar system, lost its way,  
And it came to a Comet's den ;  
And it roused him up from his long, long sleep,  
And he sprung from his cavern in chaos deep,  
To visit the Sun again.

So long he had lain in his dungeon cold,  
His joints felt exceedingly stiff and cold,  
And he scarce could move a limb ;  
But, in spite of his sharp, rheumatic pain,  
He shook his limbs, and he combed his mane,  
And put himself soon in trim.

Then forth he sprung on the realm of Night ;  
All Chaos stared at his crazy flight,  
And a terrible tumult made ;  
And torrents of cloud, and flood, and flame,  
Up from her dark abysses came,  
But nothing the monster stayed.

On, on he went, as the lightning fast,  
Till the realm of destruction and darkness past ;  
Glad was the Comet then ;  
For behind lay the kingdom of Night and Death,  
And he saw the light, and he breathed the breath,  
Of the starry world again.

That lovely world, with its bounds of blue,  
Lay far and wide in the Comet's view,  
As he stayed his course to gaze ;  
And he hung like one in a joyful trance,  
Watching the stars in their mystic dance  
Through many a glittering maze.

By millions and millions, the orbs of light  
Solemnly moved, in their courses bright,  
And, from far, to his ravished ears,  
Seemed, like a breeze, to swell and die  
A clear and awful harmony :  
'T was the music of the spheres !

And gentle gales came floating there,  
Gales of the soft ethereal air ;  
And, at their reviving breath,  
Down, down he plunged, on his heedless way,  
And woe to all in his path that lay,  
In his fiery path of death !

By many a rolling star he flew,  
With her glittering seas and her lands of blue,  
But in loneliness he fared ;  
For, with pallid beams, they shrunk away,  
And hid themselves from his deadly ray,  
As he wildly on them glared.

But once, too near to his fearful blaze,  
One tiny planet came forth to gaze,  
From her path of light afar ;  
And the Comet withered the waving trees,  
And blighted the lands, and dried the seas,  
Of the venturous little star

Swifter and swifter, the Comet flew,  
Brighter and brighter, his radiance grew,  
When the glorious Sun was near ;  
But the planets wished him back again,  
And fast asleep in his midnight den,  
For their orbs were thrilled with fear.

Saturn called loudly each frightened moon,  
And they gathered, for safety, behind him soon,  
And peeped through his ring of gold ;  
Jove drew his girdle around him tight,  
And called on Mars to prepare for fight :  
But the courage of Mars was cold.

Soon he came near to the beautiful Earth ;  
Hushed were her murmurs of joy and mirth,  
When she saw that direful ray ;  
And the pallid Moon behind her fled,  
And covered with clouds her fainting head,  
And, concealed in darkness, lay.

Venus in splendor he could not dim ;  
 Her eye of glory beamed on him,  
 And where was his savage heart ?  
 One glance of love he backward cast,  
 And trimmed his beams, as he onward passed,  
 And in sadness did depart.

Mercury fled in dismay at the sight ;  
 The Comet laughed to behold his fright,  
 And erected his mane of flame.  
 But now, his fiery course was done,  
 His long and trackless race was run,  
 For unto the Sun he came.

But should I tell you the conference dire,  
 That was held between these orbs of fire,  
 Your every hair would rise !  
 So, now I descend to earth again,  
 Ere the height has turned my giddy brain,  
 Or the glory dimmed my eyes

---

 HYMN.\*

Father Almighty !  
 From thy high seat thou watchest and controllest  
 The insects that upon thy footstool creep,  
 While, with a never wearied hand, thou rollest  
 Millions of worlds along the boundless deep.  
 Oh, Father ! now the clouds hang blackening o'er us,  
 And the dark, boiling deeps beneath us yawn :  
 Scatter the tempests, quell the waves before us ;  
 To the wild, fearful night, send thou a blessed dawn.

Father All Holy !  
 When thou shalt sit upon thy throne of glory,  
 The steadfast earth, the strong, untiring sea,  
 Their verdant isles, their mountains, high and hoary,  
 With awe and fear, shall from thy presence flee.

\* The Author thought of writing a dramatic piece, founded on some portion of the history of David, and designed to insert this hymn in the Drama.

Then shalt thou sit a Judge, the guilty dooming  
 To adamantine chains and endless fire :  
 Oh, Father! how may we abide thy coming?  
 Where find a shelter from the pure JEHOVAH's ire?

Father All Merciful!

Still may the guilty come in peace before thee,  
 Bathing thy feet with tears of love and woe ;  
 And while for pardon only we implore thee,  
 Blessings divine, unnumbered, o'er us flow.  
 Father, her heart from all her idols tearing,  
 Thine erring child again would turn to thee ;  
 To thee she bends, trembling, yet not despairing,  
 From fear, remorse, and sin, oh, Father! set her free!

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LINES

On Psalm cii: 25, 26.

The boundless universe,  
 All that it hath of splendor and of life,  
 The living, moving worlds, in their bright robes,  
 Of blooming lands, and heaving, glittering waters,  
 Even the still and holy depths of heaven,  
 Where the glad planets bathe in floods of light,  
 For ever pouring from a thousand suns,  
 All, all, are but the garments of our God,  
 Yea, the dark foldings of his outmost skirts!  
 Mortal! who with a trembling, longing heart,  
 Watchest, in silence, the few rays that steal,  
 In their kind dimness, to thy feeble sight—  
 Watch on, in silence, till within thy soul,  
 Bearing away each taint of sin and death,  
 Springs the hid fountain of immortal life!  
 Then shall the mighty vail asunder rend,  
 And o'er the spirit, living, strong, and pure,  
 Shall the full glories of the GODHEAD flow!

## MARY ANN HANMER DODD.

[Born 1813.]

MARY ANN HANMER DODD, the daughter of ELISHA DODD, was born at Hartford, on the 5th of March, 1813, and has always resided in that city. She was at school at Wethersfield, and in her native town, where she completed her studies in 1830, at Mrs. KINNEAR'S Seminary. Her first published articles appeared in 1834, in the "Hermethenean," a magazine conducted by the students of Washington College, in Hartford. She wrote but little, however, until 1835, since which time she has been a frequent contributor to "The Ladies' Repository," a magazine published in Boston, in which, and in the "Rose of Sharon," an Annual, the greater part of her writings have appeared. No collection of them has yet been made.

Miss DODD is a graceful writer, of fancy and feeling; and although her writings have been few, they have not been wanting in the elements of true poetry.

## TO A MOURNER.

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

Thou weapest for a sister! in the bloom  
And spring-time of her years to Death a prey;  
Shrouded from love by the remorseless tomb,  
Taken from all life's joys and griefs away.  
'T is hard to part with one so sudden called,  
So young, so happy, and so dearly loved;  
To see the arrow at our idol hurled,  
And vainly pray the shaft may be removed.

Young, loving, and beloved! oh, cruel Death!  
Couldst thou not spare the treasure for a while?  
There are warm hearts that wait to yield their breath,  
And aged eyes that can no longer smile.  
Why pass the weary pilgrims on their way,  
Bowed down with toil, and sighing for relief,  
To make the blossom in its pride thy prey,  
Whose joyous heart had never tasted grief?



Sad sister, turn not hopelessly away ;  
 Nor longer at the will of HEAVEN repine ;  
 Fold not thy hands in agony and say  
 "There is no sorrow in the world like mine."  
 Oh, could my numbers soothe the sinking soul,  
 Or one hope waken with the wreath I twine !  
 Soft sounds of sympathy around thee roll,  
 Warm from a heart that knows such pain as thine !

I, too, have been a mourner. Sorrow deep  
 Its lava-tide around my pathway rolled ;  
 And sable weeds a hue could never keep,  
 Sad as the heart they hid beneath their fold.  
 All joy grew dim before my tearful eye,  
 Which but the shadow of the grave could see ;  
 There was no brightness in the earth or sky,  
 There was no sunshine in the world for me.

Oh, bitter was the draught from Sorrow's cup,  
 And stern the anguish which my spirit wrung,  
 When I was called to give my idol up,  
 And bend a mourner o'er the loved and young.  
 And for the lost to weep is still my choice ;  
 I ask for one whose pilgrimage is o'er,  
 And vainly listen for a vanished voice,  
 Whose pleasant tones shall greet my ear no more.

There is a spell around my spirit cast :  
 A shadow where the sunbeam smiled before :  
 'T is grief, but all its bitterness is past ;  
 'T is sorrow, but its murmurings are o'er.  
 Within my soul, which to the storm was bowed,  
 Now the white wing of Peace is folded deep ;  
 And I have found, I trust, behind the cloud,  
 The blessing promised to the eyes that weep.

So thou wilt find relief. For deepest woe  
 A fount of healing in our pathway springs :  
 Like Lethé's stream, that silver fountain's flow  
 A soothing draught unto the sufferer brings.

A Father chastened thee ! oh, look to Him !  
 And his dear love in all thy trials see ;  
 Look with the eye of faith through shadows dim,  
 And he will send "the COMFORTER" to thee.

---

THE DREAMER.

"A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,  
 Or warm, or brighten, like that Syrian lake,  
 Upon whose surface, Morn and Summer shed  
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead."

Heart of mine, why art thou dreaming !  
 Dreaming through the weary day !  
 While life's precious hours are wasting,  
 Fast, and unimproved, away ?

With a world of beauty round me,  
 Lone and sad, I dwell apart ;  
 Changing scenes can bring no pleasure,  
 To this wrecked and worn-out heart.

Now I tempt the quiet Ocean,  
 While the sky is bright above,  
 And the sunlight rests around me,  
 Like the beaming smile of Love.

Or by waters, softly flowing  
 Through the vale, I wander now ;  
 And the balmy breath of Summer,  
 Fans my cheek, and cools my brow.

But as well, to me, might darken,  
 Over all, the gloom of night ;  
 For no quick and sweet sensations,  
 Fill my soul with new delight.

In the grass-grown, silent church-yard,  
 With a listless step, I rove ;  
 And I shed no tear of sorrow  
 By the graves of those I love.

Could I weep, the spell might vanish ;  
 Tears would bring my heart relief ;  
 Heart so sealed to all emotion,  
 Dead alike to joy and grief.

When the storm that shook my spirit,  
Left its mission finished there,  
Then a calm more fearful followed,  
Than the wildness of despair.

Whence the spell that chills my being?  
Bidding every passion cease;  
Closing every fount of feeling?  
Say, my spirit, is it peace?

Wake! oh, spell-bound soul, awaken!  
Bid this sad delusion flee!  
Such a lengthened dream is fearful;  
Such a peace is not for thee.

Life is thine, and "life is earnest;"  
Toil and grief thou canst not shun;  
But be hopeful and believing,  
Till the prize of faith is won.

Then the peace thou shalt inherit,  
By the Saviour promised free;  
Peace, the world destroyeth never;  
Father, give that peace to me!

---

TO A CRICKET.

Cease, cricket! cease thy melancholy song!  
Its chiming cadence falls upon my ear  
With such a saddening influence all day long,  
I cannot bear those mournful notes to hear;  
Notes that will often start the unbidden tear,  
And wake the heart to memories of old days,  
When life knew not a sorrow or a fear:  
For ever basking in the sunny rays  
Which seem so passing bright to youth's all trustful gaze.

Once more my steps are stayed at eventide,  
Beneath the fairest moon that ever shone;  
Where the old oak threw out its branches wide  
Over the low roof of mine early home;

Ere yet my bosom knew a wish to roam  
 From the broad shelter of that ancient tree ;  
 Or dreamed of other lands beside our own,  
 Beyond the boundary of that flowery lea ;  
 For the green valley there was world enough for me.

A group are gathered round the household hearth,  
 Where chilly Autumn bids the bright flame play ;  
 And social converse sweet, and Childhood's mirth,  
 Swiftly beguile the lengthened eve away :  
 A laughing girl shakes back her tresses gay,  
 With a half-doubtful look, and wondering tone—  
 "Hark ! there is music ! do you hear the lay ?  
 Mother, what is it singing in the stone ?  
 Some luckless fairy wight imprisoned there alone ?"

"T is Memory all which doth the spell renew ;  
 And though thy notes may strike the "electric chain,"  
 Thou canst not bring those buried forms to view,  
 Or give me back my happy days again.  
 Alone—I am alone ! these tears in vain  
 • For the loved tenants of the tomb are given ;  
 They sleep : no more to suffer grief or pain,  
 No more to gaze upon the starlit heaven,  
 Or with hushed hearts to list thy solemn strain at even.

Wake not remembrance thus ! for stern the fate  
 That marks my pathway with a weary doom ;  
 And to a heart so worn and desolate,  
 Thy boding voice may add a deeper gloom.  
 Though few the clouds which o'er the blue sky roam,  
 And green the livery of our forest bowers,  
 To warn us of a sure decay ye come,  
 In sable guise, trailing the faded flowers,  
 Singing the death-song sad of Summer's waning hours.

Those emerald robes will change to russet brown,  
 Which Summer over vale and hill-side cast ;  
 To other skies that know no wintry frown,  
 Bright birds shall wing their weary way at last ;  
 And Autumn's hectic hues which fade so fast,

Will make the dark old woods awhile look gay ;  
But Death must come when the rare show is past :  
Then cease thy chant, dark prophet of decay !  
I cannot bear to hear thy melancholy lay !

---

DAY-DREAMING.

How do the memories we love,  
Come like a fairy spell,  
When far away, the banished heart  
Will on home-tokens dwell.

One smooth, bright curl of auburn hair,  
Doth round my finger twine,  
And then I see the fair brow, where  
Its sister tresses shine.

I muse : and in my waking dream,  
Swiftly sweet visions come ;  
And Fancy leads me gently back  
To thee, mine own green home.

The summer rose is blooming now,  
Throwing its fragrance wide ;  
Again I breathe the mountain air,  
And Thou art by my side :

Thou ! whose dear presence from my thoughts  
Can every care beguile,  
With thy sweet words of innocence,  
And ever sunny smile.

Once more those blue, mirth-loving eyes,  
Upon my pathway shine,  
And as I view each well-known spot,  
Thy bright glance follows mine.

We stray in quiet converse, where  
The sun-lit waters glance,  
Or read, beneath the elm tree's shade,  
Some tale of old romance.

I see thy heart's deep tenderness  
Told in its mirror fair,  
As every thought the poet loves,  
Finds its own echo there.

And when the twilight shadows fall,  
Forbidding far to roam,  
That voice of wave-like melody  
Is singing "home! sweet home!"

'T is gone! and I am left alone—  
Faded the vision fair!  
My clasping fingers only hold  
The lock of satin hair.

While others doat on gems of price,  
One treasured tress is mine;  
And many a dear day-dream I owe  
To this bright curl of thine.

---

JUNE.

I sing thy beauties now,  
Month of the golden morn and sunny noon;  
For fairest of the sister-three art thou,  
Oh lovely, smiling June!

How gay this world of ours,  
When thou dost all around rich roses fling;  
And to the hill-side, and the garden bowers,  
Bloom in profusion bring.

Now is the time for hope;  
Now should the poet's dial tell the hours  
Which mark the moments by the buds that ope,  
Or folding of the flowers.

For those who seek her love,  
Nature holds court in a gay-decked saloon,  
Where the rich tapestry is all inwove  
With leaves and flowers of June.

Sweet doth the music come  
 From zephyr's harp in the green branches stirred,  
 The lay of glancing streams, and insect hum,  
 And song of summer bird.

The morning sunlight shines,  
 Robing in golden mist the laughing stream ;  
 Shedding a glory where the red rose twines,  
 And many dew-drops gleam.

The moonbeams pale and mild,  
 Look down upon the buds that folded sleep,  
 Like a young mother watching o'er her child,  
 With love so pure and deep.

Thy joyous presence lends  
 To every heart that droops, its cheering boon :  
 Oh, blessed is the bounteous hand that sends  
 The leaves and flowers of June !

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SONG.

Mary, the summer hours are swiftly flying,  
 And my light bark is out upon the sea ;  
 From the blue West the sunset's light is dying,  
 As sad I turn to bid farewell to thee.  
 Soon shall I be in other lands a rover :  
 Lady! my short, bright dream of love is over.

Hope pointed to a brilliant star before me ;  
 Love filled my heart with a wild burning dream ;  
 And Poesy had wove her bright spell o'er me ;  
 Thou wert the star, the vision, and the theme.  
 Soon shall I be 'neath other skies a rover :  
 Lady! my short, sweet dream of love is over.

The harp is mute which woke to thee its numbers,  
 And Hope's delusive star has darkly set ;  
 Within my soul the tide of passion slumbers ;  
 My task is now to wander and forget.  
 Soon shall I be in other lands a rover :  
 Lady! my brief bright dream of love is over.

## RICHARD BACON, JR.

[Born 1814. Died 1838.]

RICHARD BACON, Jr., was born at Northington, (a small parish of Farmington,) now Avon, on the 20th of March, 1814. His family soon afterward removed to the town of Simsbury, where the subject of our sketch passed the chief part of his life. After the customary attendance upon the common schools, he was sent to the "Grammar School," at Hartford, where he acquired, in addition to the usual English studies, a knowledge of the Latin language, and finished his course of academic instruction. After leaving school, BACON desired to devote himself to a profession, but was prevented by an inflammation of the eyes, from which he never recovered, and which, we believe, tended to hasten his premature death. Baffled in his pursuit of a profession, he engaged in other occupations, in Hartford and New York, in the hope that time would restore the use of his eyes, and yet suffer him to attain the object of his wishes. But disappointment attended every effort, and returned him, after each attempt, an invalid to his father's house. Here he amused himself with literary occupations. He possessed a fine mind, imbued with a taste for poetry, and evinced a decided talent for poetical composition. By reading and writing, and by listening to the reading of his sisters, and employing their aid in writing, when his affliction compelled him to relinquish his book and pen, he employed with profit a portion of time which had otherwise been wasted, and was enabled to cultivate his favorite taste and talent.

But his career was destined to an early close. In the autumn of 1838, he left home for Virginia upon a business agency. His health was not adequate to the undertaking, and, care-worn and harassed, he returned in a few weeks to Simsbury, in a state of mental derangement. Despite the kind attentions of his family, who hoped that quiet would shortly restore him, his malady increased to such a degree that in a few weeks it was deemed advisable to remove him to the "Insane Retreat," at Hartford. But his sufferings were not long protracted. On the 29th of December, not three weeks from the day of his admission to the institution, his spirit, in full possession of its former powers, passed gently and composedly away. His remains were brought back to Simsbury; and on the 1st of January,



1839, amid the pleasant scenes of his boyhood, attended by a weeping throng of friends and kindred,

“He made his cold bed with the grave of the year!”

The poetical writings of Mr. BACON are few. A part only of these were published by him, and always anonymously. A selection from them, accompanied by a biographical notice, appeared in the “Southern Literary Messenger,” for November, 1841. They are characterized by a lively fancy and a graceful versification, and possess a yet stronger interest from the fact that they are now the sole remembrancers of one whose only record is with

“Those, the young and brave, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!”

#### THE WINDS.

Waves of an Ocean viewless yet sublime!

Which finds no strand save starry isles ye lave!

In your cool waters bathed the infant Time—

Your chainless surge shall roll above his grave!

For of your birth we ask the Sacred Page;

It lends no answer to our questing tone:

Chaos' black realms ye deluged in your rage,

Loosed from the Hand outstretched from HEAVEN'S high throne!

“God said let there be light!” With sunny glance

The young waves wooed you as ye passed along;

Stretched forth their hands to join you in the dance,

To joyous music from the starry throng!

Oh, blessed hours! Through Eden's blissful grove,

In gentlest zephyrs, 'mong the flowers ye flew,

Stirred EVE's long tresses as she sang of love,

And brushed her bosom of the pearly dew.

The Sun has laws: The Ocean's restless tide

In dread obedience only dares to roll:

No power is swayed to bound your restless pride;

Ye soar on high, fit emblem of the soul.

Down charnel depths where fated stars have gone,

Hurled from their place in heaven, ye grope your way.

Trample in dust the Pleiad's skeleton,  
And hold wild revel on the rotting clay.

Kissing the tear-drops from the blushing Spring,  
In gentle dalliance joyous on ye linger,  
Pluming your pinions from the trembling string,  
Yielding rich music 'neath the minstrel's finger!  
Oh! I have thought, as on my ear ye crept,  
Soothing with whispered tale the drooping flowers,  
That dreaming Nature murmured, as she slept,  
Some cherished memory of her Childhood's hours!

Pressing the lip to silence, soft ye tread,  
When Love attendant opes the lattice wide;  
Bathe the hot temples of the sick man's head,  
And woo sweet Slumber to the sufferer's side!  
Kind ministers! ye cool the cheek of Care,  
The old man's brow, the maniac's tortured brain;  
Ye pass the prison grate, and wan Despair  
Smiles at your touch, forgetful of his chain!

How changed! the scarf of empire on your breast,  
The thunder fettered to your cloudy car:  
Ye rouse to fury Ocean from his rest,  
And hurl the oak with hideous howl afar!  
Dread ministers! for now your work is death!  
The crash of the proud ship to ruin driven—  
The shriek, the groan, the prayer, the gurgling breath,  
Are in your keeping—bear them all to heaven!

---

#### THE LAST WOMAN.

Vain thoughts will cling to latest breath,  
A truth the wise attest;  
"A ruling passion, strong in death,"  
Holds empire in the breast.  
"I saw a vision in my sleep,"  
Thus runs TOM CAMPBELL'S rhyme,  
"Which gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulph of Time."

My spirit too hath swept in flight  
The gulf Time's sentries guard ;  
A maid thou saw'st not met my sight—  
Thy pardon, deathless bard !

The glory of the Sun was fled,  
All Nature shrunk aghast ;  
And midst whole nations of the dead,  
The last man breathed his last !

That maiden stood, the last to die,  
With pride upon her lip :  
And rouge, that hid the tutored sigh,  
Was there in fellowship.

A treasured volume, open there,  
Revealed of things to come—  
How low a bosom maids could wear  
For "evening dress at home."

Her dearest treasures round her strewn ;  
A whalebone vesture here ;  
Pearls, plumes, puffs, patches, things unknown ;  
Lo ! there a broad cashmere.

The last of lap-dogs, hushed in death,  
On gauzy night-gowns lay ;  
Cosmetic powders flung their breath  
From jars in long array.

Vases of odor, curling tongues—  
But vain the whole to tell :  
Such store to Moslem's heaven belongs,  
Such things the Jew-men sell.

An arsenal sure, well stored with charms,  
For heart-siege or blockade ;  
That lone one stood in muslin charms,  
With flounce de fleurs arrayed.

Upon a mirror's silver face  
She shot an arrowy glance,  
Restored a ringlet to its place,  
Then eyed pale Sol askance.

“ Ha! Sun, for ever Beauty’s dread ”—  
 She shook her jewelled hand—  
 “ Ha! now thy fearful power is fled,  
 See, all unveiled I stand !

“ The haughty of the earth have bowed ;  
 Ay, kings have bent their knee,  
 And all in awe the smitten crowd  
 Have poured their praise to me.

“ But I have wept for wounded pride  
 As on my shame I thought ;  
 And vainly strove with paste to hide  
 The mischief thou hast wrought !

“ Discrownéd king! no more I flee  
 With trembling from thy frown :  
 Strange that a power should ever be  
 To change the lily brown !

“ My noblest conquest now is won ;  
 Would that the dead could see !  
 Like dying lover, lo ! the Sun  
 Gives his last look to me !

“ ‘ Go, tell the night that robs thy face’  
 Of charms can nought restore,  
 ‘ Thou saw’st the last of Fashion’s race’—  
 Go, tell the dress she wore !”

---

#### THE CAPTIVE FLOWER.

The following lines were intended for the Album of a lady, who, forgetful that light is necessary to vegetable being, incarcerated her exotics, during the Winter, in a cellar where “all was black.” They were designed to form one of a series which the author was about to publish under the title of “The Mad-house Papers.”

I had a dream : and yet, methought,  
 It was not all a dream :  
 Mid darkness brooding wide I sought,  
 But found no cheering beam.

At first there was one flickering ray  
Which shot athwart the gloom ;  
Like ghastly smile on rotting clay,  
Within the cold, damp tomb.

Long hours I strove, with painful gasp,  
To catch one breath of light ;  
But at my throat a demon's grasp  
Seemed laid with deadly might.

That glimmer fled ; I cursed my birth ;  
I cursed the sun that gave ;  
For darkness pressed like trodden earth  
Upon a live man's grave.

Cold on my limbs, as on the dead,  
A clammy mould there came ;  
Foul, slimy worms crawled there and fed ;  
They gnawed my wasting frame.

A fire-fly once came flitting by ;  
A moment—it was gone :  
I saw (and prayed that I might die,)  
A sister's skeleton.

That was the last ! like guilty men,  
To black perdition hurled,  
No ray of hope was left me then,  
For darkness was the world !

---

TRUST IN HEAVEN.

Gladness within a cottage-home !  
Gladness upon the breezy main !  
Yon gallant bark, that rides the foam,  
Is near her native port again.

There's one for days hath watched the gale,  
From earliest morn to latest even ;  
Her eye first caught yon snowy sail,  
A speck upon the far-off heaven.

And now her many fears are o'er ;  
 Thou wouldst not blame her frantic joy !  
 Her bosom's treasure comes once more :  
 Thy father comes, thou cherub-boy !

But speed thee, husband, speed thy bark,  
 Bethink thee of the setting sun ;  
 And see the clouds are gathering dark ;  
 Now speed thee ere the day is done.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Fierce lightnings flash athwart the sky ;  
 The tempest in its fearful wrath,  
 Lifting the billows mountain-high,  
 Is out upon the seaman's path.

Now HEAVEN be with that plunging bark !  
 Almighty power alone can keep ;  
 Hark to the rolling thunder ! hark !  
 Oh, Mercy ! still the raging deep !

" Oh, GOD ! oh, GOD ! this awful night !"  
 And she who spoke was ghastly pale—  
 " Oh, hush thee, boy !—Can human might—  
 At hour like this, can aught avail ?

" Yes, He who hears a raven cry,  
 The raging of the storm can stay ;  
 Our God ! our GOD ! to thee on high ;  
 Kneel down, my child, kneel down and pray.

Oh, hear us, Father, from above !  
 He sure will hear thy sinless prayer—  
 Have mercy, HEAVEN, on him we love !  
 Oh, grant him thine almighty care !"

\* \* \* \* \*  
 A fearful crash went up to heaven ;  
 That fated bark was seen no more ;  
 One splintered mast to shore was driven,  
 Which one alone to safety bore.

Eternal Truth himself hath spoken!  
Then, mortal, hold! nor rashly dare  
To think His promise can be broken!  
Our Heavenly Father heareth prayer!

---

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Mark yonder scene: a cherub boy,  
With lisping shout and frolic glee,  
Which well betoken Childhood's joy,  
Is climbing to his mother's knee.

And radiant is that mother's face  
With all the charms which beauty lends;  
And hers the form of seraph grace,  
Which o'er the sculptor's slumber bends.

And smiles are o'er her beauty stealing,  
Irradiate with the light of thought;  
Unuttered tones, yet well revealing  
The love with which her heart is fraught.

The roguish boy! his sportive hands  
Have torn the roses from her hair,  
And loosed her tresses from their bands  
Upon a bosom snowy fair. ●

And she has only pressed a kiss  
Of burning fervor on his brow,  
As if she felt too much of bliss  
To give one word of chiding now.

Oh, if thine heart be weighed with sadness,  
Which makes the spirit pine to go,  
Then gaze upon this scene of gladness,  
And learn that there is bliss below.

## JAMES DIXON.

[Born 1814.]

JAMES DIXON is a son of the late Judge WILLIAM DIXON, of Enfield, where he was born on the 5th of August, 1814. He pursued his preparatory studies at the "High School," of Ellington, and at sixteen years of age entered Williams College, where he was graduated in 1834. After leaving college, he read law in the office of his father, at Enfield, and, after being admitted to the bar, commenced the practice of his profession in his native town, which, for two years, he represented in the state Legislature. Subsequently he removed to the city of Hartford, where he still resides. On the 1st of October, 1840, Mr. DIXON was married to ELIZABETH L. COGSWELL, daughter of the Rev. Dr. JONATHAN COGSWELL, Professor in the Theological Institute of East Windsor, and shortly afterward left the country, with his bride, for a European tour. He visited England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and returned to America early in the following summer.

Mr. DIXON has been a correspondent of the periodical press, and published many of his poems in the "New England Magazine," formerly printed at Boston. Subsequently he wrote for the "Connecticut Courant," of Hartford, in which appeared many of his best effusions. His articles display true poetical powers, and his Sonnets, in particular, are characterized by a chasteness of thought and style which entitle them to a high place amongst the poems of their order.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

"A tradition prevailed among the natives of Puerto Rico, that in the Island of Bimini, one of the Lucayos, there was a fountain, of such wonderful virtue, as to renew the youth, and recall the vigor, of every one who bathed in its salutary waters. In hopes of finding this grand restorative, PONCE DE LEON and his followers ranged through the islands, searching, with fruitless solicitude and labor, for this wonderful fountain." ROBERTSON'S AMERICA.

Oh! where is that fountain of Youth!

To the far green land, where its waters flow,  
Ere our last hopes fade in the light of truth,  
With a fainting heart we go.

We have toiled for the mines of yellow gold  
Till our eyes are dim and our blood is cold.



We have gained the glittering prize we sought,  
 But our wealth at the price of life is bought ;  
 The light of our youth, like a dream, is past,  
 And the shadow of death is over us cast ;  
 In our hearts the magic of Hope has died,  
 And what that can cheer us is left beside ?  
 The gold we have heaped can ne'er restore  
 The wealth of the soul, that richer ore ;  
 And the light of youth, that has ceased to burn,  
 To our cheerless age, may not return.

Oh, where is that fountain of Youth !

When our spirits were flushed with the glow of health,  
 From our Childhood's home we were urged away  
 By the sordid lust of wealth.

We came from the castled hills of Spain,  
 From tented field and lady's bower,  
 In a slender bark o'er the heaving main,  
 To the land of sun and shower :

We came, and the sparkling rivers rolled,  
 In all their course, o'er a bed of gold ;  
 And the earth gave up a richer spoil,  
 Than the wealth of kings, to our ceaseless toil ;  
 But oh, for a single year, to recall  
 The flush of youth, we would give it all.

\* \* \* \* \*

They left their treasures of gold, and sought  
 For that fountain of life, whose waters gave  
 The freshness of youth, to him who brought  
 His trembling limbs to its healing wave.  
 They roamed o'er mountain and desert plain,  
 For many a weary day, in vain,  
 Wherever a foaming stream might rush  
 O'er rock, or green hill-side,  
 Or hidden fountain gently gush,  
 Or noiseless river glide.

'T was vain ! for the blessed Fount of Life,  
 Whose waters to men are given,  
 Flows not in this world of sin and strife,  
 But only is found in heaven !

And thus, in the brightness of youth, we seek  
The thronging woes of later years,  
Till care has blanched the blooming cheek,  
And dimmed the eye with tears :  
We dream not that the cloudless sun  
That made our youthful pathway bright,  
When Hope's most brilliant prize is won,  
Will lose its morning light.  
We dream not that the power and wealth  
For which we give our life,  
Will not repay the wasted health.  
The bitterness, the strife,  
The agony, with which we earn  
The splendors that the soul must spurn,  
In that inevitable day,  
When glory's hues shall fade away,  
And Gold's omnipotence shall be  
A torturing, maddening mockery.

When the ebbing pulse and the gasping breath  
Are weak and faint in the hour of death,  
Oh ! then could a fountain of Youth  
In the desert of life break forth,  
Which could bring us back to that blessed hour,  
When the gilded visions of Hope had power  
To cheer the gloom of this dreary earth,  
How would we gladly, gladly fling  
Our wealth away, in that hour of pain,  
For a sight of that celestial spring,  
Whose waters might make us young again !

---

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

When the Summer breezes have died away,  
And the Autumn winds are drear,  
And the forests have changed their green array,  
For the hues of the dying year ;  
There comes a season, brief and bright,  
When the zephyrs breathe with a gentler swell,

And the sunshine plays with a softer light,  
Like the Summer's last farewell.

The brilliant dyes of the Autumn woods  
Have gladdened the forest bowers,  
And decked their pathless solitudes,  
Like a blooming waste of flowers ;  
In the hidden depths no sound is heard,  
Save a low and murmuring wail,  
As the rustling leaves are gently stirred  
By the breath of the dying gale.

The hazy clouds, in the mellow light,  
Float with the breezes by,  
Where the far-off mountain's misty height  
Seems mingling with the sky ;  
And the dancing streams rejoice again  
In the glow of the golden sun ;  
And the flocks are glad in the grassy plain  
Where the sparkling waters run.

'T is a season of deep and quiet thought,  
And it brings a calm to the breast ;  
And the broken heart, and the mind o'erwrought,  
May find, in its stillness, rest ;  
For the gentle voice of the dying year,  
From forest, and sunny plain,  
Is sweet as it falls on the mourner's ear,  
And his spirit forgets its pain.

Yet over all is a mantling gloom,  
That saddens the gazer's heart ;  
For soon shall the Autumn's varied bloom  
From the forest trees depart :  
The bright leaves whirl in the eddy air,  
Their beautiful tints are fading fast,  
And the mountain tops will soon be bare,  
And the Indian Summer past.

## SONNET TO MRS. SIGOURNEY,

With a "Forget-me-not" from the grave of KEATS, on whose tomb-stone are inscribed these words:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Wandering in Rome, for thee a gift I sought:  
Around me were the wonders of the Past;  
And modern art, on every side, had cast  
Her gems of richest beauty. Yet methought  
These were scarce worthy thee. At length I stood,  
One Sabbath eve, beside the grave of KEATS;  
The turf was bright with flowers, that gave their sweets  
To the soft night air, as in mournful mood:  
Sad thoughts came o'er me, and I could have wept  
That all the hopes that in the Poet's heart,  
As in a Sanctuary, had been kept,  
Could fade so soon, and perish, and depart;  
I plucked this flower for thee, the Muses' happiest  
daughter,  
And joyed to think thy name should ne'er be "writ in  
water."

## MOONLIGHT IN JUNE.

Thou hast a gentle ministry, oh, Moon!  
Riding in solemn silence through the sky,  
And gazing from thy trackless path on high  
Upon the beauty of the leafy June:  
On such a lovely night, I ween, as this,  
ENDYMION felt thy pale lips' dewy kiss;  
For far around on every plain and hill,  
In the soft gleaming of the silver ray,  
Flower, tree, and forest, breathless now and still,  
Rest from the burning brightness of the day;  
Silence is over all. Yon murmuring rill  
Alone leaps gladly on its tireless way:  
In thy soft rays how beautiful is night!  
Like Man's cloud-covered path, by Woman's love made  
bright!

## CONNECTICUT RIVER.

Wandering mid flowery banks, or loud and hoarse,  
Foaming o'er rock and crag, all wild and free,  
From the deep woods that hide thy shaded source,  
To where thy waters mingle with the sea,  
Beautiful River! like a dream of love  
Thy deep waves glide—blue as the sky above.  
Bright are the happy homes along thy shores,  
Shaded by drooping elms that kiss thy wave;  
And grassy banks that bloom with gay wild flowers,  
Thy calm and murmuring waters gently lave;  
And warbling birds with music sweet as thine,  
Sing in the branches of the o'er-hanging vine—  
A song whose notes are with us evermore,  
Stealing our hearts away to wander by thy shore.

---

## SUNSET AFTER A STORM.

Lo! where the mountains mingle with the sky,  
A breaking light in all the glowing west!  
And slowly now its lustre spreads on high,  
As the veiled sun sinks calmly to his rest:  
The broken clouds are bathed in golden light,  
That mingle sweetly with the sky's deep blue,  
And, as the twilight fades, from heaven's far height  
The first bright star of eve is shining through:  
The low wind's voice falls gently on the ear,  
And with it, to the lone and weary heart,  
Comes a deep joy, that, could it ne'er depart,  
Might make us sigh to dwell for ever here:  
It may not be! E'en from such glorious skies,  
Oh, who can tell how sad a morn may rise!

---

## TO A ROBIN.

Sweet bird! that, hidden by the dark green leaves,  
Didst pour thy pleasant song at break of day,  
Making glad music 'round my flower-wreathed eaves,  
Why has thy gentle warbling died away?

Come not the zephyrs from the sweet south-west,  
 As freshly to thy leaf-embosomed nest?  
 Less fragrant are the flowers of Summer's prime?  
 Or pinest thou for thy far-off southern clime?  
 Or is it that thy noisy young have flown,  
     Leaving their green home in the o'er-shadowing tree,  
 That thus thou mournest, desolate and lone,  
     Where once thy song burst forth so loud and free?  
 Alas! that Summer's perfumed airs should bring  
 Sorrow to one like thee, so light of heart and wing!

---

A RAMBLE IN THE WOODS.

The soft, sweet music of the forest birds,  
 The fragrance of wild flowers, the solemn hush  
 Of the dark woods, more eloquent than words,  
 The murmuring sound of Summer streams, that rush  
 O'er flowers and bearded grass, our souls beguile,  
 And tempt our wandering feet for many a mile.  
 Through the green leaves we look to yon deep sky,  
     Blue as the Ocean, stretching far around,  
 And feel our souls—to earth no longer bound—  
 Spreading their eagle wings to soar on high.  
 Oh! in this perfect stillness, how the heart  
 Pants for that power that is its better part;  
 And, mid the teachings of these trees and flowers,  
 Sighs o'er the memory of its wasted hours!

---

WILD FLOWERS.

Where in the wanton air the dark woods wave,  
     In every verdant plain, by rock and stream,  
 Where the swift waters in the sunshine gleam,  
 Or, sleeping in the shade, their green banks lave,  
 Bright flowers are blooming, and the Zephyr's wing  
     Is laden with their fragrance. Come away  
 From the thronged city's busy hum, and fling  
     The fetter from thy soul for one brief day.  
 The winds from these wild flowers to thee shall bear

Sweet odors, and their soft and delicate hues  
 Bathed in a nightly shower of Summer dews,  
 Shall fill thee with delight; and, wandering there,  
 A loftier hope, a nobler, prouder aim,  
 Amid these sinless flowers, thy life shall claim.

---

AUTUMN.

The skies of Autumn wear a deeper blue,  
 The moon and stars pour down a purer light;  
 And lo! the magic frost, in one brief night,  
 Hath robed the forest in a brighter hue.  
 Go, where the mellow sunshine softly plays,  
 And there, by plain or hill-side, thou shalt hear  
 Sounds sweeter far than charmed thy listening ear,  
 When songs of birds beguiled the Summer days:  
 Sweet sounds, but sad, the low and murmuring wail  
 Of Autumn winds that sigh among the trees,  
 Telling, of Death, a wild and mournful tale,  
 And forcing solemn thought on minds at ease.  
 Oh! if our hearts may thus be wiser made,  
 'T were well that leaves should fall, and flowers should fade.

---

A SUMMER DAY IN AUTUMN.

A warm, bright, sunny day, like one of those  
 That thrilled our hearts when earth was gay with flowers,  
 And leaves were fresh in all the forest bowers!  
 The fragrant Summer lingers, ere she goes  
 From her green haunts beside the cooling brook,  
 With a sad beauty, like the last fond look  
 Of one we love. The melancholy sky,  
 The fading leaves, the withering grass, the dim  
 And hazy light, have, to the gazer's eye,  
 A mournful charm; and hark! the funeral hymn  
 Of the last Summer day is on the breeze,  
 Mocking the brightness of the tinted trees;  
 And gently o'er the earth, with dying swell,  
 The lingering Zephyr sighs its last farewell!

## THE DEPARTED YEAR.

Midnight! The Year is fled. Turn back thine eye  
Along thy path of life, and mark the way  
O'er which thy soul, with many a tear and sigh,  
Hath reached the dying Year's departing day;  
Hopes blighted, love estranged, and friends grown cold,  
'The gorgeous dreams of youth in darkness lost,  
These are the wrecks our saddened eyes behold  
On life's dark sea, all wild and tempest-tossed;  
Or if thy way were decked with tree and flower,  
And calm blue skies were brightly o'er thee spread,  
'T were well that solemn thought, at this lone hour,  
Should whisper—know thy happiest year is fled!  
Hark! on the breeze the lingering echoes swell:  
Thy voice is hushed! thou dying year, farewell!

## THE NEW YEAR.

With eyes that beam with joy and radiant smiles,  
We greet the coming of the new-born Year:  
Our spirits still—forgetful of its wiles,  
Undying Hope with magic light doth cheer.  
What dreams are ours! The fragrant breath of Spring,  
The flowers of Summer, and the Autumn skies,  
Before this opening year be past, shall bring  
New bliss and beauty to our hearts and eyes;  
Oh! tell us not, with sorrow's sickening blight,  
The phantom, Hope, shall mock our souls again,  
Say not that, trusting in its fitful light,  
We dream of joy, and wake to bitter pain;  
But render thanks to HEAVEN that flowers conceal,  
In all our way, the thorns that time may yet reveal.

## MAY.

Month of my heart! in beauty and in bloom,  
With blossoming trees, mild sunny skies, and soft  
Sweet southern breezes, laden with perfume,  
Thy happy hours steal on, and wandering oft



With a full heart, that sighs in vain to fling,  
Like a chained bird, the fetter from its wing,  
Beside thy rushing streams, I seem to tread  
A purer soil than Tempé's flowery vales,  
A sky more blue bends brightly o'er my head,  
More fresh thy dewy flowers, more soft thy gales,  
More sweet the music floating on thy air,  
The purple flush of morn and eve, more fair,  
Than when we droop beneath a Summer sun,  
And pant for these sweet streams that through thy valleys run.

---

MORNING.

How doth the spirit turn, on such a morn,  
From the vain turmoil and the bitter strife,  
In which we waste the golden hours of life,  
To gentler themes, untinged by hate or scorn!  
To him whose heart by Hope is not forsaken,  
Sweetly and gladly comes the breath of Spring:  
And buried thoughts, that with its odors waken,  
Come like forgotten dreams on Memory's wing;  
And e'en to saddest hearts, as on the ear  
Melts the rich music of the first bird's song,  
Departed hopes, too bright to linger here,  
Return, "an undistinguishable throng."  
Alas! that every dream our hearts may cherish,  
Is doomed, like Spring's first buds and flowers, to perish!

## WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

[Born 1814.]

WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON was born at Woodbury, in Litchfield County, on the 24th of August, 1814. At the age of twelve he was sent to the "Episcopal Academy," at Cheshire, to be fitted for college, but, after two years, determined on a mercantile life, and became a clerk in the city of New York. After three years, at the age of seventeen, he established himself in business in New Haven. In a short time, however, he withdrew from his mercantile connection, and devoted himself to study. He entered Yale College in 1833, where he was regularly graduated in 1837, and was appointed by his class to deliver the Valedictory Poem, at the time of their leaving the institution. During the following autumn, he entered the Divinity School of New Haven, and, after the usual term of study, was licensed as a minister in the Congregational denomination. On leaving that institution, he was married to a daughter of Professor Knight, of the Medical Department of Yale College, and, in 1842, was settled over the Congregational church and society in the town of Trumbull, where he now resides.

Soon after leaving college, Mr. BACON published a volume of poems from a Boston press, which, in 1840, passed into a third edition, revised and enlarged. For the past three years he has published nothing, but has devoted a portion of his time to a work of some length, which may be given to the press at a future day. His lighter poems possess much simplicity and grace. He has a fine perception of natural beauty, and his graver productions are pervaded by a current of deeply reflective moral and religious sentiment.

## A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

"Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There 's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,  
But in its motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim." SHAKESPEARE.

Silence and Night! it is the time for thought;  
And the lone dreamer sends his weary eye,  
Out from the casement, up to the dim stars;

And deems that from those rolling worlds comes to him  
A cheering voice. How beautiful they are,  
Those sparkling fires in that eternal void!  
They seem like jewels on the crown of Him,  
The LORD! the Crucified! They do hang there,  
Bright, as when bursting o'er this lower world,  
Then heaving into beauty—the fair lands,  
Valleys, and hills; the streams, the lakes, the seas,  
With their blue depths; the Ocean, with its waves  
Restless for ever; as when these burst forth,  
And over them GOD spread this canopy  
Of grandeur and of glory! There they hang,  
Emblems of his great hand who placed them there,  
And bade them roll to one eternal hymn  
Of heavenly harmony! Away, away,  
Further and further on, thought flies; and yet  
Reaches them not. Beyond the wild, blue track  
Of this our world it sweeps; beyond the track  
Of that ringed orb the heathen deified,  
Old Saturn named; beyond the path of him  
They called the Thunderer; ay! and beyond  
The track sublime of our great burning orb,  
Hanging alone in heaven beyond all these,  
Thought, seraph-winged, sweeps daringly, and yet  
Reaches not the first trace of those far fires,  
Glowing, yet never fading—myriads burning  
In the blue concave, where no thought may pierce  
Save the Eternal's. And yet those bright orbs  
Created were, and in harmonious march  
Traverse the air together. Not one of all  
Those sparkling points of scarce distinguishable flame  
But hath its part and place in that grand scheme,  
Fixed by the God of Heaven. Laws, times, place, motions,  
All these each hath; and there they roll for ever,  
Changing and yet unchanged. The 'wildered mind  
Turns from the scene amazed, and asks itself  
If this can be!

And yet, how Fancy dreams  
Of those bright worlds! Tell us, ye unseen Powers,

Ye that do gather round us in these hours  
When the impassioned world lies locked in sleep,  
And the day's whirl is over, tell us here,  
What are those rolling worlds! Are there bright scenes,  
Such as we dream of here? Are there fair realms,  
Robed in such hues as this? Do wild hills there  
Heave their high tops to such a bright, blue heaven  
As this which spans our world? Have they rocks there,  
Ragged and thunder-rent, through whose wild chasms  
Leap the white cataracts, and wreath the woods  
With rainbow coronets? Spread such bright vales  
There in the sunlight; cots, and villages,  
Turrets, and towers, and temples—dwell these there,  
Glowing with beauty? Wilderness and wild,  
Heaving and rolling their green tops, and ringing  
With the glad notes of myriad-colored birds  
Singing of happiness—have they these there?  
Spread such bright plains there to the admiring eye,  
Veined by glad brooks, that to the loose, white stones  
Tell their complaint all day? waves, spreading sheets,  
That mirror the white clouds, and moon, and stars,  
Making a mimic heaven? streams, mighty streams!  
Waters, resistless floods! that, rolling on,  
Gather like seas, and heave their waves about,  
Mocking the tempest? Ocean! those vast tides  
Tumbling about the globe with a wild roar  
From age to age? And tell us, do those worlds  
Change like our own? Comes there the merry Spring,  
Soft and sweet-voiced; and, in its hands, the wealth  
Of leaves to deck the forest; flowers, and scattered  
In the green vales and on the slopes, to fling  
Over a fairy world; and feathery winds,  
And airs, and smiling sunshine; birds, and bees,  
Filling the soft savannas with the sound  
Of their low murmurings? Have they the months  
Of the full Summer, with its skies, and clouds,  
And suns, and showers, and soothing fragrance sent  
Up from a thousand tubes? And Autumn, too,  
Pensive and pale, do these sweet days come there,

Wreathing the wilderness with such gay bands  
Of brightness and of beauty, till the earth,  
Late fresh and flowering, seems like some fair bride,  
Met, in the month of dalliance, with the frost  
Of a too-killing sorrow? And, sublime,  
Within his grasp the whirlwinds, and his brows  
White with the storm of ages, and his breath  
Fettering the streams, and ribbing the old hills  
With ice, and sleet, and snow; and, far along  
The sounding Ocean's side, his frosty chains  
Flinging, till the wild waves grow mute, or mutter  
Only in their dread caves—old Winter! he—  
Have you him there? And tell us, hath a God,  
Sentient and wise, placed there the abstruser realm  
Of thinking and of feeling? Have ye minds,  
Grasping and great like ours? and reaching souls,  
That, spurning their prison, burst away, and soar  
Up to a mightier converse, than the rounds  
Of a dull daily being? And warm hearts,  
Do they dwell there? hearts fondly locked to hearts,  
Into each other's natures pouring wild  
Floods of deep feeling, and a life so sweet  
Death doth but make it sweeter? Have ye dreamers,  
Young hearts! proud souls! that catch from every thing  
A greatness, and a grandeur of delight,  
That common souls feel not? souls that do dwell  
Only in thoughts of beauty, linking forth,  
Into one mystic chain, the fadeless flowers  
And wreaths of immortality? that dwell  
Only to think and feel, and be the slaves  
Of a sad nature; and, when life is over,  
Only to take the charnel, with the hope  
A star may hang above them for the eye  
Of the far slumbering ages?

False, false, all!

And vain the wing of Fancy to explore  
The track of angels! Vain thought, to fold back  
This gorgeous canopy, and send the eye

On to those realms of glory! Mighty One!  
Thou who dost look on all, the great, the good,  
Humbled, or hoping; pride, or the poor wretch  
Laid on his mat of misery; thou dost watch,  
And thou hast power o'er all! Thou hast alone,  
Wrapped in thine own immensity, the power,  
To paint a leaf, or roll ten thousand worlds  
Around the universe! Oh, let the heart,  
Pained, and in sickness here, lay its poor hope  
Low at thy feet; and trust that thou at last,  
When thou shalt shake these heavens, and rend away  
The pillars of the universe, wilt save  
This glimmering mind now here, to be a star,  
Bright, for some other world!

---

OTHER DAYS.

How many years have passed away  
Since, on this spot I stood,  
And heard, as now I hear them play,  
The voices of the wood,  
Green boughs and budding leaves among,  
Piped low in one continuous song!

How many years have passed, since here,  
Upon this bald rock's crest,  
I lay and watched the shadows clear  
Upon the lake's blue breast;  
Since here, in many a poet dream,  
I lay and heard the eagle scream!

The Seasons have led round the year,  
Many and many a time;  
And other hands have gathered here  
The young flowers of the clime;  
The which I wove, with thoughts of joy,  
Around my brows, an idle boy.

And there were voices too, "lang syne,"  
I think I hear them yet ;  
And eyes that loved to look on mine,  
I shall not soon forget ;  
And hearts that felt for me before ;  
Alas, alas, they 'll feel no more.

I call them by remembered names,  
And weep when I have done ;  
The one, the yawning Ocean claims,  
The distant church-yard, one ;  
I call—the wood takes up the tone,  
And only gives me back my own.

Still, from the lake, swell up these walls,  
Fronting the morning's sheen ;  
And still their storm-stained capitals  
Preserve their lichens green ;  
And still, upon the ledge, I view  
The gentian's eye of stainless blue.

And far along, in funeral lines,  
Sheer to the higher grounds,  
Touched by the finger of the winds,  
The pines give out their sounds ;  
And, far below, the waters lie  
Quietly looking to the sky.

And still a vale of softest green  
The embracing prospect fills ;  
And still the river winds between  
The parting of the hills ;  
The sky still blue, the flowers still found,  
Just bursting from the moist Spring ground.

So was it many years ago,  
As on this spot I stood,  
And heard the waters lave below  
The edges of the wood,  
And thought, while music filled the air,  
The fairies held their revel there.

And I alone am changed since then ;  
Youth has forsaken me ;  
Fancy has thrown aside her pen,  
And truth has taken me ;  
And in the world, mid other things,  
They call me man—oh ! how it stings.

I ask these scenes to give me back  
My fresh, glad thoughts again ;  
Alas, they lie along the track  
Which I have trod with men !  
The flowers I gathered here, a child,  
I plucked, it seems, to deck a wild.

The golden light of morn surrounds  
These heights with its broad glare ;  
And here, where the gray forest crowns  
The precipice, I bare  
My hot brow to the breeze, and feel  
Its breath of balm about me steal.

And here upon this rock I lie,  
Gazing up into heaven ;  
Watching the swallows of the sky,  
Upward and upward driven ;  
Or watching the clouds, that, one by one,  
Quietly melt into the sun.

Oh, would that the deep rest, that fills  
This scene, might leave me never !  
Would that the circuit of these hills  
Might shut me in for ever !  
For wisdom, prize it as I may,  
I 'll not thus give my life away.

Oh, joyously I would come back,  
As the tired-bird comes home ;  
That, wearied with her high, bright track,  
Far through the azure dome,  
At eve drops down into her nest,  
To lean upon one faithful breast !



## FANNY WILLOUGHBY.

"A fairy vision  
Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colors of the rainbow live,  
And play i' the plighted clouds." MILTON'S COMUS.

I love thee, FANNY WILLOUGHBY,  
And that's the why, ye see,  
I woo thee, FANNY WILLOUGHBY,  
And cannot let thee be;  
I sing for thee, I sigh for thee  
And oh! you may depend on't,  
I'll weep for thee, I'll die for thee,  
And that will be the end on't.

I love thy form, I worship it ;  
To me it always seems  
As if it were the counterfeit  
Of some I've seen in dreams ;  
It makes me feel as if I had  
An angel by my side ;  
And then I think I am so bad  
You will not be my bride.

I love the golden locks that glow  
About that brow of thine ;  
I always thought them "so and so,"  
But now they are divine ;  
They're like an Alpine torrent's rush,  
The finest under heaven ;  
They're like the bolted clouds, that flush  
The sky of Summer's even.

I love thy clear and hazle eye—  
They say the blue is fairer ;  
And I confess that, formerly,  
I thought the blue the rarer ;  
But, when I saw thine eye so clear,  
Though perfectly at rest,  
I did kneel down, and I did swear,  
The hazel was the best.

I love thy hand so pale and soft,  
The which, in days "lang syne,"  
You, innocent as trusting, oft  
Would softly clasp in mine ;  
I thought it sure was chiselled out  
Of marble by the geniuses,  
Like those the poets rant about,  
The virgins and the Venuses.

I love the sounds that from thy lip  
Gush holily and free,  
As rills that from their caverns slip,  
And prattle to the sea ;  
The melody for aye doth steal  
To hearts by sorrow riven,  
And then I think, and then I feel,  
That music comes from heaven.

Now listen, FANNY WILLOUGHBY,  
And lend your heart to pity ;  
I'm ruined, FANNY WILLOUGHBY,  
Because you are so pretty ;  
And if you don't relent, why I  
Believe you will me kill ;  
For passion must have vent, and I  
Will kill myself, I will.

'T was thus, when Love had made me mad  
For FANNY WILLOUGHBY,  
I told my tale, half gay, half sad,  
To FANNY WILLOUGHBY ;  
And FANNY looked as maiden would,  
When love her heart did burn ;  
And FANNY sighed as maiden should,  
And murmured a return.

So wooed I FANNY WILLOUGHBY,  
A maiden like a dove ;  
So won I FANNY WILLOUGHBY,  
The maiden of my love ;

And though such years have passed since that,  
And she is in the sky,  
I never, never can forget  
Sweet FANNY WILLOUGHBY.

---

ROME.

The Coliseum's lonely walls still tower,  
In all their massy strength, to greet the skies ;  
The Cæsars' hundred palaces of power  
In undecayed magnificence still rise ;  
And towers, and tombs, and temples desolate,  
Tell of the solemn grandeur of her state.

The winding walks are there, which, erst, have rung  
With steel-shod foot, and hoof, and clattering car,  
When hosts met hosts, like waves on wild waves flung,  
And Fury sped the thunderbolt of war ;  
And there, to greet the traveller, still rise  
The trophies of a thousand victories.

Each step records some tokens of a day,  
Whose pomp and power we cannot comprehend ;  
'T is grandeur in the grandeur of decay,  
Where ruin mars what man has scorned to mend ;  
And, as from pile to pile the step is led,  
We seem amid the dwellings of the dead.

We walk amid those temples tottering ;  
Each foot-fall starts the young owl from her rest ;  
Where mantling vines round mouldering arches cling,  
To furnish forth the bat her dusky nest ;  
And every breeze that through the ruin strays,  
Seems like the ghost of Rome's departed days.

Romans and Roman matrons wandered here ;  
Here blushed the cheek at its sweet beauty spoken ;  
Trembled the delicate hand, and sparkled clear  
The bright drop in the eye, at Love's fond token ;  
And children's voices woke these streets all day,  
And echoed the light laugh of maidens gay.

Tempest, and terror, war, and flood, and fire,  
And cruelty, and guilt, and avarice,  
These have been here, and wreaked their vengeance dire,  
On pillared fane, and smouldering precipice ;  
Yet sits she still amid the solemn scene,  
Queen of the hills ! ay, " every inch " a Queen.

Rome's greatness, and Rome's grandeur may not be  
The greatness and the grandeur that we prize ;  
Yet, though her soul was chained, her mind was free ;  
And power was there which men cannot despise ;  
She lifted her proud arm, each flag was furled,  
And, at her haughty beck, bowed down the world.

And with her, though a tyrant in her mood,  
Was genius, learning, talent consecrate ;  
And though on land and sea her track was blood,  
Yet intellectual greatness marked her state ;  
For while was heard the trumpet's deafening clang,  
The Forum thundered with the loud harangue.

Yet we walk forth upon the breast of earth,  
And dare to speak and tell how great we are ;  
Less than the ancient worthies from our birth,  
We talk of deeds of daring—thus we dare ;  
It is as if the young and timorous dove  
Should mate itself with the proud bird of Jove !

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THE ISLAND.

That Isle, so beautiful to view,  
No poet's fancy ever drew.  
It lay upon the open sea,  
It lay beneath the stars and sun ;  
A thing, too beautiful to be !  
A jewel cast that sea upon !  
The winds came upward to the beach,  
The waves came rolling up the sand ;  
Then backward with a gentle reach,  
Now forward to the land,  
Sparkling and beautiful, tossing there,  
Then vanishing into the air.

The winds came upward to the beach,  
The waves came upward in a curl,  
Then far along the shore's slope reach,  
There ran a line of pearl.  
And shells were there of every hue,  
From snowy white to burning gold ;  
The jasper, and the Tyrian blue,  
The sardonyx and emerald ;  
And o'er them as the soft winds crept,  
A melody from each was swept—  
For melody within each slept,  
Harmoniously blended ;  
And never, till the winds gave out,  
And ceased the surf its tiny shout,  
That melody was ended :  
Morn, noon, and eve, was heard to be  
The music of those shells and sea.  
The winds went upward from the deep,  
The winds went up across the sand,  
And never did the sea winds sweep  
Over a lovelier land.  
The northern seas, the southern shores,  
The eastern and the western isles,  
Had rifled all their sweets and stores,  
To deck this lovely place with smiles.  
And mounts were here, and tipped with green,  
And kindled by the glowing sun ;  
And vales were here, and stretched between,  
Where waters frolicked in their fun ;  
And goats were feeding in the light,  
And birds were in the green-wood halls ;  
And, echoing o'er each hilly height,  
Was heard the dash of waterfalls.  
Oh! all was beauty, bliss, and sound ;  
A Sabbath sweetness reigned around ;  
All was delight, for every thing  
Was robed in loveliness and Spring ;  
Color and fragrance, fruit and flower,  
Were here within this Island Bower!

## EBENEZER PORTER MASON.

[Born 1819. Died 1840.]

EBENEZER PORTER MASON, son of the Rev. STEPHEN MASON, a Congregationalist clergyman, was born at Washington, a retired village in Litchfield County, on the 7th of December, 1819. At a very early age he exhibited a passion for books, and an exceeding fondness for philosophical experiments. He was furnished with every opportunity for instruction, and made rapid improvement. He entered Yale College in 1835, where he distinguished himself by his devotion to mathematics, and his rapid progress in practical astronomy. He was graduated in 1839, and for a time applied himself assiduously to astronomical studies and writings. His health failing, in August, 1840, he joined the Maine Boundary Expedition, but returned to New York in the following October, having derived but little benefit from his scientific excursion. Early in December, he visited a kinsman at Richmond, in Virginia, on a pilgrimage in search of health; but he survived only a few days after reaching the residence of his friend, and died on the 26th of December, 1840.

The "Life and Writings" of young MASON were published by Professor OLMSTED, at New York, in 1842. Mr. MASON blended, in a rare union, the powers of scientific inquiry with poetic taste and fancy. The vigor of his mind has imparted itself to the few poetic compositions which are included amongst his writings. They possess a more scholar-like completeness of thought than is often found in the youthful efforts of poetic genius.

## NIGHT MUSINGS.

The fevered glow of parting day,  
 That flushed so late the brow of heaven,  
 To marble paleness fades away  
 Before the cool of youngest even;  
 'T was flushed like mortal brow, when roll  
 The storms of passion o'er the soul:  
 'T is faded, like that brow when thought  
 From eve a kindred calm hath caught.

Swift over twilight's lovely face,  
 Those changing hues each other chase ;  
 Trembles from snowy depths afar  
 The dawning of her earliest star,  
 And glows the crescent's subtle horn,  
 From the expiring sunset born—  
 A gem upon her mantle worn,  
 And binding night to day,  
 Where evening hangs on day's retreat,  
 Where bounds of light and darkness meet,  
 And each on heaven's azure sheet  
 In the other fades away.

Wan Night upon her vesture's waist,  
 With pen of fire that bow hath traced ;\*  
 But coloring of darker beams,  
 As of the sunless hue of dreams,  
 Hath fully bodied forth that sphere  
 The brighter crescent but begun,  
 And bound beside the bright form there  
 A quenched and rayless one,  
 The living with the dead,  
 The present with the past ;  
 The spirit's vital essence wed  
 To the cold clay in which 't is cast.  
 Well were it did the spirit's light,  
 Like that orb struggling from its night,  
 As surely on its destined way,  
 Wax brighter to the perfect day.

Deeper hath swelled the evening shade,  
 And mingled wooded hill and glade ;  
 And raven-pinioned Night,  
 In sable mantle dight,  
 Arousing from her orient deep,  
 Rides lowering up the darkened steep,  
 While heaven's numerous pageantry  
 Light onward her triumphal course,

\* On the "Starlight Bow," see Professor MORSE, in the *American Journal of Science* for 1838, p. 389.

Those watch-fires fed unceasingly  
From light's own holy source ;  
Down, down the welkin's slanted side,  
Her robe of shade descends ;  
On the last ebb of even-tide,  
To earth it slowly bends.

Beneath her solemn temple roof,  
Night walks in lone supremacy,  
And darkness weaves his braided woof,  
To deck yon boundless canopy.  
Ye stars ! that strew his funeral veil,  
Ye are no fleeting, changeful race ;  
What are ye then ? beyond the pale  
Of Death's cold reign and stern embrace ?  
Are ye immortal ? do ye share  
The deathless nature of the soul ?  
Though not the past, the future heir  
Of life beyond Time's vain control ?  
If not unfading, yet are ye  
Most fadeless of the things that be,  
And nearest immortality.

Brightly ye burn on heaven's brow ;  
Ye shot as bright a ray as now,  
When mirrored on the unruffled wave  
That whelmed earth's millions to one grave ;  
And ye shall yet burn still the same,  
When blends with yours that mighty flame  
That shall overwhelm earth in darker gloom  
Than cloud o'er Eden's primal bloom.  
From storm, and cloud, and meteor's glare,  
And the azure curtained day,  
That fills with light the dazzling air  
Soon as they pass in haste away,  
Ye dart again your changeless ray ;  
Shall ye not thus for ever beam ?  
Must ye too pass, as doth a dream ?  
Can ye fear change, or death, or blight ?  
Isles of the blessed, on your sea of might ?



We may not pierce with curious eye  
 The mist that shrouds your destiny,  
 Your present might, your home, the abyss;  
 Oh, 't is enough to gaze on this!  
 To feel that in the eye's embrace  
 Lies an infinity of space;  
 That vision hath no term, no bound,  
 To hem its endless circle round;  
 But that with which it may converse  
 Is boundless as the universe.

It is a joy as wild and deep  
 As ever thrilled in pulse and eye,  
 In the lone hour of mortal sleep,  
 To look upon your majesty;  
 With you your solemn vigils keep,  
 As your vast depths before me lie.  
 And when the star-mailed giant\*  
 A blaze of glory sheds,  
 And, high in heaven, defiant,  
 His lion-mantle spreads,  
 To watch his mighty form uprear,  
 As, spurning earth with foot of air,  
 He mounts upon the whirling sphere,  
 And walks in solemn silence there;  
 To watch him in his slow decline,  
 Until, to Ocean's hall restored,  
 He bathe him in the welcome brine,  
 And the wave sheathe his burning sword.

---

TO A ROSEBUD,

Dying in the vase whither it had been transplanted.

Why droops so mournfully thy head, pale flower?  
 Why hangs thy green tress on the water's brink?  
 Not now thou bendest with the grateful shower,  
 Whose drops once wooed thy thirsty leaves to drink  
 Life from their coolness. No! no freshness now  
 Blooms on thy fading leaf, and bud of snow.

\* Orion.

'T is not the dews of night are heavy on thee,  
 Starring thy cup with rainbow loveliness ;  
 Nor yet the bee, so oft that hung upon thee,  
 Till bent thy blossom to his gentle kiss ;  
 No! thou art stricken : ne'er to rise anew,  
 To glad the bee, or drink the morning dew.

A rude hand plucked thee from thy native bower ;  
 No longer thou by thy loved breeze art fanned ;  
 And thou art pining for thy home, sweet flower,  
 As pines a captive for his distant land :  
 And therefore droops thy head so mournfully ;  
 Thy life was broken with thy parent tree.

And was it woman's hand that did thee wrong ?  
 Was it frail woman that so rudely broke  
 The frailer thing, whose tenderness had wrung  
 From sterner man remittance of the stroke ?  
 Tell not the tale, ye flowers, that could not save  
 Your hapless sister from her cruel grave.

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#### ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD

At last I tread once more the wonted haunts  
 Where woke my infancy to life and light ;  
 Each everlasting hill its outline slants,  
 As recollection imaged to my sight,  
 And time flows back ; and my stirred bosom pants  
 Once more with early boyhood to unite,  
 And feel its careless breath go lightly forth,  
 And hear the echoes mock its sounds of mirth.

On each remembered spot the dizzy flight  
 Of by-gone years is ruthlessly engraven ;  
 And this is life ! still onward, in despite  
 Of human power—perchance of that of heaven ;  
 Like a raised wave before the tempest's might,  
 It may not breast the power by which 't is driven ;  
 But still borne surely to the fatal shore,  
 To break, and fall, and perish in its roar.

Is life no more? Oh! never yet where dwelt  
The image of the ALMIGHTY, hath the breath  
Of Time's defied and fruitless power been felt:  
All else shall quail before the blast of death;  
The sun shall be as blood; the earth shall melt;  
But the immortal soul shall tread beneath  
Her disembodied might the chain of Time,  
That dare not so near God's own glory climb.

---

THE SUMMER EVENING.

Entranced by those harmonious sounds upborne—  
Light murmurs stealing on the cool night-breeze—  
In rapt suspense I hear the mellow horn;  
Zephyrs, the while, their music breathe till morn  
And sounds of festive mirth float o'er the trees.

Just rising is the Moon, whose form we hail  
Enrobed in light majestic, beauteous, pure:  
Now she o'ertops the trees; her beams so pale  
Kindle with silver light the lovely vale,  
So late in darkness and in gloom obscure.

To such a scene our minds will oft return,  
Oft, when bleak Winter spreads his icy chain,  
Binding with ruthless hand and visage stern,  
Each tree and shrub: then Memory seems to mourn,  
Yearning for Summer skies and Moons again.



## GEORGE SHEPARD BURLEIGH.

[Born 1821.]

GEORGE SHEPARD BURLEIGH, a younger brother of WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH, was born at Plainfield, on the 25th of March, 1821. He very early developed the poetical faculty, being remarkable when a mere child for the facility with which he composed verses, and for the euphony that characterized these juvenile efforts. He has had no education, except such as he could obtain by attendance, during the Winter months, at a common District School, while his Summers have been, and still are, spent in laborious occupation upon a farm in his native town.

Though the time which Mr. BURLEIGH has been enabled to give to literary efforts, has been principally abstracted from those hours usually allotted to rest, still his poetical writings have been quite voluminous. We learn, that he has written several long manuscript poems—one a metrical romance, in six cantos, beside several dramatic pieces. He has already published many articles in the periodicals, which indicate fine poetical talents, and give the promise of a success, at a future day, which shall be creditable alike to himself and to the literature of his native state.

## NUNKETUNK.\*

Uplift thy grey and jutting brow  
 Untrembling to the thunder's shock ;  
 Revolving ages cannot bow  
 The pride of thy eternal rock ;  
 In vain the howling storm shall beat  
 And swell the waters at thy feet ;  
 The crested floods may dash awhile  
 In fury on thy giant pile,  
 And, like a bannered army, come,  
 Down-rushing from their northern home ;

\* This is the name of a fine old precipice, about a mile north of the village of Canterbury, in Connecticut, which extends like a wall along, near the bank of the Quinebaug, ending in a bold, high cliff, at its southern extremity.

Roll round thy base with foaming pride,  
And waste their thunders on thy side ;  
But when the kindling sun shall burn,  
And bid the boiling waves return,  
Thy mural rocks shall stand sublime,  
And mock the wasting tide of Time.

Before thee, in their chainless might,  
The waters through the verdant plain,  
Roll downward to the rolling main ;  
Rejoicing in the chastened light,  
As, from its calm and silent noon,  
Looks down the still and midnight moon,  
O'er the soft drifts of curling fog  
Upon the flashing Quinebaug.

Oh, bright the sparkling wavelets gleam,  
And tremble in the passing breeze,  
As if the spirits of the stream  
Had met the fairies of the leas,  
And, half-suspended in the air,  
They tripped their joyous measures there,  
Stirring the waters with the beat  
Of beautiful and unseen feet ;  
While far along, a wavy line  
Of silver-hued and pale moonshine,  
As if for angel feet to pave  
The softly undulating wave,  
Is stretched away from side to side,  
Aslant, across the rolling tide.

• • • • •  
Here rang the Red Man's wild war-whoop,  
And Ruin poured her dismal wail,  
When, darker than the clouds which stoop  
Beneath their weight of garnered hail,  
Above the over-shadowed vale,  
And fleetier than the strong-winged gale,  
The forest kings came down ;  
And bending brow, and flashing eye,  
And red arms wildly tossed on high,

And startling shriek and dismal cry,  
Told where the storm of war swept by,  
Along the shadows brown.

Then shook the woods, which on thy brow  
Lull the soft breeze to slumber now,  
As through their leaves and down the dell,  
The shower of swift-winged arrows fell ;  
And, hissing through the foliage, sunk  
In gnarled branch and guarded trunk,  
While fire leaped sparkling from thy rock  
Before the falling tomahawk.

But haply thou, old cliff, hast known  
A gentler scene, a milder tone ;  
When bent thy jutting front above  
The Indian warrior's dark-eyed love ;  
And scarce the echo in thy caves,  
Answered the plashing of the oar,  
As, curving to the bending shore,  
Round rock, and bank, and drifted log  
The light canoe flew o'er the waves,  
Along the dancing Quinebaug,  
Gaily to bear the Eagle lover  
Unto his Fawn, who rested where  
Thy giant crag upheld in air  
Its mighty shield above her.

Then the Great Spirit's eye alone  
Saw hand in hand, and side by side,  
The dark-browed Indian, and his bride,  
With his strong arm around her thrown—  
That arm which oft bore back the tide  
Of battle from his well-loved land,  
When stern Invasion rose in pride,  
And Slaughter bared her red right hand ;  
And the Great Spirit only heard  
Their tones, so soft they started not  
The small wren in his tiny grot,  
As willing vow, and whispered word,

Were breathed from lips that once had pealed  
The war-cry o'er the purple field,  
When, wild as sudden thunder, poured  
The death yell of the savage horde.

But they have gone, and thou hast kept  
No record of their varied story ;  
Away the traitor foe hath swept  
The last faint vestige of their glory.  
O'er all the woods, a bitter wail  
Comes floating on the awakening gale ;  
And, murmuring round thy rocky base,  
Seems mourning their departed race.

Alas, old Nunketunk ! no more  
The Red Man's foot shall tread thy cliff,  
While, bound beside the river-shore,  
Is seen his rocking skiff ;  
No more thy arch shall bend above  
The warrior and his dark-eyed love ;  
Or Indian girls, with midnight locks,  
Bound careless o'er thy high-hung rocks ;  
Or underneath the boughs of green  
That curtain round thy temple hall,  
Dark chiefs, before the Great Unseen,  
In silent adoration fall ;  
For Christian hands, in robbery strong,  
By fraud, and violence, and wrong,  
Have made their little ones a prey,  
Their old and grey-haired warriors slain ;  
And swept their scattered tribes away,  
Like dust before the hurricane ;  
Burying with them, evermore,  
Their priceless wealth of legend lore.

Farewell, old crag ! there comes an hour,  
When thou shalt crumble, even as they ;  
Nor scorn again the storm-god's power,  
Whose lightnings round thy forehead play ;  
That hour when flames the rocks devour,  
And heaven and earth are rolled away.

## GRIEF'S BLESSINGS.

Oh, tell us not we may not mourn,  
Whose hearts with bitter grief are wrung,  
When sudden from our arms are torn  
The loved, the beautiful, the young;  
Grief's lessons are so calm and deep,  
'T were sad indeed we could not weep.

'T is not in vain the heart is made  
To melt with sorrow, nor in vain  
Affliction's hand is on us laid,  
For holiest joy is born of pain;  
The joy serene which lifts the soul  
Above the earth and its control.

The glorious bow, which never bowed  
In promise o'er a clear blue sky,  
Gleams brightly, when the sunlit cloud,  
Storm-freighted, reels in terrors by;  
So on the very clouds of Death  
Heaven kindles in the light of Faith.

Brighter and brighter, day by day,  
Is poured that holy light within,  
Whose chastened and undazzling ray  
Leads upward from the shades of sin;  
While earthly pleasure's blinding glare  
Grows fainter on the misty air.

Above the gathering clouds of woe,  
The eye of Faith, in calm delight,  
Rests on the enchanting fields which glow  
In radiance divinely bright,  
Where saints redeemed, and seraph choir,  
Hosannas wake with tongue and lyre.

And stronger, in that strength divine  
Which comes from God, his soul shall rise,  
Who kneels before Affliction's shrine,  
To yield his willing sacrifice;  
And they shall reap, who sow in tears,  
Rich gladness through the eternal years.



Then let us weep, but not despair ;  
For, when the clouds of Sorrow come,  
HEAVEN writes in rainbow colors there  
The promise of our better home ;  
Our tears of earnest grief may heal  
The wounds our broken spirits feel.

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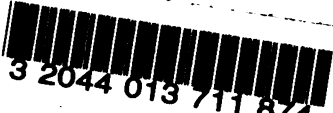
HOSPITALITY.

HEAVEN from above looks down with kindly eye,  
On him who takes the weary wanderer in,  
When the night deepens, and the storms begin  
To pour their terrors from the darkened sky ;  
Poor pining prey of pitiless poverty,  
Outcast perchance for deeds of cherished sin,  
Let not his prayer from thee no kindness win,  
Nor to his need what thou canst give deny :  
God gave thee bread to feed thy starving brother ;  
He gave thy roof to shelter the distressed ;  
What thou wouldst ask deny not to another ;  
So shall thy fields and thou thyself be blessed ;  
For as thou sowest shall thy harvest be ;  
And with what hand thou giv'st, it shall be given to thee.









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